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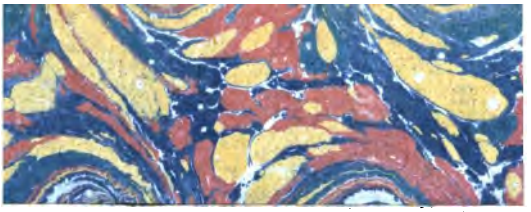

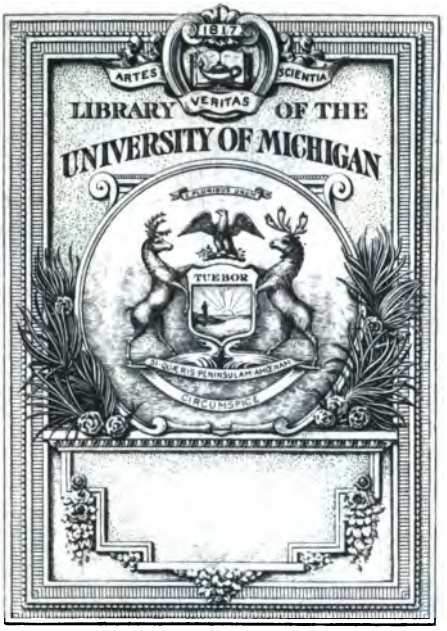
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THE MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF JOHN DRYDEN, Esq;

Containing all his

ORIGINAL POEMS, TALES,

AND

TRANSLATIONS,

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

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The FABLE of

IPHIS AND IANTHE.

From the Ninth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE fame of this, perhaps thro' Crete had flown;
But Crete had newer wonders of her own,
In Iphis chang'd; for near the Gnoſſian bounds,
(As loud report the miracle refounds)
At Phæſtus dwelt a man of honeſt blood,
But meanly born, and not ſo rich as good;
Eſteem'd and lov'd by all the neighbourhood:
Who to his wife, before the time aſſign'd
For child-birth came, thus bluntly ſpoke his mind.
If heaven, ſaid Lygdus, will vouchſafe to hear,
I have but two petitions to prefer;
Short pains for thee, for me a ſon and heir.
Girls coſt as many throes in bringing forth;
Beſide, when born, the tits are little worth;
Weak puling things, unable to ſuſtain
Their ſhare of labour, and their bread to gain.
If, therefore, thou a creature ſhalt produce,
Of ſo great charges, and ſo little uſe,
(Bear witneſs, heaven, with what reluctancy)
Her hapleſs innocence I doom to die.
He ſaid, and tears the common grief diſplay,
Of him who bad, and her who muſt obey.
Yet Telethuſa ſtill perſiſts, to find
Fit arguments to move a father's mind;
T' extend his wiſhes to a larger ſcope,
And in one veſſel not confine his hope.

Lygdus continues hard: her time drew near,
And ſhe her heavy load could ſcarcely bear;
When ſlumbring, in the latter ſhades of night,
Before th' approaches of returning light,
She ſaw, or thought ſhe ſaw, before her bed,
A glorious train, and Iſis at their head:
Her moony horns were on her forehead plac'd,
And yellow ſheaves her ſhining temples grac'd:
A mitre, for a crown, ſhe wore on high;
The dog, and dappled bull were waiting by;
Oſiris, ſought along the banks of Nile;
The ſilent God; the ſacred Crocodile;
And, laſt, a long proceſſion moving on,
With timbrels, that aſſiſt the lab'ring moon.
Her ſlumbers ſeem'd diſpell'd, and, broad awake,
She heard a voice, that thus diſtinctly ſpake.
My votary, thy babe from death defend,
Nor fear to ſave whate'er the Gods will ſend.
Delude with art thy huſband's dire decree:
When danger calls, repoſe thy truſt on me;
And know thou haſt not ſerv'd a thankleſs Deity.
This promiſe made, with night the Goddeſs fled:
With joy the woman wakes, and leaves her bed;
Devoutly lifts her ſpotleſs hands on high,
And prays the powers their gift to ratify.
Now grinding pains proceed to bearing throes,
Till its own weight the burden did diſcloſe.
'Twas of the beauteous kind, and brought to light
With ſecrecy, to ſhun the father's ſight.
Th' indulgent mother did her care employ,
And paſs'd it on her huſband for a boy.
The nurſe was conſcious of the fact alone;
The father paid his vows as for a ſon;
And call'd him Iphis, by a common name,
Which either ſex with equal right may claim.

Iphis his grandfire was; the wife was pleas'd,
Of half the fraud by Fortune's favour eas'd:
The doubtful name was us'd without deceit,
And truth was cover'd with a pious cheat.
The habit ſhew'd a boy, the beauteous face
With manly fierceneſs mingled female grace.
Now thirteen years of age were ſwiftly run,
When the fond father thought the time drew on
Of ſettling in the world his only ſon.
Ianthe was his choice; ſo wondrous fair,
Her form alone with Iphis cou'd compare;
A neighbour's daughter of his own degree,
And not more bleſs'd with Fortune's goods than he.
They ſoon eſpous'd: for they with eaſe were join'd,
Who were before contracted in the mind.
Their age the ſame, their inclinations too;
And bred together in one ſchool they grew.
Thus, fatally diſpos'd to mutual fires,
They felt, before they knew, the ſame deſires.
Equal their flame, unequal was their care;
One lov'd with hope, one languiſh'd in deſpair.
The maid accus'd the ling'ring days alone:
For whom ſhe thought a man, ſhe thought her own.
But Iphis bends beneath a greater grief;
As fiercely burns, but hopes for no relief.
E'en her deſpair adds fuel to her fire;
A maid with madneſs does a maid deſire.
And, ſcarce refraining tears, Alas, ſaid ſhe,
What iſſue of my love remains for me!
How wild a paſſion works within my breaſt!
With what prodigious flames am I poſſeſt!
Could I the care of Providence deſerve,
Heaven muſt deſtroy me, if it would preſerve.
And that's my fate, or ſure it would have ſent
Some uſual evil for my puniſhment:

Not this unkindly curſe; to rage and burn,
Where Nature ſhews no proſpect of return.
Nor cows for cows conſume with fruitleſs fire;
Nor mares, when hot, their fellow-mares deſire:
The father of the fold ſupplies his ewes;
The ſtag through ſecret woods his hind purſues;
And birds for mates the males of their own ſpecies chooſe.
Her females nature guards from female flame,
And joins two ſexes to preſerve the game:
Wou'd I were nothing, or not what I am!
Crete, fam'd for monſters, wanted of her ſtore,
Till my new love produc'd one monſter more.
The daughter of the ſun a bull deſir'd,
And yet e'en then a male a female fir'd:
Her paſſion was extravagantly new:
But mine is much the madder of the two.
To things impoſſible ſhe was not bent,
But found the means to compaſs her intent.
To cheat his eyes ſhe took a diff'rent ſhape;
Yet ſtill ſhe gain'd a lover, and a leap.
Shou'd all the wit of all the world conſpire,
Should Dædalus aſſiſt my wild deſire,
What art can make me able to enjoy,
Or what can change Ianthe to a boy?
Extinguiſh then thy paſſion, hopeleſs maid,
And recollect thy reaſon for thy aid.
Know what thou art, and love as maidens ought,
And drive theſe golden wiſhes from thy thought.
Thou canſt not hope thy fond deſires to gain;
Where hope is wanting, wiſhes are in vain.
And yet no guards againſt our joys conſpire;
No jealous huſband hinders our deſire;
My parents are propitious to my wiſh,
And ſhe herſelf conſenting to the bliſs.

All

All things concur to proſper our deſign;
All things to proſper any love but mine.
And yet I never can enjoy the fair;
'Tis paſt the power of heaven to grant my prayer.
Heaven has been kind, as far as heaven can be;
Our parents with our own deſires agree;
But Nature, ſtronger than the Gods above,
Refuſes her aſſiſtance to my love;
She ſets the bar that cauſes all my pain:
One gift refus'd makes all their bounty vain.
And now the happy day is juſt at hand,
To bind our hearts in Hymen's holy band:
Our hearts, but not our bodies: Thus accurs'd,
In midſt of water I complain of thirſt.
Why comeſt thou, Juno, to theſe barren rites,
To bleſs a bed defrauded of delights?
And why ſhould Hymen lift his torch on high,
To ſee two brides in cold embraces lie?
Thus love-ſick Iphis her vain paſſion mourns;
With equal ardor fair Ianthe burns,
Invoking Hymen's name, and Juno's power,
To ſpeed the work, and haſte the happy hour.
She hopes, while Telethuſa fears the day,
And ſtrives to interpoſe ſome new delay:
Now feigns a ſickneſs, now is in a fright
For this bad omen, or that boding ſight.
But having done whate'er ſhe could deviſe,
And empty'd all her magazine of lies,
The time approach'd; the next enſuing day
The fatal ſecret muſt to light betray.
Then Telethuſa had recourſe to prayer,
She and her daughter with diſhevell'd hair;
Trembling with fear, great Iſis they ador'd,
Embrac'd her altar, and her aid implor'd.

Fair queen, who doſt on fruitful Egypt ſmile,
Who ſway'ſt the ſceptre of the Pharian iſle,
And ſeven-fold falls of diſemboguing Nile;
Relieve, in this our laſt diſtreſs, ſhe ſaid,
A ſuppliant mother, and a mournful maid.
Thou, Goddeſs, thou wert preſent to my ſight;
Reveal'd I ſaw thee by thy own fair light:
I ſaw thee in my dream, as now I ſee,
With all thy marks of awful majeſty:
The glorious train that compaſs'd thee around;
And heard the hollow timbrel's holy ſound.
Thy words I noted; which I ſtill retain;
Let not thy ſacred oracles be vain.
That Iphis lives, that I myſelf am free
From ſhame, and puniſhment, I owe to thee.
On thy protection all our hopes depend:
Thy counſel ſav'd us, let thy pow'r defend.
Her tears purſu'd her words, and while ſhe ſpoke
The Goddeſs nodded, and her altar ſhook:
The temple doors, as with a blaſt of wind,
Were heard to clap; the lunar horns that bind
The brows of Iſis caſt a blaze around;
The trembling timbrel made a murm'ring ſound.
Some hopes theſe happy omens did impart;
Forth went the mother with a beating heart,
Not much in fear, nor fully ſatisfy'd;
But Iphis follow'd with a larger ſtride:
The whiteneſs of her ſkin forſook her face;
Her looks embolden'd with an awful grace;
Her features and her ſtrength together grew,
And her long hair to curling locks withdrew.
Her ſparkling eyes with manly vigour ſhone;
Big was her voice, audacious was her tone.
The latent parts, at length reveal'd, began
To ſhoot, and ſpread, and burniſh into man.

The maid becomes a youth; no more delay
Your vows, but look, and confidently pay.
Their gifts the parents to the temple bear:
The votive tables this inſcription wear;
Iphis, the man, has to the Goddeſs paid
The vows, that Iphis offer'd when a maid.
Now when the ſtar of day had ſhewn his face,
Venus and Juno with their preſence grace
The nuptial rites, and Hymen from above
Deſcended to complete their happy love;
The Gods of marriage lend their mutual aid;
And the warm youth enjoys the lovely maid.

PYGMALION and the STATUE.

From the Tenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The Propœtides, for their impudent behaviour, being turned into ſtone by Venus, Pygmalion, prince of Cyprus, deteſted all women for their ſake, and reſolved never to marry. He falls in love with a ſtatue of his own making, which is changed into a maid, whom he marries. One of his deſcendants is Cinyras, the father of Myrrha: the daughter inceſtuouſly loves her own father; for which ſhe is changed into a tree which bears her name. Theſe two ſtories immediately follow each other, and are admirably well connected.

PYgmalion loathing their laſcivious life,
Abhorr'd all womankind, but moſt a wife;
So ſingle choſe to live, and ſhunn'd to wed,
Well pleaſed to want a conſort of his bed;
Yet fearing idleneſs, the nurſe of ill,
In ſculpture exercis'd his happy ſkill;
And carv'd in iv'ry ſuch a maid, ſo fair,
As nature could not with his art compare,
Were ſhe to work; but in her own defence,
Muſt take her pattern here, and copy hence.
Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,
Adores; and laſt, the thing ador'd deſires.
A very virgin in her face was ſeen,
And, had ſhe mov'd, a living maid had been;
One wou'd have thought ſhe cou'd have ſtirr'd; but ſtrove
With modeſty, and was aſham'd to move.
Art, hid with art, ſo well perform'd the cheat,
It caught the carver with his own deceit;

He

He knows 'tis madneſs, yet he muſt adore,
And ſtill the more he knows it, loves the more:
The fleſh, or what ſo ſeems, he touches oft,
Which feels ſo ſmooth, that he believes it ſoft.
Fir'd with this thought, at once he ſtrain'd the breaſt,
And on the lips a burning kiſs impreſs'd.
'Tis true, the harden'd breaſt reſiſts the gripe,
And the cold lips return a kiſs unripe:
But when retiring back, he look'd again,
To think it iv'ry was a thought too mean;
So wou'd believe ſhe kiſs'd, and courting more,
Again embrac'd her naked body o'er;
And ſtraining hard the ſtatue, was afraid
His hands had made a dint, and hurt the maid:
Explor'd her, limb by limb, and fear'd to find
So rude a gripe had left a livid mark behind:
With flatt'ry now he ſeeks her mind to move,
And now with gifts, the pow'rful bribes of love:
He furniſhes her cloſet firſt; and fills
The crowded ſhelves with rarities of ſhells;
Adds orient pearls, which from the conchs he drew,
And all the ſparkling ſtones of various hue:
And parrots, imitating human tongue,
And ſinging-birds in ſilver cages hung;
And ev'ry fragrant flower, and od'rous green,
Were ſorted well, with lumps of amber laid between:
Rich, faſhionable robes her perſon deck,
Pendents her ears, and pearls adorn her neck:
Her taper'd fingers too with rings are grac'd,
And an embroider'd zone ſurrounds her ſlender waſte.
Thus like a queen array'd, ſo richly dreſs'd,
Beauteous ſhe ſhew'd, but naked ſhew'd the beſt.
Then from the floor, he rais'd a royal bed,
With coverings of Sidonian purple ſpread:
The ſolemn rites perform'd he calls her bride,
With blandiſhments invites her to his ſide,

And as ſhe were with vital ſenſe poſſeſs'd,
Her head did on a plumy pillow reſt.
The feaſt of Venus came, a ſolemn day,
To which the Cypriots due devotion pay;
With gilded horns the milk-white heifers led,
Slaughter'd before the ſacred altars, bled:
Pygmalion offering, firſt approach'd the ſhrine,
And then with prayers implor'd the pow'rs divine:
Almighty Gods, if all we mortals want,
If all we can require, be yours to grant;
Make this fair ſtatue mine, he wou'd have ſaid,
But chang'd his words for ſhame, and only pray'd,
Give me the likeneſs of my iv'ry maid.
The golden Goddeſs, preſent at the prayer,
Well knew he meant th' inanimated fair,
And gave the ſign of granting his deſire;
For thrice in chearful flames aſcends the fire.
The youth, returning to his miſtreſs, hies,
And impudent in hope, with ardent eyes,
And beating breaſt, by the dear ſtatue lies.
He kiſſes her white lips, renews the bliſs,
And looks and thinks they redden at the kiſs:
He thought them warm before; nor longer ſtays,
But next his hand on her hard boſom lays:
Hard as it was, beginning to relent,
It ſeem'd the breaſt beneath his fingers bent;
He felt again, his fingers made a print,
'Twas fleſh, but fleſh ſo firm, it roſe againſt the dint.
The pleaſing taſk he fails not to renew;
Soft, and more ſoft at ev'ry touch it grew;
Like pliant wax, when chafing hands reduce
The former maſs to form, and frame to uſe.
He would believe, but yet is ſtill in pain,
And tries his argument of ſenſe again,
Preſſes the pulſe, and feels the leaping vein,

Convinc'd,

Convinc'd, o'erjoyed, his ſtudied thanks and praiſe,
To her who made the miracle, he pays:
Then lips to lips he join'd; now freed from fear,
He found the ſavour of the kiſs ſincere:
At this the waken'd image op'd her eyes,
And view'd at once the light and lover, with ſurpriſe.
The Goddeſs preſent at the match ſhe made,
So bleſs'd the bed, ſuch fruitfulneſs convey'd,
That ere ten moons had ſharpen'd either horn,
To crown their bliſs, a lovely boy was born;
Paphos his name, who, grown to manhood, wall'd
The city Paphos, from the founder call'd.

CINYRAS AND MYRRHA.

Out of the Tenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

There needs no connexion of this ſtory with the former: for the beginning of this immediately follows the end of the laſt: the reader is only to take notice, that Orpheus, who relates both, was by birth a Thracian; and his country far diſtant from Cyprus where Myrrha was born, and from Arabia whither ſhe fled. You will ſee the reaſon of this note, ſoon after the firſt lines of this fable.

NOR him alone produc'd the fruitful queen;
But Cinyras, who like his ſire had been
A happy prince, had he not been a ſire.
Daughters and fathers from my ſong retire:
I ſing of horror; and, could I prevail,
You ſhou'd not hear, or not believe my tale.
Yet if the pleaſure of my ſong be ſuch,
That you will hear, and credit me too much,
Attentive liſten to the laſt event,
And with the ſin believe the puniſhment:
Since nature cou'd behold ſo dire a crime,
I gratulate at leaſt my native clime,
That ſuch a land, which ſuch a monſter bore,
So far is diſtant from our Thracian ſhore.
Let Araby extol her happy coaſt,
Her cinnamon and ſweet Amomum boaſt,
Her fragrant flow'rs, her trees with precious tears,
Her ſecond harveſts, and her double years?
How can the land be call'd ſo bleſs'd that Myrrha bears?

Not

Not all her od'rous tears can cleanſe her crime,
Her plant alone deforms the happy clime:
Cupid denies to have inflam'd thy heart,
Diſowns thy love, and vindicates his dart;
Some fury gave thee thoſe infernal pains,
And ſhot her venom'd vipers in thy veins.
To hate thy fire, had merited a curſe:
But ſuch an impious love deſerv'd a worſe.
The neighb'ring monarchs, by thy beauty led,
Contend in crowds, ambitious of thy bed:
The world is at thy choice, except but one,
Except but him, thou canſt not chooſe, alone.
She knew it too, the miſerable maid,
Ere impious love her better thoughts betray'd,
And thus within her ſecret ſoul ſhe ſaid:
Ah Myrrha! whither wou'd thy wiſhes tend?
Ye Gods, ye ſacred laws, my ſoul defend
From ſuch a crime as all mankind deteſt,
And never lodg'd before in human breaſt!
But is it ſin? Or makes my mind alone
Th' imagin'd ſin? For nature makes it none.
What tyrant then theſe envious laws began,
Made not for any other beaſt but man!
The father-bull his daughter may beſtride,
The horſe may make his mother-mare a bride;
What piety forbids the luſty ram,
Or more ſalacious goat, to rut their dam?
The hen is free to wed her chick ſhe bore,
And make a huſband, whom ſhe hatch'd before.
All creatures elſe are of a happier kind,
Whom nor ill-natur'd laws from pleaſure bind,
Nor thoughts of ſin diſturb their peace of mind.
But man a ſlave of his own making lives;
The fool denies himſelf what nature gives:
Too buſy ſenates, with an over-care
To make us better than our kind can bear,

Have

Have daſh'd a ſpice of envy in the laws,
And ſtraining up too high, have ſpoil'd the cauſe.
Yet ſome wiſe nations break their cruel chains,
And own no laws, but thoſe which love ordains:
Where happy daughters with their ſires are join'd,
And piety is doubly paid in kind.
O that I had been born in ſuch a clime,
Not here, where 'tis the country makes the crime!
But whither wou'd my impious fancy ſtray?
Hence hopes, and ye forbidden thoughts away!
His worth deſerves to kindle my deſires,
But with the love that daughters bear to ſires.
Then had not Cinyras my father been,
What hinder'd Myrrha's hopes to be his queen?
But the perverſeneſs of my fate is ſuch,
That's he's not mine, becauſe he's mine too much:
Our kindred-blood debars a better tie;
He might be nearer, were he not ſo high.
Eyes and their objects never muſt unite,
Some diſtance is requir'd to help the ſight:
Fain wou'd I travel to ſome foreign ſhore,
Never to ſee my native country more,
So might I to myſelf myſelf reſtore;
So might my mind theſe impious thoughts remove,
And ceaſing to behold, might ceaſe to love.
But ſtay I muſt, to feed my famiſh'd ſight,
To talk, to kiſs; and more, if more I might:
More, impious maid! What more canſt thou deſign,
To make a monſtrous mixture in thy line,
And break all ſtatutes human and divine?
Canſt thou be call'd (to ſave thy wretched life)
Thy mother's rival, and thy father's wife?
Confound ſo many ſacred names in one,
Thy brother's mother! ſiſter to thy ſon!
And fear'ſt thou not to ſee th' infernal bands,
Their heads with ſnakes, with torches arm'd their hands,

Full

Full at thy face, th' avenging brands to bear,
And ſhake the ſerpents from their hiſſing hair?
But thou in time th' increaſing ill controul,
Nor firſt debauch the body by the ſoul;
Secure the ſacred quiet of thy mind,
And keep the ſanctions nature has deſign'd.
Suppoſe I ſhou'd attempt, th' attempt were vain;
No thoughts like mine his ſinleſs ſoul profane:
Obſervant of the right; and O, that he
Cou'd cure my madneſs, or be mad like me!
Thus ſhe; but Cinyras, who daily ſees
A crowd of noble ſuitors at his knees,
Among ſo many, knew not whom to chooſe,
Irreſolute to grant, or to refuſe.
But having told their names, inquir'd of her,
Who pleas'd her beſt, and whom ſhe would prefer?
The bluſhing maid ſtood ſilent with ſurpriſe,
And on her father fix'd her ardent eyes,
And looking ſigh'd: and as ſhe ſigh'd, began
Round tears to ſhed, that ſcalded as they ran.
The tender fire, who ſaw her bluſh, and cry,
Aſcrib'd it all to maiden-modeſty;
And dry'd the falling drops, and yet more kind,
He ſtrok'd her cheeks, and holy kiſſes join'd:
She felt a ſecret venom fire her blood,
And found more pleaſure than a daughter ſhou'd;
And, aſk'd again, what lover of the crew
She lik'd the beſt; ſhe anſwer'd, One like you.
Miſtaking what ſhe meant, her pious will
He prais'd, and bade her ſo continue ſtill:
The word of Pious heard, ſhe bluſh'd with ſhame
Of ſecret guilt, and cou'd not bear the name.
'Twas now the mid of night when ſlumbers cloſe
Our eyes, and ſooth our cares with ſoft repoſe;
But no repoſe cou'd wretched Myrrha find,
Her body rolling, as ſhe roll'd her mind;

Mad

Mad with deſire ſhe ruminates her ſin,
And wiſhes all her wiſhes o'er again:
Now ſhe deſpairs, and now reſolves to try;
Wou'd not, and wou'd again, ſhe knows not why;
Stops, and returns, makes and retracts the vow;
Fain wou'd begin, but underſtands not how:
As when a pine is hewn upon the plains,
And the laſt mortal ſtroke alone remains,
Lab'ring in pangs of death, and threatning all,
This way and that ſhe nods, conſidering where to fall:
So Myrrha's mind, impell'd on either ſide,
Takes ev'ry bent, but cannot long abide:
Irreſolute on which ſhe ſhould rely,
At laſt unfix'd in all, is only fix'd to die:
On that ſad thought ſhe reſts; reſolv'd on death,
She riſes, and prepares to choak her breath:
Then while about the beam her zone ſhe ties,
Dear Cinyras, farewel, ſhe ſoftly cries;
For thee I die, and only wiſh to be
Not hated, when thou know'ſt I die for thee:
Pardon the crime, in pity to the cauſe;
This ſaid, about her neck the nooſe ſhe draws.
The nurſe, who lay without, her faithful guard,
Though not the words, the murmurs overheard,
And ſighs and hollow ſounds: ſurpris'd with fright,
She ſtarts, and leaves her bed, and ſprings a light:
Unlocks the door, and entring out of breath,
The dying ſaw, and inſtruments of death;
She ſhrieks, ſhe cuts the zone with trembling haſte,
And in her arms her fainting charge embrac'd:
Next (for ſhe now had leiſure for her tears)
She weeping aſk'd, in theſe her blooming years,
What unforeſeen misfortune caus'd her care,
To lothe her life, and languiſh in deſpair!
The maid, with down-caſt eyes, and mute with grief,
For death unfiniſh'd, and ill-tim'd relief,

Stood

Stood ſulleh to her ſuit: the beldame preſs'd
The more to know, and bar'd her wither'd breaſt,
Adjur'd her, by the kindly food ſhe drew
From thoſe dry founts, her ſecret ill to ſhew.
Sad Myrrha ſigh'd, and turn'd her eyes aſide;
The nurſe ſtill urg'd, and wou'd not be deny'd:
Nor only promis'd ſecrecy; but pray'd
She might have leave to give her offer'd aid.
Good will, ſhe ſaid, my want of ſtrength ſupplies,
And diligence ſhall give what age denies:
If ſtrong deſires thy mind to fury move,
With charms and med'cines I can cure thy love:
If envious eyes their hurtful rays have caſt,
More pow'rful verſe ſhall free thee from the blaſt:
If heaven offended ſends thee this diſeaſe,
Offended heaven with prayers we can appeaſe.
What then remains, that can theſe cares procure?
Thy houſe is flouriſhing, thy fortune ſure:
Thy careful mother yet in health ſurvives,
And, to thy comfort, thy kind father lives.
The virgin ſtarted at her father's name,
And ſigh'd profoundly, conſcious of the ſhame:
Nor yet the nurſe her impious love divin'd:
But yet ſurmis'd, that love diſturb'd her mind:
Thus thinking, ſhe purſu'd her point, and laid
And lull'd within her lap the mourning maid;
Then ſoftly ſooth'd her thus, I gueſs your grief:
You love, my child; your love ſhall find relief.
My long experienc'd age ſhall be your guide;
Rely on that, and lay diſtruſt aſide:
No breath of air ſhall on the ſecret blow,
Nor ſhall (what moſt you fear) your father know.
Struck once again, as with a thunder-clap,
The guilty virgin bounded from her lap,
And, threw her body proſtrate on the bed,
And to conceal her bluſhes, hid her head:

There silent lay, and warn'd her with her hand
To go: but she receiv'd not the command;
Remaining still importunate to know:
Then Myrrha thus; Or ask no more, or go:
I pr'ythee go, or staying spare my shame;
What thou wou'dst hear, is impious ev'n to name.
At this, on high the beldame holds her hands,
And trembling both with age, and terror, stands;
Adjures, and falling at her feet intreats,
Sooths her with blandishments, and frights with threats,
To tell the crime intended, or disclose
What part of it she knew, if she no farther knows:
And last, if conscious to her counsel made,
Confirms anew the promise of her aid.
Now Myrrha rais'd her head; but soon oppress'd
With shame, reclin'd it on her nurse's breast
Bath'd it with tears, and strove to have confess'd:
Twice she began, and stopp'd; again she try'd;
The fault'ring tongue its office still deny'd:
At last her veil before her face she spread,
And drew a long preluding sigh, and said,
O happy mother, in thy marriage bed!
Then groan'd, and ceas'd; the good old woman shook,
Stiff were her eyes, and ghastly was her look:
Her hoary hair upright with horror stood,
Made (to her grief) more knowing than she wou'd.
Much she reproach'd, and many things she said,
To cure the madness of the unhappy maid:
In vain: for Myrrha stood convict of ill;
Her reason vanquish'd, but unchang'd her will:
Perverse of mind, unable to reply,
She stood resolv'd or to possess, or die.
At length the fondness of a nurse prevail'd
Against her better sense, and virtue fail'd:
Enjoy, my child, since such is thy desire,
Thy love, she said; she durst not say, thy sire.

Live

Live, tho' unhappy, live on any terms:
Then with a ſecond oath her faith confirms.
The ſolemn feaſt of Ceres now was near,
When long white linen ſtoles the matrons wear;
Rank'd in proceſſion walk the pious train,
Off'ring firſt-fruits, and ſpikes of yellow grain:
For nine long nights the nuptial bed they ſhun,
And, ſanctifying harveſt, lie alone.
Mix'd with the crowd, the queen forſook her lord,
And Ceres' power with ſecret rites ador'd;
The royal couch now vacant for a time,
The crafty crone, officious in her crime,
The curſt occaſion took: the king ſhe found
Eaſy with wine, and deep in pleaſure drown'd,
Prepar'd for love: the beldame blew the flame,
Confeſs'd the paſſion, but conceal'd the name.
Her form ſhe prais'd; the monarch aſk'd her years,
And ſhe reply'd, the ſame that Myrrha bears.
Wine and commended beauty fir'd his thought;
Impatient, he commands her to be brought.
Pleas'd with her charge perform'd, ſhe hies her home,
And gratulates the nymph, the taſk was overcome.
Myrrha was joy'd the welcome news to hear;
But clogg'd with guilt, the joy was inſincere:
So various, ſo diſcordant is the mind,
That in our will, a different will we find.
Ill ſhe preſag'd, and yet purſu'd her luſt;
For guilty pleaſures give a double guſt.
'Twas depth of night: Arctophylax had driv'n
His lazy wain half round the northern heav'n,
When Myrrha haſten'd to the crime deſir'd;
The moon beheld her firſt, and firſt retir'd;
The ſtars amaz'd ran backward from the ſight,
And, ſhrunk within their ſockets, loſt their light.
Icarius firſt withdraws his holy flame:
The virgin-ſign, in heaven the ſecond name,

Slides down the belt, and from her ſtation flies,
And night with ſable clouds involves the ſkies.
Bold Myrrha ſtill purſues her black intent:
She ſtumbled thrice, (an omen of th' event;)
Thrice ſhriek'd the fun'ral owl, yet on ſhe went,
Secure of ſhame, becauſe ſecure of ſight;
Ev'n baſhful ſins are impudent by night.
Link'd hand in hand, th' accomplice, and the dame,
Their way exploring, to the chamber came:
The door was ope, they blindly grope their way,
Where dark in bed th' expecting monarch lay;
Thus far her courage held, but here forſakes;
Her faint knees knock at ev'ry ſtep ſhe makes.
The nearer to her crime, the more within
She feels remorſe, and horror of her ſin;
Repents too late her criminal deſire,
And wiſhes, that unknown ſhe could retire.
Her ling'ring thus, the nurſe (who fear'd delay
The fatal ſecret might at length betray)
Pull'd forward, to complete the work begun,
And ſaid to Cinyras, Receive thy own:
Thus ſaying, ſhe deliver'd kind to kind,
Accurs'd, and their devoted bodies join'd.
The fire, unknowing of the crime, admits
His bowels, and profanes the hallow'd ſheets;
He found ſhe trembled, but believ'd ſhe ſtrove
With maiden modeſty, againſt her love;
And ſought with flatt'ring words vain fancies to remove.
Perhaps he ſaid, My daughter, ceaſe thy fears,
(Becauſe the title ſuited with her years;)
And, Father, ſhe might whiſper him again,
That names might not be wanting to the ſin.
Full of her fire, ſhe left th' inceſtuous bed,
And carry'd in her womb the crime ſhe bred:
Another, and another night ſhe came;
For frequent ſin had left no ſenſe of ſhame:

Till

Till Cinyras desir'd to see her face,
Whose body he had held in close embrace,
And brought a taper; the revealer, light,
Expos'd both crime, and criminal to sight:
Grief, rage, amazement, cou'd no speech afford,
But from the sheath he drew th' avenging sword;
The guilty fled: the benefit of night,
That favour'd first the sin, secur'd the flight.
Long wandring through the spacious fields, she bent
Her voyage to th' Arabian continent;
Then pass'd the region which Panchæa join'd,
And flying left the palmy plains behind.
Nine times the moon had mew'd her horns; at length
With travel weary, unsupply'd with strength,
And with the burden of her womb oppress'd
Sabæan fields affords her needful rest:
There, loathing life, and yet of death afraid,
In anguish of her spirit, thus she pray'd.
Ye powers, if any so propitious are
T' accept my penitence, and hear my pray'r;
Your judgments, I confess, are justly sent;
Great sins deserve as great a punishment:
Yet since my life the living will profane,
And since my death the happy dead will stain,
A middle state your mercy may bestow,
Betwixt the realms above, and those below:
Some other form to wretched Myrrha give,
Nor let her wholly die, nor wholly live.
The prayers of penitents are never vain;
At least, she did her last request obtain;
For while she spoke, the ground began to rise,
And gather'd round her feet, her legs, and thighs:
Her toes in roots descend, and, spreading wide,
A firm foundation for the trunk provide:
Her solid bones convert to solid wood,
To pith her marrow, and to sap her blood;

Her arms are boughs, her fingers change their kind,
Her tender ſkin is harden'd into rind.
And now the riſing tree her womb inveſts,
Now ſhooting upwards ſtill, invades her breaſts,
And ſhades the neck; and, weary with delay,
She ſunk her head within, and met it half the way.
And tho' with outward ſhape ſhe loſt her ſenſe,
With bitter tears ſhe wept her laſt offence;
And ſtill ſhe weeps, nor ſheds her tears in vain;
For ſtill the precious drops her name retain.
Mean time the miſbegotten infant grows,
And, ripe for birth, diſtends with deadly throes
The ſwelling rind, with unavailing ſtrife,
To leave the wooden womb, and puſhes into life.
The mother-tree, as if oppreſs'd with pain,
Writhes here and there, to breath the bark, in vain;
And, like a lab'ring woman, wou'd have pray'd,
But wants a voice to call Lucina's aid:
The bending bole ſends out a hollow ſound,
And trickling tears fall thicker on the ground.
The mild Lucina came uncall'd, and ſtood
Beſide the ſtruggling boughs, and heard the groaning wood:
Then reach'd her midwife-hand, to ſpeed the throes,
And ſpoke the powerful ſpells that babes to birth diſcloſe.
The bark divides, the living load to free,
And ſafe delivers the convulſive tree.
The ready nymphs receive the crying child,
And waſh him in the tears the parent plant diſtill'd.
They ſwath'd him with their ſcarfs; beneath him ſpread
The ground with herbs; with roſes rais'd his head.
The lovely babe was born with ev'ry grace:
Ev'n envy muſt have prais'd ſo fair a face:
Such was his form, as painters, when they ſhow
Their utmoſt art, on naked loves beſtow:

And that their arms no diff'rence might betray,
Give him a bow, or his from Cupid take away.
Time glides along, with undiſcover'd haſte,
The future but a length behind the paſt:
So ſwift are years: the babe, whom juſt before
His grandſire got, and whom his ſiſter bore;
The drop, the thing which late the tree inclos'd,
And late the yawning bark to life expos'd;
A babe, a boy, a beauteous youth appears;
And lovelier than himſelf at riper years.
Now to the queen of love he gave deſires,
And, with her pains, reveng'd his mother's fires.

CEYX and ALCYONE.

Out of the Tenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

Connection of this Fable with the former.

Ceyx, the ſon of Lucifer (the morning ſtar) and king of Trachin in Theſſaly, was married to Alcyone daughter to Æolus god of the winds. Both the huſband and the wife loved each other with an entire affection. Dædalion, the elder brother of Ceyx, whom he ſucceeded, having been turned into a falcon by Apollo, and Chione, Dædalion's daughter, ſlain by Diana, Ceyx prepares a ſhip to ſail to Claros, there to conſult the oracle of Apollo, and (as Ovid ſeems to intimate) to enquire how the anger of the Gods might be atoned.

THeſe prodigies affect the pious prince,
But more perplex'd with thoſe that happen'd ſince.
He purpoſes to ſeek the Clarian God,
Avoiding Delphos, his more fam'd abode;
Since Phlegian robbers made unſafe the road,
Yet could not he from her he lov'd ſo well,
The fatal voyage, he reſolv'd, conceal:
But when ſhe ſaw her lord prepar'd to part,
A deadly cold ran ſhiv'ring to her heart:
Her faded cheeks are chang'd to boxen hue,
And in her eyes the tears are ever new:
She thrice eſſay'd to ſpeak; her accents hung,
And faltring dy'd unfiniſh'd on her tongue,
Or vaniſh'd into ſighs: with long delay
Her voice return'd; and found the wonted way.

Tell

Tell me, my lord, ſhe ſaid, what fault unknown
Thy once belov'd Alcyone has done?
Whither, ah whither is thy kindneſs gone!
Can Ceyx then ſuſtain to leave his wife,
And unconcern'd forſake the ſweets of life?
What can thy mind to this long journey move,
Or need'ſt thou abſence to renew thy love?
Yet, if thou goeſt by land, tho' grief poſſeſs
My ſoul even then, my fears will be the leſs.
But ah! be warn'd to ſhun the watry way,
The face is frightful of the ſtormy ſea.
For late I ſaw a-drift disjointed planks,
And empty tombs erected on the banks.
Nor let falſe hopes to truſt betray thy mind,
Becauſe my ſire in caves conſtrains the wind,
Can with a breath a clam'rous rage appeaſe,
They fear his whiſtle, and forſake the ſeas;
Not ſo, for once, indulg'd, they ſweep the main;
Deaf to the call, or hearing hear in vain;
But bent on miſchief bear the waves before,
And not content with ſeas inſult the ſhore;
When ocean, air, and earth, at once engage,
And rooted foreſts fly before their rage:
At once the claſhing clouds to battle move,
And lightnings run acroſs the fields above:
I know them well, and mark'd their rude comport,
While yet a child, within my father's court:
In times of tempeſt they command alone,
And he but ſits precarious on the throne:
The more I know, the more my fears augment,
And fears are oft prophetic of th' event.
But if not fears, or reaſons will prevail,
If fate has fix'd thee obſtinate to ſail,
Go not without thy wife, but let me bear,
My part of danger with an equal ſhare,
And preſent ſuffer what I only fear:

Then

Then o'er the bounding billows ſhall we fly,
Secure to live together, or to die.
Theſe reaſons mov'd her ſtarlike huſband's heart,
But ſtill he held his purpoſe to depart:
For as he lov'd her equal to his life,
He wou'd not to the ſeas expoſe his wife;
Nor could be wrought his voyage to refrain,
But ſought by arguments to ſooth her pain;
Nor theſe avail'd; at length he lights on one,
With which ſo difficult a cauſe he won:
My love, ſo ſhort an abſence ceaſe to fear,
For by my father's holy flame, I ſwear,
Before two moons their orb with light adorn,
If heav'n allow me life, I will return.
This promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay prevails;
He ſoon equips the ſhip, ſupplies the ſails,
And gives the word to lanch; ſhe trembling views
This pomp of death, and parting tears renews:
Laſt, with a kiſs, ſhe took a long farewel,
Sigh'd, with a ſad preſage, and ſwooning fell;
While Ceyx ſeeks delays, the luſty crew,
Rais'd on their banks, their oars in order drew
To their broad breaſts, the ſhip with fury flew.
The queen recover'd rears her humid eyes,
And firſt her huſband on the poop eſpies
Shaking his hand at diſtance on the main;
She took the ſign; and ſhook her hand again.
Still as the ground recedes, retracts her view
With ſharpen'd ſight, till ſhe no longer knew
The much lov'd face; that comfort loſt ſupplies
With leſs, and with the galley feeds her eyes;
The galley born from view by riſing gales,
She follow'd with her ſight the flying ſails:
When ev'n the flying ſails were ſeen no more,
Forſaken of all ſight, ſhe left the ſhore.

Then

Then on her bridal bed her body throws,
And ſought in ſleep her weary'd eyes to cloſe:
Her huſband's pillow, and the widow'd part
Which once he preſs'd, renew'd the former ſmart.
And now a breeze from ſhore began to blow,
The ſailors ſhip their oars, and ceaſe to row;
Then hoiſt their yards a-trip, and all their ſails
Let fall, to court the wind, and catch the gales:
By this the veſſel half her courſe had run,
And as much reſted till the riſing ſun;
Both ſhores were loſt to ſight, when at the cloſe
Of day, a ſtiffer gale at eaſt aroſe:
The ſea grew white, the rolling waves from far,
Like heralds, firſt denounce the watry war.
This ſeen, the maſter ſoon began to cry,
Strike, ſtrike the top-ſail; let the main-ſheet fly,
And furl your ſails: the winds repel the ſound,
And in the ſpeaker's mouth the ſpeech is drown'd.
Yet of their own accord, as danger taught,
Each in his way, officiouſly they wrought;
Some ſtow their oars, or ſtop the leaky ſides,
Another bolder yet the yard beſtrides,
And folds the ſails; a fourth, with labor, laves
Th' intruding ſeas, and waves ejects on waves.
In this confuſion while their work they ply,
The winds augment the winter of the ſky,
And wage inteſtine wars; the ſuff'ring ſeas
Are toſs'd, and mingled as their tyrants pleaſe.
The maſter would command, but, in deſpair
Of ſafety, ſtands amaz'd with ſtupid care,
Nor what to bid, or what forbid he knows,
Th' ungovern'd tempeſt to ſuch fury grows;
Vain is his force, and vainer is his ſkill;
With ſuch a concourſe comes the flood of ill:
The cries of men are mix'd with rattling ſhrowds;
Seas daſh on ſeas, and clouds encounter clouds:

At

At once from eaſt to weſt, from pole to pole,
The forky lightnings flaſh, the roaring thunders roll.
Now waves on waves aſcending ſcale the ſkies,
And, in the fires above, the water fries:
When yellow ſands are ſifted from below,
The glitt'ring billows give a golden ſhow:
And when the fouler bottom ſpews the black,
The Stygian dye the tainted waters take:
Then frothy white appear the flatted ſeas,
And change their colour, changing their diſeaſe.
Like various fits the Trachin veſſel finds,
And now ſublime ſhe rides upon the winds;
As from a lofty ſummit looks from high,
And from the clouds beholds the nether ſky;
Now from the depth of hell they lift their ſight,
And at a diſtance ſee ſuperior light:
The laſhing billows make a loud report,
And beat her ſides, as batt'ring rams a fort:
Or as a lion, bounding in his way
With force augmented bears againſt his prey;
Sidelong to ſeize: or unapal'd with fear
Springs on the toils, and ruſhes on the ſpear:
So ſeas impell'd by winds with added pow'r
Aſſaults the ſides, and o'er the hatches tow'r.
The planks, their pitchy cov'rings waſh'd away,
Now yield; and now a yawning breach diſplay:
The roaring waters with a hoſtile tide
Ruſh through the ruins of her gaping ſide.
Mean time in ſheets of rain the ſky deſcends,
And ocean ſwell'd with waters upwards tends,
One riſing, falling one; the heav'ns and ſea
Meet at their confines, in the middle way:
The ſails are drunk with ſhow'rs, and drop with rain,
Sweet waters mingle with the briny main.
No ſtar appears to lend his friendly light:
Darkneſs and tempeſt make a double night.

But

But flaſhing fires diſcloſe the deep by turns,
And while the lightnings blaze, the water burns.
Now all the waves their ſcatter'd force unite,
And as a ſoldier, foremoſt in the fight,
Makes way for others, and an hoſt alone
Still preſſes on, and urging gains the town;
So while th'invading billows come a-breaſt,
The hero tenth, advanc'd before the reſt,
Sweeps all before him with impetuous ſway,
And from the walls deſcends upon the prey;
Part following enter, part remain without,
With envy hear their fellows conqu'ring ſhout,
And mount on others backs, in hope to ſhare
The city, thus become the ſeat of war.
An univerſal cry reſounds aloud,
The ſailors run in heaps, a helpleſs crowd;
Art fails, and courage falls, no ſuccour near;
As many waves, as many deaths appear.
One weeps, and yet deſpairs of late relief;
One cannot weep, his fears congeal his grief;
But, ſtupid, with dry eyes expects his fate.
One with loud ſhrieks laments his loſt eſtate,
And calls thoſe happy whom their fun'rals wait.
This wretch with pray'rs and vows the Gods implores,
And ev'n the ſkies he cannot ſee, adores.
That other on his friends his thoughts beſtows,
His careful father, and his faithful ſpouſe.
The covetous worldling in his anxious mind
Thinks only on the wealth he left behind.
All Ceyx his Alcyone employs,
For her he grieves, yet in her abſence joys:
His wife he wiſhes, and would ſtill be near,
Not her with him, but wiſhes him with her:
Now with laſt looks he ſeeks his native ſhore,
Which fate has deſtin'd him to ſee no more;

He

He ſought, but in the dark tempeſtuous night
He knew not whither to direct his ſight.
So whirl the ſeas, ſuch darkneſs blinds the ſky,
That the black night receives a deeper dye.
The giddy ſhip ran round; the tempeſt tore
Her maſt, and over-board the rudder bore.
One billow mounts; and with a ſcornful brow,
Proud of her conqueſt gain'd, inſults the waves below;
Nor lighter falls, than if ſome giant tore
Pindus and Athos, with the freight they bore,
And toſs'd on ſeas: preſs'd with the pond'rous blow
Down ſinks the ſhip within th' abyſs below:
Down with the veſſel ſink into the main
The many, never more to riſe again.
Some few on ſcatter'd planks with fruitleſs care
Lay hold, and ſwim, but while they ſwim, deſpair.
Ev'n he who late a ſceptre did command
Now graſps a floating fragment in his hand,
And while he ſtruggles on the ſtormy main,
Invokes his father, and his wife, in vain;
But yet his comfort is his greater care;
Alcyone he names amidſt his pray'r,
Names as a charm againſt the waves, and wind;
Moſt in his mouth, and ever in his mind:
Tir'd with his toil, all hopes of ſafety paſt,
From pray'rs to wiſhes he deſcends at laſt;
That his dead body wafted to the ſands,
Might have its burial from her friendly hands.
As oft as he can catch a gulph of air,
And peep above the ſeas, he names the fair,
And ev'n when plung'd beneath, on her he raves,
Murm'ring Alcyone below the waves:
At laſt a falling billow ſtops his breath,
Breaks o'er his head, and whelms him underneath.
Bright Lucifer unlike himſelf appears
That night, his heav'nly form obſcur'd with tears;
And

And ſince he was forbid to leave the ſkies,
He muffled with a cloud his mournful eyes.
Mean time Alcyone (his fate unknown)
Computes how many nights he had been gone,
Obſerves the waning moon with hourly view,
Numbers her age, and wiſhes for a new;
Againſt the promis'd time provides with care,
And haſtens in the woof the robes he was to wear:
And for herſelf employs another loom,
New dreſs'd to meet her lord returning home,
Flatt'ring her heart with joys that never were to come:
She fum'd the temples with an od'rous flame,
And oft before the ſacred altars came,
To pray for him, who was an empty name.
All Pow'rs implor'd, but far above the reſt
To Juno ſhe her pious vows addreſs'd,
Her much-lov'd lord from perils to protect,
And ſafe o'er ſeas his voyage to direct:
Then pray'd that ſhe might ſtill poſſeſs his heart,
And no pretending rival ſhare a part;
This laſt petition heard of all her pray'r,
The reſt diſpers'd by winds were loſt in air.
But ſhe, the Goddeſs of the nuptial bed,
Tir'd with her vain devotions for the dead,
Reſolv'd the tainted hand ſhould be repell'd,
Which incenſe offer'd, and her altar held:
Then Iris thus beſpoke; Thou faithful maid,
By whom the queen's commands are well convey'd,
Haſte to the houſe of ſleep, and bid the God,
Who rules the night by viſions with a nod,
Prepare a dream, in figure and in form
Reſembling him who periſh'd in the ſtorm:
This form before Alcyone preſent,
To make her certain of the ſad event.
Indu'd with robes of various hue ſhe flies,
And flying draws an arch, (a ſegment of the ſkies:)

Then

Then leaves her bending bow, and from the ſteep
Deſcends to ſearch the ſilent houſe of ſleep.
Near the Cimmerians, in his dark abode
Deep in a cavern, dwells the drowſy God;
Whoſe gloomy manſion nor the riſing ſun,
Nor ſetting, viſits, nor the lightſome noon:
But lazy vapours round the region fly,
Perpetual twilight, and a doubtful ſky;
No crowing cock does there his wings diſplay,
Nor with his horny bill provoke the day:
Nor watchful dogs, nor the more wakeful geeſe,
Diſturb with nightly noiſe the ſacred peace:
Nor beaſt of nature, nor the tame are nigh,
Nor trees with tempeſts rock'd, nor human cry;
But ſafe repoſe without an air of breath
Dwells here, and a dumb quiet next to death.
An arm of Lethe, with a gentle flow
Ariſing upwards from the rock below,
The palace moats, and o'er the pebbles creeps,
And with ſoft murmurs calls the coming ſleeps;
Around its entry nodding poppies grow,
And all cool ſimples that ſweet reſt beſtow;
Night from the plants their ſleepy virtue drains,
And paſſing ſheds it on the ſilent plains:
No door there was th' unguarded houſe to keep,
On creeking hinges turn'd, to break his ſleep.
But in the gloomy court was rais'd a bed,
Stuff'd with black plumes, and on an ebon-ſted:
Black was the cov'ring too, where lay the God
And ſlept ſupine, his limbs diſplay'd abroad:
About his head fantaſtick viſions fly,
Which various images of things ſupply,
And mock their forms; the leaves on trees not more,
Nor bearded ears in fields, nor ſands upon the ſhore.
The virgin entring bright indulg'd the day
To the brown cave, and bruſh'd the dreams away:

The

The God diſturb'd with this new glare of light,
Caſt ſudden on his face, unſeal'd his ſight,
And rais'd his tardy head, which ſunk again,
And ſinking on his boſom knock'd his chin:
At length ſhook off himſelf; and aſk'd the dame,
(And aſking yawn'd) for what intent ſhe came?
To whom the Goddeſs thus: O ſacred Reſt,
Sweet pleaſing ſleep, of all the pow'rs the beſt!
O peace of mind, repairer of decay,
Whoſe balms renew the limbs to labours of the day,
Care ſhuns thy ſoft approach; and ſullen flies away!
Adorn a dream, expreſſing human form,
The ſhape of him who ſuffer'd in the ſtorm,
And ſend it flitting to the Trachin court,
The wreck of wretched Ceyx to report:
Before his queen bid the pale ſpectre ſtand,
Who begs a vain relief at Juno's hand.
She ſaid, and ſcarce awake her eyes could keep,
Unable to ſupport the fumes of ſleep:
But fled returning by the way ſhe went,
And ſwerv'd along her bow with ſwift aſcent.
The God uneaſy till he ſlept again,
Reſolv'd at once to rid himſelf of pain;
And, tho' againſt his cuſtom, call'd aloud,
Exciting Morpheus from the ſleepy crowd:
Morpheus of all his numerous train expreſs'd
The ſhape of man, and imitated beſt;
The walk, the words, the geſture could ſupply,
The habit mimic, and the mien bely;
Plays well, but all his action is confin'd;
Extending not beyond our human kind.
Another birds, and beaſts, and dragons apes,
And dreadful images, and monſter ſhapes:
This dæmon, Icelos, in heaven's high hall
The Gods have nam'd; but men Phobeter call:

A third is Phantaſus, whoſe actions roll
On meaner thoughts, and things devoid of ſoul;
Earth, fruits, and flow'rs, he repreſents in dreams,
And ſolid rocks unmov'd, and running ſtreams:
Theſe three to kings and chiefs their ſcenes diſplay,
The reſt before th'ignoble commons play:
Of theſe the choſen Morpheus is diſpatch'd:
Which done, the lazy monarch overwatch'd
Down from his propping elbow drops his head,
Diſſolv'd in ſleep, and ſhrinks within his bed.
Darkling the dæmon glides for flight prepar'd,
So ſoft that ſcarce his fanning wings are heard.
To Trachin, ſwift as thought, the flitting ſhade
Through air his momentary journey made:
Then lays aſide the ſteerage of his wings,
Forſakes his proper form, aſſumes the king's;
And pale as death, deſpoil'd of his array,
Into the queen's apartment takes his way,
And ſtands before the bed at dawn of day:
Unmov'd his eyes, and wet his beard appears;
And ſhedding vain, but ſeeming real tears;
The briny water dropping from his hairs;
Then ſtaring on her, with a ghaſtly look
And hollow voice, he thus the Queen beſpoke.
Know'ſt thou not me! Not yet, unhappy wife?
Or are my features periſh'd with my life?
Look once again, and for thy huſband loſt,
Lo all that's left of him, thy huſband's ghoſt!
Thy vows for my return were all in vain;
The ſtormy ſouth o'ertook us in the main;
And never ſhalt thou ſee thy living lord again.
Bear witneſs, heaven, I call'd on thee in death,
And while I call'd, a billow ſtopp'd my breath:
Think not that flying fame reports my fate;
I preſent, I appear, and my own wreck relate.

Riſe,

Riſe, wretched widow, riſe, nor undeplor'd
Permit my ghoſt to paſs the Stygian ford:
But riſe, prepar'd, in black, to mourn thy periſh'd lord.
Thus ſaid the player-god; and adding art
Of voice and geſture, ſo perform'd his part,
She thought (ſo like her love the ſhade appears)
That Ceyx ſpake the words, and Ceyx ſhed the tears.
She groan'd, her inward ſoul with grief oppreſt,
She ſigh'd, ſhe wept; and ſleeping beat her breaſt:
Then ſtretch'd her arms t'embrace his body bare,
Her claſping arms incloſe but empty air:
At this not yet awake ſhe cry'd, Oh ſtay,
One is our fate, and common is our way!
So dreadful was the dream, ſo loud ſhe ſpoke,
That ſtarting ſudden up, the ſlumber broke;
Then caſt her eyes around in hope to view
Her vaniſh'd lord, and find the viſion true:
For now the maids, who waited her commands,
Ran in with lighted tapers in their hands.
Tir'd with the ſearch, not finding what ſhe ſeeks,
With cruel blows ſhe pounds her blubber'd cheeks;
Then from her beaten breaſt the linen tare,
And cut the golden caul that bound her hair:
Her nurſe demands the cauſe; with louder cries
She proſecutes her griefs, and thus replies.
No more Alcyone, ſhe ſuffer'd death
With her lov'd lord, when Ceyx loſt his breath:
No flatt'ry, no falſe comfort, give me none,
My ſhipwreck'd Ceyx is for ever gone;
I ſaw, I ſaw him manifeſt in view,
His voice, his figure, and his geſtures knew;
His luſtre loſt, and ev'ry living grace,
Yet I retain'd the features of his face;
Tho' with pale cheeks, wet beard, and dropping hair,
None but my Ceyx could appear ſo fair:

I would have ſtrain'd him with a ſtrict embrace,
But thro' my arms he ſlipt, and vaniſh'd from the place:
There, ev'n juſt there he ſtood; and as ſhe ſpoke,
Where laſt the ſpectre was, ſhe caſt her look:
Fain would ſhe hope, and gaz'd upon the ground
If any printed footſteps might be found.
Then ſigh'd and ſaid; This I too well foreknew,
And my prophetic fear preſag'd too true:
'Twas what I begg'd, when with a bleeding heart
I took my leave, and ſuffer'd thee to part,
Or I to go along, or thou to ſtay,
Never, ah never to divide our way!
Happier for me, that all our hours aſſign'd
Together we had liv'd; ev'n not in death disjoin'd!
So had my Ceyx ſtill been living here,
Or with my Ceyx I had periſh'd there:
Now I die abſent, in the vaſt profound;
And me without myſelf the ſeas have drown'd:
The ſtorms were not ſo cruel; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a grief ſurvive;
But neither will I ſtrive, nor wretched thee
In death forſake, but keep thee company.
If not one common ſepulchre contains
Our bodies, or one urn our laſt remains,
Yet Ceyx and Alcyone ſhall join,
Their names remember'd in one common line.
No farther voice her mighty grief affords,
For ſighs come ruſhing in betwixt her words,
And ſtopt her tongue; but what her tongue deny'd,
Soft tears and groans, and dumb complaints ſupply'd.
'Twas morning; to the port ſhe takes her way,
And ſtands upon the margin of the ſea:
That place, that very ſpot of ground ſhe ſought,
Or thither by her deſtiny was brought,

Where

Where laſt he ſtood: and while ſhe ſadly ſaid,
'Twas here he left me, ling'ring here delay'd
His parting kiſs; and there his anchors weigh'd;
Thus ſpeaking, while her thoughts paſt actions trace,
And call to mind, admoniſh'd by the place,
Sharp at her utmoſt ken ſhe caſt her eyes,
And ſomewhat floating from afar deſcries;
It ſeem'd a corps adrift, to diſtant ſight,
But at a diſtance who could judge aright?
It wafted nearer yet, and then ſhe knew
That what before ſhe but ſurmis'd, was true:
A corps it was, but whoſe it was, unknown,
Yet mov'd, howe'er, ſhe made the caſe her own:
Took the bad omen of a ſhipwreck'd man,
As for a ſtranger wept, and thus began.

Poor wretch, on ſtormy ſeas to loſe thy life,
Unhappy thou, but more thy widow'd wife!
At this ſhe paus'd; for now the flowing tide
Had brought the body nearer to the ſide:
The more ſhe looks, the more her fears increaſe,
At nearer ſight; and ſhe's herſelf the leſs:
Now driv'n aſhore, and at her feet it lies,
She knows too much, in knowing whom ſhe ſees;
Her huſband's corps; at this ſhe loudly ſhrieks,
'Tis he, 'tis he, ſhe cries, and tears her cheeks,
Her hair, her veſt, and ſtooping to the ſands,
About his neck ſhe caſt her trembling hands.

And is it thus, O dearer than my life,
Thus, thus return'ſt thou to thy longing wife!
She ſaid, and to the neighb'ring mole ſhe ſtrode,
(Rais'd there to break th' incurſions of the flood;)

Headlong from hence to plunge herſelf ſhe ſprings,
But ſhoots along ſupported on her wings;
A bird new-made about the banks ſhe plies,
Not far from ſhore; and ſhort excurſions tries;

Nor ſeeks in air her humble flight to raiſe,
Content to ſkim the ſurface of the ſeas;
Her bill, tho' ſlender, ſends a creaking noiſe,
And imitates a lamentable voice:
Now lighting where the bloodleſs body lies,
She with a fun'ral note renews her cries.
At all her ſtretch her little wings ſhe ſpread,
And with her feather'd arms embrac'd the dead:
Then flickering to his pallid lips, ſhe ſtrove
To print a kiſs, the laſt eſſay of love:
Whether the vital touch reviv'd the dead,
Or that the moving waters rais'd his head
To meet the kiſs, the vulgar doubt alone;
For ſure a preſent miracle was ſhown.
The Gods their ſhapes to winter-birds tranſlate,
But both obnoxious to their former fate.
Their conjugal affection ſtill is ty'd,
And ſtill the mournful race is multiply'd;
They bill, they tread; Alcyone compreſs'd
Seven days ſits brooding on her floating neſt:
A wintry queen: her fire at length is kind,
Calms ev'ry ſtorm, and huſhes ev'ry wind:
Prepares his empire for his daughter's eaſe,
And for his hatching nephews ſmooths the ſeas.

ÆSACUS transformed into a Cormorant.

From the Eleventh Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THeſe ſome old man ſees wanton in the air,
And praiſes the unhappy conſtant pair.
Then to his friend the long-neck'd Corm'rant ſhows,
The former tale reviving others woes:
That ſable bird, he cries, which cuts the flood
With ſlender legs, was once of royal blood;
His anceſtors from mighty Tros proceed,
The brave Laomedon, and Ganymede,
(Whoſe beauty tempted Jove to ſteal the boy)
And Priam, hapleſs prince! who fell with Troy:
Himſelf was Hector's brother, and (had fate
But giv'n this hopeful youth a longer date)
Perhaps had rival'd warlike Hector's worth,
Tho' on the mother's ſide of meaner birth;
Fair Alyxothoé, a country maid,
Bare Æſacus by ſtealth in Ida's ſhade.
He fled the noiſy town, and pompous court,
Lov'd the lone hills, and ſimple rural ſport,
And ſeldom to the city would reſort.
Yet he no ruſtic clowniſhneſs profeſt,
Nor was ſoft love a ſtranger to his breaſt:
The youth had long the nymph Heſperia woo'd,
Oft thro' the thicket, or the mead purſu'd:
Her haply on her father's bank he ſpy'd,
While fearleſs ſhe her ſilver treſſes dry'd;
Away ſhe fled: not ſtags with half ſuch ſpeed,
Before the prowling wolf, ſcud o'er the mead;
Not ducks, when they the ſafer flood forſake,
Purſu'd by hawks, ſo ſwift regain the lake.

As faſt he follow'd in the hot career;
Deſire the lover wing'd, the virgin fear.
A ſnake unſeen now pierc'd her heedleſs foot;
Quick thro' the veins the venom'd juices ſhoot:
She fell, and 'ſcap'd by death his fierce purſuit.
Her lifeleſs body, frighted, he embrac'd,
And cry'd, Not this I dreaded, but thy haſte:
O had my love been leſs, or leſs thy fear!
The victory thus bought is far too dear.
Accurſed ſnake! yet I more curs'd than he!
He gave the wound; the cauſe was given by me.
Yet none ſhall ſay, that unreveng'd you dy'd.
He ſpoke; then climb'd a cliff's o'er-hanging ſide,
And, reſolute, leap'd on the foaming tide.
Tethys receiv'd him gently on the wave;
The death he ſought deny'd, and feathers gave.
Debarr'd the ſureſt remedy of grief,
And forc'd to live, he curſt th' unaſk'd relief.
Then on his airy pinions upward flies,
And at a ſecond fall ſucceſsleſs tries;
The downy plume a quick deſcent denies.
Enrag'd, he often dives beneath the wave,
And there in vain expects to find a grave.
His ceaſeleſs ſorrow for th' unhappy maid
Meager'd his look, and on his ſpirits prey'd.
Still near the ſounding deep he lives; his name
From frequent diving and emerging came.

THE TWELFTH BOOK OF OVID's METAMORPHOSES, WHOLLY TRANSLATED.

Connection to the End of the Eleventh Book.

Æſacus, the ſon of Priam, loving a country life, forſakes the court: living obſcurely, he falls in love with a nymph; who flying from him, was killed by a ſerpent; for grief of this, he would have drowned himſelf; but by the pity of the Gods, is turned into a Cormorant. Priam, not hearing of Æſacus, believes him to be dead, and raiſes a tomb to preſerve his memory. By this tranſition, which is one of the fineſt in all Ovid, the poet naturally falls into the ſtory of the Trojan war, which is ſummed up, in the preſent book, but ſo very briefly, in many places, that Ovid ſeems more ſhort than Virgil, contrary to his uſual ſtyle. Yet the Houſe of Fame, which is here deſcribed, is one of the moſt beautiful pieces in the whole Metamorphoſes. The fight of Achilles and Cygnus, and the fray betwixt the Lapithæ and Centaurs, yield to no other part of this poet: and particularly the loves and death of Cyllarus and Hylonome, the male and female Centaur, are wonderfully moving.

PRIAM, to whom the ſtory was unknown,
As dead, deplor'd his metamorphos'd ſon:
A Cenotaph his name and title kept,
And Hector round the tomb, with all his brothers, wept.
This pious office Paris did not ſhare;
Abſent alone, and author of the war,

Which,

Which, for the Spartan queen, the Grecians drew
T' avenge the rape, and Aſia to ſubdue.
A thouſand ſhips were mann'd, to ſail the ſea:
Nor had their juſt reſentments found delay,
Had not the winds and waves oppos'd their way.
At Aulis, with united powers, they meet;
But there, croſs winds or calms detain'd the fleet.
Now, while they raiſe an altar on the ſhore,
And Jove with ſolemn ſacrifice adore;
A boding ſign the prieſts and people ſee:
A ſnake of ſize immenſe aſcends a tree,
And, in the leafy ſummit, ſpy'd a neſt,
Which, o'er her callow young, a ſparrow preſs'd.
Eight were the birds unfledg'd; their mother flew,
And hover'd round her care; but ſtill in view:
Till the fierce reptile firſt devour'd the brood;
Then ſeiz'd the flutt'ring dam, and drank her blood.
This dire oſtent the fearful people view;
Calchas alone, by Phœbus taught, foreknew
What heav'n decreed: and with a ſmiling glance,
Thus gratulates to Greece her happy chance.
O Argives, we ſhall conquer; Troy is ours,
But long delays ſhall firſt afflict our pow'rs:
Nine years of labour the nine birds portend;
The tenth ſhall in the town's deſtruction end.
The ſerpent, who his maw obſcene had fill'd,
The branches in his curl'd embraces held:
But as in ſpires he ſtood, he turn'd to ſtone:
The ſtony ſnake retain'd the figure ſtill his own.
Yet not for this the wind-bound navy weigh'd;
Slack were their ſails; and Neptune diſobey'd.
Some thought him loth the town ſhould be deſtroy'd,
Whoſe building had his hands divine employ'd:
Not ſo the ſeer; who knew, and known foreſhow'd,
The virgin Phœbe with a virgin's blood

Muſt

Muſt firſt be reconcil'd; the common cauſe
Prevail'd; and pity yielding to the laws,
Fair Iphigenia the devoted maid
Was, by the weeping prieſts, in linen robes array'd;
All mourn her fate; but no relief appear'd:
The royal victim bound, the knife already rear'd:
When that offended pow'r, who caus'd their woe,
Relenting ceas'd her wrath; and ſtop'd the coming blow.
A miſt before the miniſters ſhe caſt;
And, in the virgin's room, a hind ſhe plac'd.
Th' oblation ſlain, and Phœbe reconcil'd,
The ſtorm was huſh'd, and dimpled ocean ſmil'd:
A favourable gale aroſe from ſhore,
Which to the port deſir'd the Grecian gallies bore.
Full in the midſt of this created ſpace,
Betwixt heav'n, earth and ſkies, there ſtands a place
Confining on all three; with tripple bound;
Whence all things, tho' remote, are view'd around,
And thither bring their undulating ſound.
The palace of loud fame; her ſeat of pow'r;
Plac'd on the ſummit of a lofty tow'r;
A thouſand winding entries, long and wide,
Receive of freſh reports a flowing tide.
A thouſand crannies in the walls are made;
Nor gate nor bars exclude the buſy trade.
'Tis built of braſs, the better to diffuſe
The ſpreading ſounds, and multiply the news;
Where echo's in repeated echo's play:
A mart for ever full, and open night and day.
Nor ſilence is within, nor voice expreſs,
But a deaf noiſe of ſounds that never ceaſe;
Confus'd, and chiding, like the hollow roar
Of tides, receding from th' inſulted ſhore:
Or like the broken thunder, heard from far,
When Jove to diſtance drives the rolling war.

The courts are fill'd with a tumultuous din
Of crouds, or iſſuing forth, or entering in:
A thorough-fare of news: where ſome deviſe
Things never heard; ſome mingle truth with lies:
The troubled air with empty ſounds they beat;
Intent to hear, and eager to repeat.
Error ſits brooding there; with added train
Of vain credulity, and joys as vain:
Suſpicion, with ſedition join'd, are near;
And rumors rais'd, and murmurs mix'd, and panique fear.
Fame ſits aloft; and ſees the ſubject ground,
And ſeas about, and ſkies above; enquiring all around.
The Goddeſs gives th' alarm; and ſoon is known
The Grecian fleet, deſcending on the town.
Fix'd on defence the Trojans are not ſlow
To guard their ſhore from an expected foe.
They meet in fight: by Hector's fatal hand
Proteſilaus falls, and bites the ſtrand,
Which with expence of blood the Grecians won;
And prov'd the ſtrength unknown of Priam's ſon.
And to their coſt the Trojan leaders felt
The Grecian heroes, and what deaths they dealt.
From theſe firſt onſets, the Sigæan ſhore
Was ſtrew'd with carcaſſes, and ſtain'd with gore:
Neptunian Cygnus troops of Greeks had ſlain;
Achilles in his car had ſcour'd the plain,
And clear'd the Trojan ranks: where e'er he fought,
Cygnus, or Hector, through the fields he ſought:
Cygnus he found; on him his force eſſay'd:
For Hector was to the tenth year delay'd.
His white-maned ſteeds, that bow'd beneath the yoke,
He chear'd to courage with a gentle ſtroke;
Then urg'd his fiery chariot on the foe:
And riſing ſhook his lance, in act to throw.
But firſt he cry'd, O youth, be proud to bear
Thy death, enobled by Pelides' ſpear.

The

The lance purſu'd the voice without delay;
Nor did the whizzing weapon miſs the way,
But piere'd his cuiraſs, with ſuch fury ſent;
And ſign'd his boſom with a purple dint.
At this the ſeed of Neptune; Goddeſs-born,
For ornament, not uſe, theſe arms are worn;
This helm, and heavy buckler, I can ſpare,
As only decorations of the war:
So Mars is arm'd for glory, not for need.
'Tis ſomewhat more from Neptune to proceed,
Than from a daughter of the ſea to ſpring:
Thy fire is mortal; mine is Ocean's king.
Secure of death, I ſhould contemn thy dart,
Tho' naked, and impaſſable depart:
He ſaid, and threw: the trembling weapon paſs'd
Thro' nine bull-hides, each under other plac'd,
On his broad ſhield, and ſtuck within the laſt.
Achilles wrench'd it out; and ſent again
The hoſtile gift: the hoſtile gift was vain.
He try'd a third, a tough well-choſen ſpear;
Th' inviolable body ſtood ſincere,
Tho' Cygnus then did no defence provide,
But ſcornful offer'd his unſhielded ſide.
Not otherwiſe th' impatient hero far'd,
Than as a bull encompaſs'd with a guard,
Amid the circus roars: provok'd from far
By ſight of ſcarlet, and a ſanguine war:
They quit their ground; his bended horns elude;
In vain purſuing, and in vain purſu'd.
Before to farther fight he would advance,
He ſtood conſidering, and ſurvey'd his lance.
Doubts if he wielded not a wooden ſpear
Without a point: he look'd, the point was there.
This is my hand, and this my launce, he ſaid,
By which ſo many thouſand foes are dead.
O whither is their uſual virtue fled!

I had it once; and the Lyrneſſian wall,
And Tenedos, confeſs'd it in their fall.
Thy ſtreams, Caicus, roll'd a crimſon flood;
And Thebes ran red with her own natives blood.
Twice Telephus employ'd their piercing ſteel,
To wound him firſt, and afterward to heal.
The vigour of this arm was never vain:
And that my wonted proweſs I retain,
Witneſs theſe heaps of ſlaughter on the plain.
He ſaid, and, doubtful of his former deeds,
To ſome new trial of his force proceeds.
He choſe Menætes from among the reſt;
At him he lanc'd his ſpear, and pierc'd his breaſt:
On the hard earth the Lycian knock'd his head,
And lay ſupine; and forth the ſpirit fled.
Then thus the hero; Neither can I blame
The hand, or javelin; both are ſtill the ſame.
The ſame I will employ againſt this foe;
And wiſh but with the ſame ſucceſs to throw.
So ſpoke the chief; and while he ſpoke he threw;
The weapon with unerring fury flew;
At his left ſhoulder aim'd: nor entrance found;
But back, as from a rock, with ſwift rebound
Harmleſs return'd: a bloody mark appear'd,
Which with falſe joy the flatter'd hero chear'd.
Wound there was none; the blood that was in view,
The lance before from ſlain Menætes drew.
Headlong he leaps from off his lofty car,
And in cloſe fight on foot renews the war.
Raging with high diſdain, repeats his blows;
Nor ſhield nor armor can their force oppoſe;
Huge cantlets of his buckler ſtrew the ground,
And no defence in his bor'd arms is found.
But on his fleſh no wound or blood is ſeen;
The ſword itſelf is blunted on the ſkin.

This

This vain attempt the chief no longer bears;
But round his hollow temples and his ears
His buckler beats: the ſon of Neptune, ſtunn'd
With theſe repeated buffets, quits his ground;
A ſickly ſweat ſucceeds, and ſhades of night;
Inverted nature ſwims before his ſight:
Th' inſulting victor preſſes on the more,
And treads the ſteps the vanquiſh'd trod before,
Nor reſt, nor reſpite gives. A ſtone there lay
Behind his trembling foe, and ſtopp'd his way:
Achilles took th' advantage which he found,
O'er-turn'd, and puſh'd him backward on the ground.
His buckler held him under, while he preſs'd,
With both his knees above, his panting breaſt.
Unlac'd his helm: about his chin the twiſt
He try'd; and ſoon the ſtrangled ſoul diſmiſs'd.
With eager haſte he went to ſtrip the dead;
The vanquiſh'd body from his arms was fled.
His ſea-god ſire, t' immortalize his fame,
Had turn'd it to the bird that bears his name.
A truce ſucceeds the labors of this day,
And arms ſuſpended with a long delay.
While Trojan walls are kept with watch and ward;
The Greeks before their trenches mount the guard;
The feaſt approach'd; when to the blue-ey'd maid
His vows for Cygnus ſlain the victor paid,
And a white heifer on her altar laid.
The reeking entrails on the fire they threw;
And to the Gods the grateful odour flew:
Heav'n had its part in ſacrifice: the reſt
Was broil'd and roaſted for the future feaſt,
The chief invited gueſts were ſet around:
And hunger firſt aſſuag'd, the bowls were crown'd,
Which in deep draughts their cares and laborsdrown'd.
The mellow harp did not their ears employ:
And mute was all the warlike ſymphony;

Diſcourſe,

Diſcourſe, the food of ſouls, was their delight,
And pleaſing chat prolong'd the ſummer's night.
The ſubject, deeds of arms; and valour ſhown,
Or on the Trojan ſide, or on their own.
Of dangers undertaken, fame atchiev'd,
They talk'd by turns; the talk by turns reliev'd.
What things but theſe could fierce Achilles tell,
Or what could fierce Achilles hear ſo well?
The laſt great act perform'd, of Cygnus ſlain,
Did moſt the martial audience entertain:
Wond'ring to find a body, free by fate
From ſteel, and which could ev'n that ſteel rebate:
Amaz'd, their admiration they renew;
And ſcarce Pelides could believe it true.

Then Neſtor, thus; What once this age has known,
In fated Cygnus, and in him alone,
Theſe eyes have ſeen in Cæneus long before,
Whoſe body not a thouſand ſwords could bore.
Cæneus, in courage, and in ſtrength, excell'd,
And ſtill his Othrys' with his fame is fill'd:
But what did moſt his martial deeds adorn,
(Tho' ſince he chang'd his ſex) a woman born.

A novelty ſo ſtrange, and full of fate,
His liſt'ning audience aſk'd him to relate.
Achilles thus commends their common ſute;
O father, firſt for prudence in repute,
Tell, with that eloquence, ſo much thy own,
What thou haſt heard, or what of Cæneus known:
What was he, whence his change of ſex begun,
What trophies, join'd in wars with thee, he won?
Who conquer'd him, and in what fatal ſtrife
The youth, without a wound, could loſe his life?

Neleides then; Tho' tardy age and time,
Have ſhrunk my ſinews, and decay'd my prime;
Tho' much I have forgotten of my ſtore,
Yet not exhauſted, I remember more.

Of

Of all that arms atchiev'd, or peace deſign'd,
That action ſtill is freſher in my mind
Than ought beſide. If reverend age can give
To faith a ſanction, in my third I live.
'Twas in my ſecond cent'ry, I ſurvey'd
Young Cænis, then a fair Theſſalian maid:
Cænis the bright was born to high command;
A princeſs, and a native of thy land,
Divine Achilles: every tongue proclaim'd
Her beauty, and her eyes all hearts inflam'd.
Peleus, thy ſire, perhaps had ſought her bed,
Among the reſt; but he had either led
Thy mother then, or was by promiſe ty'd;
But ſhe to him, and all, alike her love deny'd.
It was her fortune once, to take her way
Along the ſandy margin of the ſea:
The power of Ocean view'd her as ſhe paſs'd,
And, lov'd as ſoon as ſeen, by force embrac'd.
So fame reports. Her virgin treaſure ſeiz'd,
And his new joys the raviſher ſo pleas'd,
That thus, tranſported, to the nymph he cry'd;
Aſk what thou wilt, no pray'r ſhall be deny'd.
This alſo fame relates: the haughty fair,
Who not the rape ev'n of a God could bear,
This anſwer, proud, return'd: To mighty wrongs
A mighty recompence, of right, belongs.
Give me no more to ſuffer ſuch a ſhame;
But change the woman, for a better name;
One gift for all: ſhe ſaid; and while ſhe ſpoke,
A ſtern, majeſtic, manly tone ſhe took.
A man ſhe was: and as the Godhead ſwore,
To Cæneus turn'd, who Cænis was before.
To this the lover adds, without requeſt:
No force of ſteel ſhould violate his breaſt.
Glad of the gift, the new-made warrior goes;
And arms among the Greeks, and longs for equal foes.

Now brave Pirithous, bold Ixion's ſon,
The love of fair Hippodame had won.
The cloud-begotten race, half men, half beaſt,
Invited, came to grace the nuptial feaſt:
In a cool cave's receſs the treat was made,
Whoſe entrance trees with ſpreading boughs o'er-ſhade.
They ſat: and ſummon'd by the bridegroom, came,
To mix with thoſe, the Lapithæan name:
Nor wanted I: the roofs with joy reſound:
And Hymen, Iö Hymen, rung around.
Rais'd altars ſhone with holy fires; the bride,
Lovely herſelf (and lovely by her ſide
A bevy of bright nymphs, with ſober grace,)
Came glitt'ring like a ſtar, and took her place:
Her heav'nly form beheld, all wiſh'd her joy;
And little wanted, but in vain, their wiſhes all employ.

For one, moſt brutal of the brutal blood,
Or whether wine or beauty fir'd his blood,
Or both at once, beheld with luſtful eyes
The bride; at once reſolv'd to make his prize.
Down went the board; and faſt'ning on her hair,
He ſeiz'd with ſudden force the frighted fair.
'Twas Eurytus began: his beſtial kind
His crime purſu'd; and each as pleas'd his mind,
Or her, whom chance preſented, took: the feaſt
An image of a taken town expreſs'd.

The cave reſounds with female ſhrieks; we riſe,
Mad with revenge, to make a ſwift repriſe:
And Theſeus firſt; What frenzy has poſſeſs'd,
O Eurytus, he cry'd, thy brutal breaſt,
To wrong Pirithous, and not him alone,
But, while I live, two friends conjoin'd in one?

To juſtify his threat, he thruſts aſide
The crowd of Centaurs, and redeems the bride;
The monſter nought reply'd: for words were vain;
And deeds could only deeds unjuſt maintain:

But

But anſwers with his hand; and forward preſs'd,
With blows redoubled, on his face and breaſt.
An ample goblet ſtood, of antique mold,
And rough with figures of the riſing gold;
The hero ſnatch'd it up, and toſs'd in air,
Full at the front of the foul raviſher:
He falls; and falling vomits forth a flood
Of wine, and foam and brains, and mingled blood.
Half roaring, and half neighing thro' the hall,
Arms, arms, the double-form'd with fury call;
To wreak their brother's death: a medley flight
Of bowls and jars, at firſt, ſupply the fight,
Once inſtruments of feaſts, but now of fate;
Wine animates their rage, and arms their hate.
Bold Amycus, from the robb'd veſtry brings
The chalices of heav'n, and holy things
Of precious weight: a ſconce, that hung on high,
With tapers fill'd, to light the ſacriſty,
Torn from the cord, with his unhallow'd hand
He threw amid the Lapithæan band.
On Celadon the ruin fell; and left
His face of feature and of form bereft:
So, when ſome brawny ſacrificer knocks,
Before an altar led, an offer'd ox,
His eye-balls rooted out are thrown to ground;
His noſe diſmantled in his mouth is found,
His jaws, cheeks, front, one undiſtinguiſh'd wound.
This, Belates, th' avenger, could not brook;
But, by the foot, a maple-board he took;
And hurl'd at Amycus; his chin is bent
Againſt his cheſt, and down the Centaur ſent;
Whom ſputt'ring bloody teeth, the ſecond blow
Of his drawn ſword diſpatch'd to ſhades below.
Grineus was near; and caſt a furious look
On the ſide-altar, cens'd with ſacred ſmoke,

And bright with flaming fires; The Gods, he cry'd,
Have with their holy trade our hands ſupply'd:
Why uſe we not their gifts? Then from the floor
An altar-ſtone he heav'd, with all the load it bore:
Altar and altar's freight together flew
Where thickeſt throng'd the Lapithæan crew;
And, at once, Broteas and Oryus ſlew:
Oryus' mother, Mycale, was known
Down from her ſphere to draw the lab'ring moon.
Exadius cry'd, Unpuniſh'd ſhall not go
This fact, if arms are found againſt the foe.
He look'd about, where on a pine were ſpread
The votive horns of a ſtag's branching head:
At Grineus theſe he throws; ſo juſt they fly,
That the ſharp antlers ſtuck in either eye:
Breathleſs and blind he fell; with blood beſmear'd,
His eye-balls beaten out hung dangling on his beard.
Fierce Rhætus, from the hearth, a burning brand
Selects, and whirling waves; 'till, from his hand
The fire took flame; then daſh'd it from the right,
On fair Charaxus' temples, near the ſight:
The whiſtling peſt came on, and pierc'd the bone,
And caught the yellow hair, that ſhrivel'd while it ſhone.
Caught, like dry ſtubble fir'd, or like ſeerwood;
Yet from the wound enſu'd no purple flood;
But look'd a bubbling maſs of frying blood.
His blazing locks ſent forth a crackling ſound,
And hiſs'd, like red-hot iron within the ſmithy drown'd.
The wounded warrior ſhook his flaming hair,
Then (what a team of horſe could hardly rear)
He heaves the threſhold-ſtone; but could not throw;
The weight itſelf forbad the threaten'd blow;
Which, dropping from his lifted arms, came down
Full on Cometes' head, and cruſh'd his crown.
Nor Rhætus then retain'd his joy; but ſaid,
So by their fellows may our foes be ſped;
Then with redoubled ſtrokes he plies his head:

The burning lever not deludes his pains;
But drives the batter'd ſkull within the brains.
Thus fluſh'd, the conqueror, with force renew'd,
Evagrus, Dryas, Corythus, purſu'd:
Firſt, Corythus, with downy cheeks, he ſlew;
Whoſe fall when fierce Evagrus had in view,
He cry'd, What palm is from a beardleſs prey?
Rhætus prevents what more he had to ſay;
And drove within his mouth the fiery death,
Which enter'd hiſſing in, and chok'd his breath.
At Dryas next he flew; but weary chance
No longer would the ſame ſucceſs advance.
But while he whirl'd in fiery circles round
The brand, a ſharpen'd ſtake ſtrong Dryas found;
And in the ſhoulder's joint inflicts the wound.
The weapon ſtruck: which roaring out with pain
He drew; nor longer durſt the fight maintain,
But turn'd his back, for fear; and fled amain.
With him fled Orneus, with like dread poſſeſs'd;
Thaumas and Medon wounded in the breaſt,
And Mermeros, in the late race renown'd,
Now limping ran, and tardy with his wound.
Pholus and Melaneus from fight withdrew,
And Abas maim'd, who boars encount'ring ſlew:
And Augur Aſtylos, whoſe art in vain
From fight diſſuaded the four-footed train,
Now beat the hoof with Neſſus on the plain;
But to his fellow cry'd, Be ſafely ſlow,
Thy death deferr'd is due to great Alcides' bow.
Mean time ſtrong Dryas urg'd his chance ſo well,
That Lycidas, Areos, Imbreus fell;
All, one by one, and fighting face to face:
Crenæus fled, to fall with more diſgrace:
For, fearful while he look'd behind, he bore,
Betwixt his noſe and front, the blow before

Amid the noiſe and tumult of the fray,
Snoring and drunk with wine, Aphidas lay.
Ev'n then the bowl within his hand he kept,
And on a bear's rough hide ſecurely ſlept.
Him Phorbas with his flying dart transfix'd;
Take thy next draught with Stygian water's mix'd,
And ſleep thy fill, th' inſulting victor cry'd;
Surpris'd with death unfelt, the Centaur dy'd:
The ruddy vomit, as he breath'd his ſoul,
Repaſs'd his throat, and fill'd his empty bowl.
I ſaw Petræus' arms employ'd around
A well-grown oak, to root it from the ground.
This way, and that, he wrench'd the fibrous bands,
The trunk was like a ſapling in his hands,
And ſtill obey'd the bent: while thus he ſtood,
Perithous' dart drove on, and nail'd him to the wood.
Lycus and Chromys fell, by him oppreſs'd:
Helops and Dictys added to the reſt
A nobler palm: Helops, through either ear
Transfix'd, receiv'd the penetrating ſpear.
This Dictys ſaw; and ſeiz'd with ſudden fright,
Leapt headlong from the hill of ſteepy height;
And cruſh'd an aſh beneath, that could not bear his weight.
The ſhatter'd tree receives his fall, and ſtrikes,
Within his full-blown paunch, the ſharpen'd ſpikes.
Strong Aphareus had heav'd a mighty ſtone,
The fragment of a rock, and would have thrown;
But Theſeus, with a club of harden'd oak,
The cubit-bone of the bold Centaur broke;
And left him maim'd: nor ſeconded the ſtroke.
Then leapt on tall Bianor's back: (who bore
No mortal burden but his own, before.)
Preſs'd with his knees his ſides; the double man,
His ſpeed with ſpurs increas'd, unwilling ran.
One hand the hero faſten'd on his locks;
His other ply'd him with repeated ſtrokes.

The club hung round his ears, and batter'd brows;
He falls; and laſhing up his heels, his rider throws.
The ſame Herculean arms Nedymnus wound;
And lay by him Lycotas on the ground;
And Hippaſus, whoſe beard his breaſt invades;
And Ripheus, haunter of the woodland ſhades:
And Tereus, us'd with mountain-bears to ſtrive;
And from their dens to draw th' indignant beaſts alive.
Demoleon could not bear this hateful ſight,
Or the long fortune of th' Athenian knight:
But pull'd with all his force, to diſengage
From earth a pine, the product of an age:
The root ſtuck faſt: the broken trunk he ſent
At Theſeus: Theſeus fruſtrates his intent,
And leaps aſide, by Pallas warn'd, the blow
To ſhun: (for ſo he ſaid; and we believ'd it ſo.)
Yet not in vain th' enormous weight was caſt;
Which, Crantor's body ſunder'd at the waiſt,
Thy father's ſquire, Achilles, and his care;
Whom conquer'd in the Dolopeian war,
Their king, his preſent ruin to prevent,
A pledge of peace implor'd, to Peleus ſent.
Thy ſire, with grieving eyes, beheld his fate;
And cry'd, Not long, lov'd Crantor, ſhalt thou wait
Thy vow'd revenge. At once he ſaid, and threw
His aſhen-ſpear, which quiver'd as it flew,
With all his force and all his ſoul apply'd;
The ſharp point enter'd in the Centaur's ſide:
Both hands, to wrench it out, the monſter join'd;
And wrench'd it out; but left the ſteel behind,
Stuck in his lungs it ſtood: inrag'd he rears
His hoofs, and down to ground thy father bears,
Thus trampled under foot, his ſhield defends
His head; his other hand the lance portends.
Ev'n while he lay extended on the duſt,
He ſped the Centaur, with one ſingle thruſt.

Two more his lance before transfix'd from far;
And two his ſword had ſlain in cloſer war.
To theſe was added Dorylas: who ſpread
A bull's two goring horns around his head.
With theſe he puſh'd; in blood already dy'd:
Him, fearleſs, I approach'd, and thus defy'd:
Now, monſter, now, by proof it ſhall appear,
Whether thy horns are ſharper, or my ſpear.
At this, I threw: for want of other ward,
He lifted up his hand, his front to guard.
His hand it paſs'd, and fix'd it to his brow:
Loud ſhouts of ours attend the lucky blow:
Him Peleus finiſh'd, with a ſecond wound,
Which thro' the navel pierc'd: he reel'd around,
And dragg'd his dangling bowels on the ground:
Trod what he dragg'd, and what he trod he cruſh'd;
And to his mother-earth, with empty belly, ruſh'd.
Nor could thy form, O Cyllarus, foreſhow
Thy fate; (if form to monſters men allow:)
Juſt bloom'd thy beard, thy beard of golden hue:
Thy locks, in golden waves, about thy ſhoulders flew,
Sprightly thy look: thy ſhapes in ev'ry part
So clean, as might inſtruct the ſculptor's art:
As far as man extended: where began
The beaſt, the beaſt was equal to the man.
Add but a horſe's head and neck, and he,
O Caſtor, was a courſer worthy thee.
So was his back proportion'd for the ſeat;
So roſe his brawny cheſt; ſo ſwiftly mov'd his feet.
Coal-black his colour, but like jet it ſhone;
His legs and flowing tail were white alone.
Belov'd by many maidens of his kind,
But fair Hylonome poſſeſs'd his mind;
Hylonome, for features, and for face,
Excelling all the nymphs of double race:
Nor leſs her blandiſhments, than beauty, move;
At once both loving, and confeſſing love.

For him ſhe dreſs'd; for him with female care
She comb'd, and ſet in curls, her auburn hair.
Of roſes, violets, and lilies mix'd,
And ſprigs of flowing roſemary betwixt,
She form'd the chaplet, that adorn'd her front:
In waters of the Pegaſæan fount,
And in the ſtreams that from the fountain play,
She waſh'd her face, and bath'd her twice a day.
The ſcarf of furs, that hung below her ſide,
Was ermin, or the panther's ſpotted pride;
Spoils of no common beaſt: with equal flame
They lov'd: their ſylvan pleaſures were the ſame;
All day they hunted; and when day expir'd,
Together to ſome ſhady cave retir'd.
Invited, to the nuptials both repair:
And, ſide by ſide, they both engage in war.
Uncertain from what hand, a flying dart
At Cyllarus was ſent, which pierc'd his heart.
The jav'lin drawn from out the mortal wound,
He faints with ſtagg'ring ſteps, and ſeeks the ground;
The fair within her arms receiv'd his fall,
And ſtrove his wand'ring ſpirits to recal;
And while her hand the ſtreaming blood oppos'd,
Join'd face to face, his lips with hers ſhe clos'd.
Stifled with kiſſes, a ſweet death he dies;
She fills the fields with undiſtinguiſh'd cries:
At leaſt her words were in her clamor drown'd;
For my ſtunn'd ears receiv'd no vocal ſound.
In madneſs of her grief, ſhe ſeiz'd the dart
New-drawn, and reeking from her lover's heart;
To her bare boſom the ſharp point apply'd,
And wounded fell; and falling by his ſide,
Embrac'd him in her arms, and thus embracing dy'd.
Ev'n ſtill, methinks, I ſee Phæocomes;
Strange was his habit, and as odd his dreſs.
Six lions hides, with thongs together faſt,
His upper part defended to his waiſt;

And where man ended, the continu'd veſt,
Spread on his back, the houſs and trappings of a beaſt.
A ſtump too heavy for a team to draw,
(It ſeems a fable, tho' the fact I ſaw;)
He threw at Pholon; the deſcending blow
Divides the ſkull, and cleaves his head in two.
The brains, from noſe and mouth, and either ear,
Came iſſuing out, as through a colendar
The curdled milk: or from the preſs the whey,
Driv'n down by weights above, is drain'd away.
But him, while ſtooping down to ſpoil the ſlain,
Pierc'd thro' the paunch, I tumbled on the plain.
Then Chthonius and Teleboas I ſlew:
A fork the former arm'd; a dart his fellow threw,
The jav'lin wounded me; (behold the ſcar.)
Then was my time to ſeek the Trojan war;
Then I was Hector's match in open field;
But he was then unborn; at leaſt a child;
Now, I am nothing. I forbear to tell
By Periphantes how Pyretus fell;
The Centaur by the Knight: nor will I ſtay
On Amphix, or what deaths he dealt that day:
What honour, with a pointleſs lance, he won,
Stuck in the front of a four-footed man.
What fame young Macareus obtain'd in fight:
Or dwell on Neſſus, now return'd from flight.
How prophet Mopſus not alone divin'd,
Whoſe valour equal'd his foreſeeing mind.
Already Cæneus, with his conquering hand,
Had ſlaughter'd five the boldeſt of their band:
Pyrachmus, Helymus, Antimachus,
Bromus the brave, and ſtronger Stiphelus:
Their names I number'd, and remember well,
No trace remaining, by what wounds they fell.
Latreus, the bulkieſt of the double race,
Whom the ſpoil'd arms of ſlain Haleſus grace,

In

In years retaing ſtill his youthful might,
Tho' his black hairs were interſpers'd with white,
Betwixt th' embattled ranks began to prance,
Proud of his helm, and Macedonian lance;
And rode the ring around; that either hoſt
Might hear him, while he made this empty boaſt.
And from a ſtrumpet ſhall we ſuffer ſhame?
For Cænis ſtill, not Cæneus is thy name:
And ſtill the native ſoftneſs of thy kind
Prevails, and leaves the woman in thy mind.
Remember what thou wert: what price was paid
To change thy ſex: to make thee not a maid;
And but a man in ſhew: go, card and ſpin;
And leave the buſineſs of the war to men.
While thus the boaſter exercis'd his pride,
The fatal ſpear of Cæneus reach'd his ſide:
Juſt in the mixture of the kinds it ran;
Betwixt the nether breaſt and upper man.
The monſter mad with rage, and ſtung with ſmart,
His lance directed at the hero's heart:
It ſtrook; but bounded from his harden'd breaſt,
Like hail from tiles, which the ſafe houſe inveſt;
Nor ſeem'd the ſtroke with more effect to come,
Than a ſmall pebble falling on a drum.
He next his fauchion try'd, in cloſer fight;
But the keen fauchion had no pow'r to bite.
He thruſt; the blunted point return'd again:
Since downright blows, he cry'd, and thruſts are vain,
I'll prove his ſide: in ſtrong embraces held,
He prov'd his ſide; his ſide the ſword repell'd:
His hollow belly eccho'd to the ſtroke;
Untouch'd his body, as a ſolid rock;
Aim'd at his neck at laſt, the blade in ſhivers broke.
Th' impaſſive knight ſtood idle, to deride
His rage, and offer'd oft his naked ſide:
At length, Now, monſter, in thy turn, he cry'd,

Try

Try thou the ſtrength of Cæneus: at the word
He thruſt; and in his ſhoulder plung'd the ſword.
Then writh'd his hand; and as he drove it down,
Deep in his breaſt, made many wounds in one.
The Centaurs ſaw, inrag'd, th' unhop'd ſucceſs;
And ruſhing on, in crowds, together preſs;
At him, and him alone, their darts they threw:
Repuls'd they from his fated body flew.
Amaz'd they ſtood; till Monychus began,
O ſhame, a nation conquer'd by a man!
A woman-man; yet more a man is he,
Than all our race; and what he was, are we.
Now, what avail our nerves? th' united force,
Of two the ſtrongeſt creatures, man and horſe:
Nor goddeſs-born, nor of Ixion's ſeed
We ſeem; (a lover built for Juno's bed;)
Maſter'd by this half man. Whole mountains throw
With woods at once, and bury him below.
This only way remains. Nor need we doubt
To choak the ſoul within, tho' not to force it out.
Heap weights, inſtead of wounds: he canc'd to ſee
Where ſouthern ſtorms had rooted up a tree;
This, rais'd from earth, againſt the foe he threw;
Th' example ſhewn, his fellow-brutes purſue.
With foreſt-loads the warrior they invade;
Othrys and Pelion ſoon were void of ſhade;
And ſpreading groves were naked mountains made.
Preſs'd with the burden, Cæneus pants for breath;
And on his ſhoulders bears the wooden death.
To heave th' intolerable weight he tries;
At length it roſe above his mouth and eyes;
Yet ſtill he heaves: and ſtruggling with deſpair,
Shakes all aſide, and gains a gulp of air:
A ſhort relief, which but prolongs his pain;
He faints by fits; and then reſpires again:
At laſt, the burden only nods above,
As when an earthquake ſtirs th' Idæan grove.

Doubtful his death: he ſuffocated ſeem'd
To moſt; but otherwiſe our Mopſus deem'd.
Who ſaid he ſaw a yellow bird ariſe
From out the pile, and cleave the liquid ſkies:
I ſaw it too: with golden feathers bright,
Nor e'er before beheld ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Whom Mopſus viewing, as it ſoar'd around
Our troop, and heard the pinions rattling ſound,
All hail, he cry'd, thy country's grace and love;
Once firſt of men below, now firſt of birds above.
Its author to the ſtory gave belief;
For us, our courage was increas'd by grief:
Aſham'd to ſee a ſingle man, purſu'd
With odds, to ſink beneath a multitude:
We puſh'd the foe, and forc'd to ſhameful flight;
Part fell; and part eſcap'd by favour of the night.
This tale, by Neſtor told, did much diſpleaſe
Tlepolemus, the ſeed of Hercules:
For, often he had heard his father ſay,
That he himſelf was preſent at the fray;
And more than ſhar'd the glories of the day.
Old Chronicle, he ſaid, among the reſt,
You might have nam'd Alcides at the leaſt:
Is he not worth your praiſe? The Pylian prince
Sigh'd ere he ſpoke; then made this proud defence.
My former woes, in long oblivion drown'd,
I would have loſt; but you renew the wound:
Better to paſs him o'er, than to relate
The cauſe I have your mighty ſire to hate.
His fame has fill'd the world, and reach'd the ſky;
(Which, oh, I wiſh, with truth, I could deny!)
We praiſe not Hector; tho' his name, we know,
Is great in arms; 'tis hard to praiſe a foe.
He, your great father, levell'd to the ground
Meſſenia's tow'rs: nor better fortune found
Elis, and Pylas; that a neigh'bring ſtate,
And this my own; both guiltleſs of their fate.

To pass the rest, twelve, wanting one, he slew;
My brethren, who their birth from Neleus drew:
All youths of early promise, had they liv'd;
By him they perish'd: I alone survivd.
The rest were easy conquest: but the fate
Of Periclymenos is wond'rous to relate.
To him our common grandsire of the main
Had giv'n to change his form, and chang'd, resume again:
Vary'd at pleasure, ev'ry shape he try'd;
And in all beasts Alcides still defy'd:
Vanquish'd on earth, at length he soar'd above;
Chang'd to the bird, that bears the bolt of Jove:
The new dissembled eagle, now endu'd
With peak and pounces, Hercules pursu'd,
And cuff'd his manly cheeks, and tore his face;
Then, safe retir'd, and tour'd in empty space.
Alcides bore not long his flying foe:
But bending his inevitable bow,
Reach'd him in air, suspended as he stood;
And in his pinion fix'd the feather'd wood.
Light was the wound; but in the sinew hung
The point; and his disabled wing unstrung.
He wheel'd in air, and stretch'd his vans in vain;
His vans no longer could his flight sustain:
For while one gather'd wind, one unsupply'd
Hung drooping down; nor pois'd his other side.
He fell: the shaft that slightly was impress'd,
Now from his heavy fall with weight increas'd,
Drove thro' his neck, aslant; he spurns the ground,
And the soul issues thro' the weazon's wound.

Now, brave commander of the Rhodian seas,
What praise is due from me to Hercules?
Silence is all the vengeance I decree
For my slain brothers; but 'tis peace with thee.

Thus with a flowing tongue old Nestor spoke:
Then, to full bowls each other they provoke:

At

At length with wearineſs and wine oppreſs'd,
They riſe from table, and withdraw to reſt.
The ſire of Cygnus, monarch of the main,
Mean time, laments his ſon in battle ſlain:
And vows the victor's death, nor vows in vain.
For nine long years the ſmother'd pain he bore;
(Achilles was not ripe for fate before:)
Then when he ſaw the promis'd hour was near,
He thus beſpoke the God, that guides the year.
Immortal offspring of my brother Jove;
My brighteſt nephew, and whom beſt I love,
Whoſe hands were join'd with mine, to raiſe the wall
Of tott'ring Troy, now nodding to her fall.
Doſt thou not mourn our pow'r employ'd in vain;
And the defenders of our city ſlain?
To paſs the reſt, could noble Hector lie
Unpity'd, drag'd around his native Troy?
And yet the murd'rer lives: himſelf by far
A greater plague, than all the waſteful war:
He lives; the proud Pelides lives, to boaſt
Our town deſtroy'd, our common labour loſt!
O, could I meet him! But I wiſh too late,
To prove my trident is not in his fate.
But let him try (for that's allow'd) thy dart,
And pierce his only penetrable part.
Apollo bows to the ſuperior throne;
And to his uncle's anger adds his own.
Then in a cloud involv'd, he takes his flight,
Where Greeks and Trojans mix'd in mortal fight;
And found out Paris, lurking where he ſtood,
And ſtain'd his arrows with Plebeian blood:
Phœbus to him alone the God confeſs'd,
Then to the recreant knight he thus addreſs'd.
Doſt thou not bluſh, to ſpend thy ſhafts in vain
On a degenerate and ignoble train?
If fame, or better vengeance, be thy care,
There aim: and, with one arrow, end the war.

He ſaid; and ſhew'd from far the blazing ſhield
And ſword, which but Achilles none could wield;
And how he mov'd a God, and mow'd the ſtanding field.
The Deity himſelf directs aright
Th' invenom'd ſhaft; and wings the fatal flight.
Thus fell the foremoſt of the Grecian name;
And he, the baſe adult'rer, boaſts the fame.
A ſpectacle to glad the Trojan train;
And pleaſe old Priam, after Hector ſlain.
If by a female hand he had foreſeen
He was to die, his wiſh had rather been
The lance and double axe of the fair warrior queen.
And now, the terror of the Trojan field,
The Grecian honour, ornament, and ſhield,
High on a pile, th' unconquer'd chief is plac'd:
The God, that arm'd him firſt, conſum'd at laſt.
Of all the mighty man, the ſmall remains
A little urn, and ſcarcely fill'd, contains.
Yet great in Homer; ſtill Achilles lives;
And, equal to himſelf, himſelf ſurvives.
His buckler owns its former lord; and brings
New cauſe of ſtrife betwixt contending kings;
Who worthieſt, after him, his ſword to wield,
Or wear his armour, or ſuſtain his ſhield.
Ev'n Diomede ſat mute, with down-caſt eyes;
Conſcious of wanted worth to win the prize:
Nor Menelaus preſum'd theſe arms to claim,
Nor he the king of men, a greater name.
Two rivals only roſe: Laertes' ſon,
And the vaſt bulk of Ajax Telamon.
The king, who cheriſh'd each, with equal love,
And from himſelf all envy would remove,
Left both to be determin'd by the laws;
And to the Grecian chiefs transferr'd the cauſe.

THE

THE SPEECHES OF AJAX and ULYSSES:

From the Thirteenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

THE chiefs were ſet, the ſoldiers crown'd the field;
To theſe the maſter of the ſevenfold ſhield
Upſtarted fierce: and kindled with diſdain,
Eager to ſpeak, unable to contain
His boiling rage, he roll'd his eyes around
The ſhore, and Grecian gallies hall'd a-ground.
Then ſtretching out his hands, O Jove, he cry'd,
Muſt then our cauſe before the fleet be try'd?
And dares Ulyſſes for the prize contend,
In ſight of what he durſt not once defend?
But baſely fled that memorable day,
When I from Hector's hands redeem'd the flaming prey.
So much 'tis ſafer at the noiſy bar
With words to flouriſh, than engage in war.
By diff'rent methods we maintain'd our right,
Nor am I made to talk, nor he to fight.
In bloody fields I labour to be great;
His arms are a ſmooth tongue, and ſoft deceit.
Nor need I ſpeak my deeds, for thoſe you ſee;
The ſun and day are witneſſes for me.

Let him who fights unſeen relate his own,
And vouch the ſilent ſtars, and conſcious moon.
Great is the prize demanded, I confeſs,
But ſuch an abject rival makes it leſs.
That gift, thoſe honours, he but hop'd to gain,
Can leave no room for Ajax to be vain:
Loſing he wins, becauſe his name will be
Ennobled by defeat, who durſt contend with me.
Were mine own valour queſtion'd, yet my blood
Without that plea would make my title good:
My ſire was Telamon, whoſe arms, employ'd
With Hercules, theſe Trojan walls deſtroy'd;
And who before, with Jaſon, ſent from Greece,
In the firſt ſhip brought home the golden fleece:
Great Telamon from Æacus derives
His birth (th' inquiſitor of guilty lives
In ſhades below; where Siſyphus, whoſe ſon
This thief is thought, rolls up the reſtleſs heavy ſtone,)
Juſt Æacus the king of Gods above
Begot: thus Ajax is the third from Jove.
Nor ſhould I ſeek advantage from my line,
Unleſs (Achilles) it were mix'd with thine:
As next of kin Achilles' arms I claim;
This fellow would ingraft a foreign name
Upon our ſtock, and the Siſyphian ſeed
By fraud and theft aſſerts his father's breed.
Then muſt I loſe theſe arms, becauſe I came
To fight uncall'd, a voluntary name?
Nor ſhunn'd the cauſe, but offer'd you my aid,
While he long lurking was to war betray'd:
Forc'd to the field he came, but in the rear;
And feign'd diſtraction to conceal his fear:
Till one more cunning caught him in the ſnare,
(Ill for himſelf) and drag'd him into war.
Now let a hero's arms a coward veſt,
And he, who ſhunn'd all honours, gain the beſt;

And let me ſtand excluded from my right,
Robb'd of my kinſman's arms, who firſt appear'd in fight.
Better for us, at home he had remain'd,
Had it been true the madneſs which he feign'd,
Or ſo believ'd; the leſs had been our ſhame,
The leſs his counſell'd crime, which brands the Grecian name;
Nor Philoctetes had been left inclos'd
In a bare iſle, to wants and pains expos'd,
Where to the rocks, with ſolitary groans,
His ſuff'rings and our baſeneſs he bemoans;
And wiſhes (ſo may heav'n his wiſh fulfil)
The due reward to him who caus'd his ill.
Now he, with us to Troy's deſtruction ſworn,
Our brother of the war, by whom are borne
Alcides' arrows, pent in narrow bounds,
With cold and hunger pinch'd, and pain'd with wounds,
To find him food and cloathing, muſt employ
Againſt the birds the ſhafts due to the fate of Troy.
Yet ſtill he lives, and lives from treaſon free,
Becauſe he left Ulyſſes' company:
Poor Palamede might wiſh, ſo void of aid
Rather to have been left, than ſo to death betray'd.
The coward bore the man immortal ſpite,
Who ſham'd him out of madneſs into fight:
Nor daring otherwiſe to vent his hate,
Accus'd him firſt of treaſon to the ſtate;
And then for proof produc'd the golden ſtore
Himſelf had hidden in his tent before:
Thus of two champions he depriv'd our hoſt,
By exile one, and one by treaſon loſt.
Thus fights Ulyſſes, thus his fame extends,
A formidable man, but to his friends:
Great, for what greatneſs is in words and ſound:
Ev'n faithful Neſtor leſs in both is found:

But that he might without a rival reign,
He left his faithful Neſtor on the plain;
Forſook his friend ev'n at his utmoſt need,
Who tir'd and tardy, with his wounded ſteed,
Cry'd out for aid, and call'd him by his name;
But cowardiſe has neither ears nor ſhame:
Thus fled the good old man, bereft of aid,
And, for as much as lay in him, betray'd.
That this is not a fable forg'd by me,
Like one of his, an Ulyſſean lye,
I vouch ev'n Diomede, who, tho' his friend,
Cannot that act excuſe, much leſs defend:
He call'd him back aloud, and tax'd his fear;
And ſure enough he heard, but durſt not hear.
The Gods with equal eyes on mortals look;
He juſtly was forſaken, who forſook:
Wanted that ſuccour he refus'd to lend,
Found every fellow ſuch another friend:
No wonder, if he roar'd that all might hear,
His elocution was increas'd by fear:
I heard, I ran, I found him out of breath,
Pale, trembling, and half-dead with fear of death.
Though he had judg'd himſelf by his own laws,
And ſtood condemn'd, I help'd the common cauſe:
With my broad buckler hid him from the foe;
(Ev'n the ſhield trembled as he lay below;)
And from impending fate the coward freed:
Good heav'n forgive me for ſo bad a deed!
If ſtill he will perſiſt, and urge the ſtrife,
Firſt let him give me back his forfeit life:
Let him return to that opprobrious field;
Again creep under my protecting ſhield:
Let him lie wounded, let the foe be near,
And let his quiv'ring heart confeſs his fear;
There put him in the very jaws of fate;
And let him plead his cauſe in that eſtate:

And yet when ſnatch'd from death, when from below
My lifted ſhield I loos'd and let him go,
Good heav'ns, how light he roſe, with what a bound
He ſprung from earth, forgetful of his wound:
How freſh, how eager then his feet to ply;
Who had not ſtrength to ſtand, had ſpeed to fly!
Hector came on, and brought the Gods along;
Fear ſeiz'd alike the feeble and the ſtrong:
Each Greek was an Ulyſſes; ſuch a dread
Th' approach, and ev'n the ſound of Hector bred:
Him, fleſh'd with ſlaughter, and with conqueſt crown'd,
I met, and over-turn'd him to the ground.
When after, matchleſs as he deem'd in might,
He challeng'd all our hoſt to ſingle fight,
All eyes were fix'd on me: the lots were thrown;
But for your champion I was wiſh'd alone:
Your vows were heard, we fought and neither yield;
Yet I return'd unvanquiſh'd from the field.
With Jove to friend th' inſulting Trojan came,
And menac'd us with force, our fleet with flame:
Was it the ſtrength of this tongue-valiant lord,
In that black hour, that ſav'd you from the ſword;
Or was my breaſt expos'd alone, to brave
A thouſand ſwords, a thouſand ſhips to ſave?
The hopes of your return! and can you yield,
For a ſav'd fleet, leſs than a ſingle ſhield?
Think it no boaſt, O Grecians, if I deem
Theſe arms want Ajax, more than Ajax them;
Or, I with them an equal honour ſhare;
They honour'd to be worn, and I to wear.
Will he compare my courage with his flight?
As well he may compare the day with night.
Night is indeed the province of his reign;
Yet all his dark exploits no more contain
Than a ſpy taken, and a ſleeper ſlain.

A prieſt made priſ'ner, Pallas made a prey:
But none of all theſe actions done by day:
Not ought of theſe was done, and Diomede away.
If on ſuch petty merits you confer
So vaſt a prize, let each his portion ſhare;
Make a juſt dividend; and if not all,
The greater part to Diomede will fall,
But why for Ithacus ſuch arms as thoſe,
Who naked and by night invades his foes?
The glitt'ring helm by moonlight will proclaim
The latent robber, and prevent his game:
Nor could he hold his tott'ring head upright
Beneath that motion, or ſuſtain the weight;
Nor that right arm could toſs the beamy lance;
Much leſs the left that ampler ſhield advance;
Pond'rous with precious weight, and rough with coſt
Of the round world in riſing gold emboſs'd.
That orb would ill become his hand to wield,
And look as for the gold he ſtole the ſhield;
Which ſhould your error on the wretch beſtow,
It would not frighten, but allure the foe:
Why aſks he, what avails him not in fight,
And would but cumber and retard his flight,
In which his only excellence is plac'd?
You give him death, that intercept his haſte.
Add, that his own is yet a maiden-ſhield,
Nor the leaſt dint has ſuffer'd in the field,
Guiltleſs of fight: mine batter'd, hew'd, and bor'd,
Worn out of ſervice, muſt forſake his lord.
What farther need of words our right to ſcan?
My arguments are deeds, let action ſpeak the man.
Since from a champion's arms the ſtrife aroſe,
So caſt the glorious prize amid the foes;
Then ſend us to redeem both arms and ſhield,
And let him wear who wins 'em in the field.

He

He ſaid: a murmur from the multitude,
Or ſomewhat like a ſtifled ſhout, enſu'd:
Till from his ſeat aroſe Laertes' ſon,
Look'd down a while, and paus'd ere he begun;
Then to th' expecting audience rais'd his look,
And not without prepar'd attention ſpoke:
Soft was his tone, and ſober was his face;
Action his words, and words his action grace.
If heav'n, my lords, had heard our common pray'r,
Theſe arms had caus'd no quarrel for an heir;
Still great Achilles had his own poſſeſs'd,
And we with great Achilles had been bleſs'd.
But ſince hard fate, and heav'n's ſevere decree,
Have raviſh'd him away from you and me,
(At this he ſigh'd, and wip'd his eyes, and drew,
Or ſeem'd to draw, ſome drops of kindly dew)
Who better can ſucceed Achilles loſt,
Than he who gave Achilles to your hoſt?
This only I requeſt, that neither he
May gain, by being what he ſeems to be,
A ſtupid thing, nor I may loſe the prize,
By having ſenſe, which heav'n to him denies:
Since, great or ſmall, the talent I enjoy'd
Was ever in the common cauſe employ'd:
Nor let my wit, and wonted eloquence,
Which often has been us'd in your defence
And in my own, this only time be brought
To bear againſt myſelf, and deem'd a fault.
Make not a crime, where nature made it none;
For ev'ry man may freely uſe his own.
The deeds of long deſcended anceſtors
Are but by grace of imputation ours,
Theirs in effect: but ſince he draws his line
From Jove, and ſeems to plead a right divine;
From Jove, like him, I claim my pedigree,
And am deſcended in the ſame degree;

My sire Laertes was Arcesius' heir,
Arcesius was the son of Jupiter:
No paracide, no baniſh'd man, is known
In all my line; let him excuſe his own.
Hermes ennobles too my mother's ſide,
By both my parents to the Gods ally'd;
But not becauſe that on the female part
My blood is better, dare I claim deſert,
Or that my ſire from paricide is free;
But judge by merit betwixt him and me:
The prize be to the beſt; provided yet,
That Ajax for a while his kin forget,
And his great ſire, and greater uncle's name,
To fortify by them his feeble claim:
Be kindred and relation laid aſide,
And honour's cauſe by laws of honour try'd:
For if he plead proximity of blood,
That empty title is with eaſe withſtood.
Peleus, the hero's ſire, more nigh than he,
And Pyrrhus his undoubted progeny,
Inherit firſt theſe trophies of the field;
To Scyros, or to Phthia, ſend the ſhield:
And Teucer has an uncle's right; yet he
Waves his pretenſions, nor contends with me.
Then, ſince the cauſe on pure deſert is plac'd,
Whence ſhall I take my riſe, what reckon laſt?
I not preſume on every act to dwell,
But take theſe few, in order as they fell.
Thetis, who knew the fates, apply'd her care
To keep Achilles in diſguiſe from war;
And till the threatning influence was paſt,
A woman's habit on the hero caſt:
All eyes were cozen'd by the borrow'd veſt,
And Ajax (never wiſer than the reſt)
Found no Pelides there: at length I came
With proffer'd wares to this pretended dame;

She,

She, not discover'd by her mien or voice,
Betray'd her manhood by her manly choice;
And while on female toys her fellows look,
Grasp'd in her warlike hand a javelin shook;
Whom, by this act reveal'd, I thus bespoke;
O Goddess-born! resist not heaven's decree,
The fall of Ilium is reserv'd for thee;
Then seiz'd him, and, produc'd in open light,
Sent blushing to the field the fatal knight.
Mine then are all his actions of the war;
Great Telephus was conquer'd by my spear,
And after cur'd: to me the Thebans owe,
Lesbos and Tenedos, their overthrow;
Scyros and Cylla: not on all to dwell,
By me Lyrnesus and strong Chrysa fell:
And since I sent the man who Hector slew,
To me the noble Hector's death is due:
Those arms I put into his living hand,
Those arms, Pelides dead, I now demand.
When Greece was injur'd in the Spartan prince,
And met at Aulis to revenge th' offence,
'Twas a dead calm, or adverse blasts, that reign'd,
And in the port the wind-bound fleet detain'd:
Bad signs were seen, and oracles severe
Were daily thunder'd in our general's ear:
That by his daughter's blood we must appease
Diana's kindled wrath, and free the seas.
Affection, int'rest, fame, his heart assail'd;
But soon the father o'er the king prevail'd:
Bold, on himself he took the pious crime,
As angry with the Gods, as they with him,
No subject could sustain their sov'reign's look,
Till this hard enterprize I undertook:
I only durst th' imperial pow'r controul,
And undermin'd the parent in his soul;
Forc'd him t' exert the king for common good,
And pay our ransom with his daughter's blood.

Never was cauſe more difficult to plead,
Than where the judge againſt himſelf decreed:
Yet this I won by dint of argument;
The wrongs his injur'd brother underwent,
And his own office, ſham'd him to conſent.
'Twas harder yet to move the mother's mind,
And to this heavy taſk was I deſign'd:
Reaſons againſt her love I knew were vain:
I circumvented whom I could not gain:
Had Ajax been employ'd, our ſlacken'd ſails
Had ſtill at Aulis waited happy gales.
Arriv'd at Troy, your choice was fix'd on me,
A fearleſs envoy, fit for a bold embaſſy:
Secure, I enter'd through the hoſtile court,
Glitt'ring with ſteel, and crouded with reſort:
There in the midſt of arms, I plead our cauſe,
Urge the foul rape, and violated laws;
Accuſe the foes, as authors of the ſtrife,
Reproach the raviſher, demand the wife.
Priam, Antenor, and the wiſer few,
I mov'd; but Paris and his lawleſs crew
Scarce held their hands, and lifted ſwords: but ſtood
In act to quench their impious thirſt of blood:
This Menelaus knows; expos'd to ſhare
With me the rough preludium of the war.
Endleſs it were to tell what I have done,
In arms, or counſel, ſince the ſiege begun:
The firſt encounters paſt, the foe repell'd,
They ſkulk'd within the town, we kept the field.
War ſeem'd aſleep for nine long years; at length,
Both ſides reſolv'd to puſh, we try'd our ſtrength.
Now what did Ajax while our arms took breath,
Vers'd only in the groſs mechanic trade of death?
If you require my deeds, with ambuſh'd arms
I trapp'd the foe, or tir'd with falſe alarms;
Secur'd the ſhips, drew lines along the plain,
The fainting chear'd, chaſtis'd the rebel-train,

Provided forage, our ſpent arms renew'd;
Employ'd at home, or ſent abroad, the common cauſe purſu'd.
The king, deluded in a dream by Jove,
Deſpair'd to take the town, and order'd to remove.
What ſubject durſt arraign the pow'r ſupreme,
Producing Jove to juſtify his dream?
Ajax might wiſh the ſoldiers to retain
From ſhameful flight, but wiſhes were in vain;
As wanting of effect had been his words,
Such as of courſe his thund'ring tongue affords.
But did this boaſter threaten, did he pray,
Or by his own example urge their ſtay?
None, none of theſe, but ran himſelf away.
I ſaw him run, and was aſham'd to ſee;
Who ply'd his feet ſo faſt to get aboard as he?
Then ſpeeding thro' the place, I made a ſtand,
And loudly cry'd, O baſe degen'rate band,
To leave a town already in your hand!
After ſo long expence of blood, for fame,
To bring home nothing but perpetual ſhame!
Theſe words, or what I have forgotten ſince,
(For grief inſpir'd me then with eloquence)
Reduc'd their minds, they leave the crouded port,
And to their late forſaken camp reſort;
Diſmay'd the council met: this man was there,
But mute, and not recover'd of his fear:
Therſites tax'd the king, and loudly rail'd,
But his wide opening mouth with blows I ſeal'd.
Then, riſing, I excite their ſouls to fame,
And kindle ſleeping virtue into flame.
From thence, whatever he perform'd in fight
Is juſtly mine, who drew him back from flight.
Which of the Grecian chiefs conſorts with thee?
But Diomede deſires my company,
And ſtill communicates his praiſe with me.

As guided by a God, ſecure he goes,
Arm'd with my fellowſhip, amid the foes:
And ſure no little merit I may boaſt,
Whom ſuch a man ſelects from ſuch an hoſt:
Unforc'd by lots I went without affright,
To dare with him the dangers of the night:
On the ſame errand ſent, we met the ſpy
Of Hector, double-tongu'd, and us'd to lye;
Him I diſpatch'd, but not till, undermin'd,
I drew him firſt to tell what treach'rous Troy deſign'd:
My taſk perform'd, with praiſe I had retir'd,
But not content with this, to greater praiſe aſpir'd;
Invaded Rhœſus, and his Thracian crew,
And him, and his, in their own ſtrength, I ſlew;
Return'd a victor, all my vows complete,
With the king's chariot, in his royal ſeat:
Refuſe me now his arms, whoſe fiery ſteeds
Were promis'd to the ſpy for his nocturnal deeds:
And let dull Ajax bear away my right,
When all his days out-balance this one night.
Nor fought I darkling ſtill: the ſun beheld
With ſlaughter'd Lycians when I ſtrew'd the field:
You ſaw, and counted as I paſs'd along,
Alaſtor, Cromius, Ceranos the ſtrong,
Alcander, Prytanis, and Halius,
Noemon, Charopes, and Ennomus,
Choon, Cherſidamas; and five beſide,
Men of obſcure deſcent, but courage try'd:
All theſe this hand laid breathleſs on the ground;
Nor want I proofs of many a manly wound:
All honeſt, all before: believe not me;
Words may deceive, but credit what you ſee.
At this he bar'd his breaſt, and ſhow'd his ſcars,
As of a furrow'd field, well plough'd with wars;
Nor is this part unexercis'd, ſaid he;
That giant bulk of his from wounds is free:

Safe

Safe in his shield he fears no foe to try,
And better manages his blood than I:
But this avails me not; our boaster strove
Not with our foes alone, but partial Jove,
To save the fleet: this I confess is true,
(Nor will I take from any man is due:)
But thus assuming all, he robs from you.
Some part of honour to your share will fall,
He did the best indeed, but did not all.
Patrocles in Achilles' arms, and thought
The chief he seem'd, with equal ardour fought;
Preserv'd the fleet, repell'd the raging fire,
And forc'd the fearful Trojans to retire.

But Ajax boasts, that he was only thought
A match for Hector, who the combat sought:
Sure he forgets the king, the chiefs, and me;
All were as eager for the fight as he;
He but the ninth, and, not by public voice,
Or ours preferr'd, was only fortune's choice:
They fought; nor can our hero boast th' event,
For Hector from the field unwounded went.

Why am I forc'd to name that fatal day,
That snatch'd the prop and pride of Greece away?
I saw Pelides sink, with pious grief,
And ran in vain, alas! to his relief;
For the brave soul was fled: full of my friend,
I rush'd amid the war, his relicks to defend:
Nor ceas'd my toil till I redeem'd the prey,
And, loaded with Achilles, march'd away:
Those arms, which on these shoulders then I bore,
'Tis just you to these shoulders should restore.
You see I want not nerves, who could sustain
The pond'rous ruins of so great a man:
Or if in others equal force you find,
None is endu'd with a more grateful mind.

Did

Did Thetis then, ambitious in her care,
Theſe arms thus labour'd for her ſon prepare;
That Ajax after him the heav'nly gift ſhould wear?
For that dull ſoul to ſtare, with ſtupid eyes,
On the learn'd unintelligible prize!
What are to him the ſculptures of the ſhield,
Heav'n's planets, earth, and ocean's watry field?
The Pleiads, Hyads; leſs, and greater Bear,
Undipp'd in ſeas; Orion's angry ſtar;
Two diff'ring cities, grav'd on either hand?
Would he wear arms he cannot underſtand?
Beſide, what wiſe objections he prepares
Againſt my late acceſſion to the wars?
Does not the fool perceive his argument
Is with more force againſt Achilles bent?
For if diſſembling be ſo great a crime,
The fault is common, and the ſame in him:
And if he taxes both of long delay,
My guilt is leſs, who ſooner came away.
His pious mother, anxious for his life,
Detain'd her ſon; and me, my pious wife.
To them the bloſſoms of our youth were due:
Our riper manhood we reſerv'd for you.
But grant me guilty, 'tis not much my care,
When with ſo great a man my guilt I ſhare:
My wit to war the matchleſs hero brought,
But by this fool he never had been caught.
Nor need I wonder, that on me he threw
Such foul aſperſions, when he ſpares not you:
If Palamede unjuſtly fell by me,
Your honour ſuffer'd in th' unjuſt decree:
I but accus'd, you doom'd: and yet he dy'd,
Convinc'd of treaſon, and was fairly try'd:
You heard not he was falſe; your eyes beheld
The traitor manifeſt; the bribe reveal'd.

That

That Philoctetes is on Lemnos left,
Wounded, forlorn, of human aid bereft,
Is not my crime, or not my crime alone;
Defend your juſtice, for the fact's your own:
'Tis true, th' advice was mine; that ſtaying there
He might his weary limbs with reſt repair,
From a long voyage free, and from a longer war.
He took the counſel, and he lives at leaſt;
Th' event declares I counſell'd for the beſt:
Though faith is all, in miniſters of ſtate;
For who can promiſe to be fortunate?
Now ſince his arrows are the fate of Troy,
Do not my wit, or weak addreſs, employ;
Send Ajax there, with his perſuaſive ſenſe,
To mollify the man, and draw him thence:
But Xanthus ſhall run backward; Ida ſtand
A leafleſs mountain; and the Grecian band
Shall fight for Troy; if, when my counſels fail,
The wit of heavy Ajax can prevail.
Hard Philoctetes, exerciſe thy ſpleen
Againſt thy fellows, and the king of men;
Curſe my devoted head, above the reſt,
And wiſh in arms to meet me breaſt to breaſt;
Yet I the dangerous taſk will undertake,
And either die myſelf, or bring thee back.
Nor doubt the ſame ſucceſs, as when before
The Phrygian prophet to theſe tents I bore,
Surpriz'd by night, and forc'd him to declare
In what was plac'd the fortune of the war;
Heav'n's dark decrees and anſwers to diſplay,
And how to take the town, and where the ſecret lay:
Yet this I compaſs'd, and from Troy convey'd
The fatal image of their guardian maid;
That work was mine; for Pallas, tho' our friend,
Yet while ſhe was in Troy, did Troy defend.
Now what has Ajax done, or what deſign'd?
A noiſy nothing, and an empty wind.

If he be what he promiſes in ſhow,
Why was I ſent, and why fear'd he to go?
Our boaſting champion thought the taſk not light
To paſs the guards, commit himſelf to night;
Not only through a hoſtile town to paſs,
But ſcale, with ſteep aſcent, the ſacred place;
With wand'ring ſteps to ſearch the citadel,
And from the prieſts their patroneſs to ſteal:
Then through ſurrounding foes to force my way,
And bear in triumph home the heav'nly prey;
Which had I not, Ajax in vain had held,
Before that monſtrous bulk, his ſev'nfold ſhield.
That night to conquer Troy I might be ſaid,
When Troy was liable to conqueſt made.
Why point'ſt thou to my partner of the war?
Tydides had indeed a worthy ſhare
In all my toil, and praiſe; but when thy might
Our ſhips protected, didſt thou ſingly fight?
All join'd, and thou of many wert but one;
I aſk'd no friend, nor had, but him alone:
Who, had he not been well aſſur'd, that art
And conduct were of war the better part,
And more avail'd than ſtrength, my valiant friend
Had urg'd a better right, than Ajax can pretend:
As good at leaſt Eurypylus may claim,
And the more moderate Ajax of the name;
The Cretan king, and his brave charioteer,
And Menelaus bold with ſword and ſpear:
All theſe had been my rivals in the ſhield,
And yet all theſe to my pretenſions yield.
Thy boiſt'rous hands are then of uſe, when I
With this directing head thoſe hands apply.
Brawn without brain is thine: my prudent care
Foreſees, provides, adminiſters the war:
Thy province is to fight; but when ſhall be
The time to fight, the king conſults with me:

No dram of judgment with thy force is join'd;
Thy body is of profit, and my mind.
By how much more the ſhip her ſafety owes
To him who ſteers, than him that only rows,
By how much more the captain merits praiſe
Than he who fights, and fighting but obeys;
By ſo much greater is my worth than thine,
Who canſt but execute what I deſign.
What gain'ſt thou, brutal man, if I confeſs
Thy ſtrength ſuperior, when thy wit is leſs?
Mind is the man: I claim my whole deſert
From the mind's vigour, and th' immortal part.
But you, O Grecian chiefs, reward my care,
Be grateful to your watchman of the war:
For all my labours in ſo long a ſpace,
Sure I may plead a title to your grace:
Enter the town; I then unbarr'd the gates,
When I remov'd their tutelary fates.
By all our common hopes, if hopes they be
Which I have now reduc'd to certainty;
By falling Troy, by yonder tott'ring tow'rs,
And by their taken Gods, which now are ours;
Or if there yet a farther taſk remains,
To be perform'd by prudence or by pains;
If yet ſome deſp'rate action reſts behind,
That aſks high conduct, and a dauntleſs mind;
If ought be wanting to the Trojan doom,
Which none but I can manage and o'ercome;
Award thoſe arms I aſk, by your decree:
Or give to this what you refuſe to me.
He ceas'd: and ceaſing with reſpect he bow'd,
And with his hand at once the fatal ſtatue ſhew'd.
Heav'n, air, and ocean rung with loud applauſe,
And by the gen'ral vote he gain'd his cauſe.
Thus conduct won the prize, when courage fail'd,
And eloquence o'er brutal force prevail'd.

The Death of AJAX.

He who could often, and alone, withſtand
The foe, the fire, and Jove's own partial hand,
Now cannot his unmaſter'd grief ſuſtain,
But yields to rage, to madneſs, and diſdain;
Then ſnatching out his fauchion, Thou, ſaid he,
Art mine; Ulyſſes lays no claim to thee.
O often try'd, and ever truſty ſword,
Now do thy laſt kind office to thy lord:
'Tis Ajax who requeſts thy aid, to ſhow
None but himſelf, himſelf could overthrow.
He ſaid, and with ſo good a will to die
Did to his breaſt the fatal point apply,
It found his heart, a way till then unknown,
Where never weapon enter'd but his own:
No hands could force it thence, ſo fixt it ſtood,
'Till out it ruſh'd, expell'd by ſtreams of ſpouting blood.
The fruitful blood produc'd a flow'r, which grew
On a green ſtem; and of a purple hue:
Like his, whom unaware Apollo ſlew:
Inſcrib'd in both, the letters are the ſame,
But thoſe expreſs the grief, and theſe the name.

THE

THE

Story of ACIS, POLYPHEMUS, and GALATEA.

From the Thirteenth BOOK of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

ACIS, the lovely youth, whoſe loſs I mourn,
From Faunus, and the nymph Symethis born,
Was both his parents pleaſure; but to me
Was all that love could make a lover be.
The Gods our minds in mutual bands did join:
I was his only joy, and he was mine.
Now ſixteen ſummers the ſweet youth had ſeen;
And doubtful down began to ſhade his chin:
When Polyphemus firſt diſturb'd our joy,
And lov'd me fiercely, as I lov'd the boy.
Aſk not which paſſion in my ſoul was high'r,
My laſt averſion, or my firſt deſire:
Nor this the greater was, nor that the leſs;
Both were alike, for both were in exceſs.
Thee, Venus, thee both heav'n and earth obey;
Immenſe thy pow'r, and boundleſs is thy ſway.
The Cyclops, who defy'd th' ætherial throne,
And thought no thunder louder than his own.
The terrour of the woods, and wilder far
Than wolves in plains, or bears in foreſts are,
Th' inhuman hoſt, who made his bloody feaſts
On mangled members of his butcher'd gueſts,
Yet felt the force of love, and fierce deſire,
And burnt for me with unrelenting fire:
Forgot his caverns, and his woolly care,
Aſſum'd the ſoftneſs of a lover's air;
And comb'd, with teeth of rakes, his rugged hair.

Now with a crooked ſcythe his beard he ſleeks,
And mows the ſtubborn ſtubble of his cheeks:
Now in the cryſtal ſtream he looks, to try
His ſimagres, and rolls his glaring eye.
His cruelty and thirſt of blood are loſt;
And ſhips ſecurely ſail along the coaſt.
The prophet Telemus (arriv'd by chance
Where Ætna's ſummits to the ſeas advance,
Who mark'd the tracks of ev'ry bird that flew,
And ſure preſages from their flying drew)
Foretold the Cyclops, that Ulyſſes' hand
In his broad eye ſhould thruſt a flaming brand.
The giant, with a ſcornful grin, reply'd,
Vain augur, thou haſt falſly propheſy'd;
Already Love his flaming brand has toſt;
Looking on two fair eyes, my ſight I loſt.
Thus, warn'd in vain, with ſtalking pace he ſtrode,
And ſtamp'd the margin of the briny flood
With heavy ſteps; and, weary, ſought agen
The cool retirement of his gloomy den.
A promontory, ſharp'ning by degrees,
Ends in a wedge, and overlooks the ſeas:
On either ſide, below, the water flows:
This airy walk the giant-lover choſe;
Here on the midſt he ſate; his flocks, unled,
Their ſhepherd follow'd, and ſecurely fed.
A pine ſo burly, and of length ſo vaſt,
That ſailing ſhips requir'd it for a maſt,
He wielded for a ſtaff, his ſteps to guide:
But laid it by, his whiſtle while he try'd.
A hundred reeds, of a prodigious growth,
Scarce made a pipe proportion'd to his mouth:
Which when he gave it wind, the rocks around,
And wat'ry plains, the dreadful hiſs reſound.
I heard the ruffian ſhepherd rudely blow,
Where, in a hollow cave, I ſat below;

On

On Acis' boſom I my head reclin'd :
And ſtill preſerve the poem in my mind.
O lovely Galatea, whiter far
Than falling ſnows, and riſing lilies are;
More flow'ry than the meads, as cryſtal bright;
Erect as alders, and of equal height :
More wanton than a kid ; more ſleek thy ſkin,
Than orient ſhells, that on the ſhores are ſeen :
Than apples fairer, when the boughs they lade;
Pleaſing, as winter ſuns, or ſummer ſhade :
More grateful to the ſight, than goodly plains;
And ſofter to the touch, than down of ſwans,
Or curds new turn'd ; and ſweeter to the taſte,
Than ſwelling grapes, that to the vintage haſte :
More clear than ice, or running ſtreams, that ſtray
Thro' garden plots, but ah ! more ſwift than they.
Yet, Galatea, harder to be broke
Than bullocks, unreclaim'd to bear the yoke :
And far more ſtubborn than the knotted oak :
Like ſliding ſtreams, impoſſible to hold;
Like them fallacious ; like their fountains, cold :
More warping, than the willow, to decline
My warm embrace ; more brittle than the vine;
Immoveable, and fixt in thy diſdain :
Rough, as theſe rocks, and of a harder grain;
More violent, than is the riſing flood :
And the prais'd peacock is not half ſo proud :
Fierce as the fire, and ſharp as thiſtles are;
And more outrageous, than a mother-bear :
Deaf as the billows to the vows I make;
And more revengeful than a trodden ſnake :
In ſwiftneſs fleeter than the flying hind,
Or driven tempeſts, or the driving wind.
All other faults with patience I can bear;
But ſwiftneſs is the vice I only fear.

Yet if you knew me well, you would not ſhun
My love, but to my wiſh'd embraces run:
Would languiſh in your turn, and court my ſtay;
And much repent of your unwiſe delay.
My palace, in the living rock, is made
By nature's hand; a ſpacious pleaſing ſhade;
Which neither heat can pierce, nor cold invade.
My garden fill'd with fruits you may behold,
And grapes in cluſters, imitating gold;
Some bluſhing bunches of a purple hue:
And theſe, and thoſe, are all reſerv'd for you.
Red ſtrawberries in ſhades expecting ſtand,
Proud to be gather'd by ſo white a hand.
Autumnal cornels latter fruit provide,
And plumbs, to tempt you, turn their gloſſy ſide:
Not thoſe of common kinds; but ſuch alone,
As in Phæacian orchards might have grown:
Nor cheſnuts ſhall be wanting to your food,
Nor garden-fruits, nor wildings of the wood;
The laden boughs for you alone ſhall bear;
And yours ſhall be the product of the year.
The flocks, you ſee, are all my own; beſide
The reſt that woods and winding vallies hide;
And thoſe that folded in the caves abide.
Aſk not the numbers of my growing ſtore;
Who knows how many, knows he has no more.
Nor will I praiſe my cattle; truſt not me,
But judge yourſelf, and paſs your own decree:
Behold their ſwelling dugs; the ſweepy weight
Of ewes, that ſink beneath the milky freight;
In the warm folds their tender lambkins lie;
Apart from kids, that call with human cry.
New milk in nut-brown bowls is duly ſerv'd
For daily drink; the reſt for cheeſe reſerv'd.
Nor are theſe houſhold dainties all my ſtore:
The fields and foreſts will afford us more;
The deer, the hare, the goat, the ſavage boar.

All ſorts of ven'ſon; and of birds the beſt;
A pair of turtles taken from the neſt.
I walk'd the mountains, and two cubs I found,
Whoſe dam had left 'em on the naked ground;
So like, that no diſtinction could be ſeen;
So pretty, they were preſents for a queen;
And ſo they ſhall; I took them both away;
And keep, to be companions of your play.
Oh raiſe, fair nymph, your beauteous face above
The waves; nor ſcorn my preſents, and my love.
Come, Galatea, come, and view my face;
I late beheld it, in the wat'ry glaſs,
And found it lovelier, than I fear'd it was.
Survey my tow'ring ſtature, and my ſize:
Not Jove, the Jove you dream, that rules the ſkies,
Bears ſuch a bulk, or is ſo largely ſpread:
My locks (the plenteous harveſt of my head)
Hang o'er my manly face; and dangling down,
As with a ſhady grove, my ſhoulders crown.
Nor think, becauſe my limbs and body bear
A thick-ſet underwood of briſtling hair,
My ſhape deform'd: what fouler ſight can be,
Than the bald branches of a leafleſs tree?
Foul is the ſteed without a flowing mane;
And birds, without their feathers, and their train.
Wool decks the ſheep; and man receives a grace
From buſhy limbs, and from a bearded face.
My forehead with a ſingle eye is fill'd,
Round as a ball, and ample as a ſhield.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the radiant ſun,
Is nature's eye; and ſhe's content with one.
Add, that my father ſways your ſeas, and I,
Like you, am of the watry family.
I make you his, in making you my own;
You I adore, and kneel to you alone:

Jove, with his fabled thunder, I deſpiſe,
And only fear the lightning of your eyes.
Frown not, fair nymph; yet I could bear to be
Diſdain'd, if others were diſdain'd with me.
But to repulſe the Cyclops, and prefer
The love of Acis, heav'ns! I cannot bear.
But let the ſtripling pleaſe himſelf; nay more,
Pleaſe you, tho' that's the thing I moſt abhor
The boy ſhall find, if e'er we cope in fight,
Theſe giant limbs endu'd with giant might.
His living bowels from his belly torn,
And ſcatter'd limbs, ſhall on the flood be borne,
Thy flood, ungrateful nymph; and fate ſhall find
That way for thee and Acis to be join'd.
For oh! I burn with love, and thy diſdain.
Augments at once my paſſion, and my pain.
Tranſlated Ætna flames within my heart,
And thou, inhuman, wilt not eaſe my ſmart.
Lamenting thus in vain, he roſe, and ſtrode
With furious paces to the neighb'ring wood:
Reſtleſs his feet, diſtracted was his walk;
Mad were his motions, and confus'd his talk.
Mad as the vanquiſh'd bull, when forc'd to yield
His lovely miſtreſs, and forſake the field.
Thus far unſeen I ſaw: when, fatal chance
His looks directing, with a ſudden glance,
Acis and I were to his ſight betray'd;
Where, nought ſuſpecting, we ſecurely play'd.
From his wide mouth a bellowing cry he caſt;
I ſee, I ſee, but this ſhall be your laſt.
A roar ſo loud made Ætna to rebound;
And all the Cyclops labour'd in the ſound.
Affrighted with his monſtrous voice, I fled,
And in the neighb'ring ocean plung'd my head.
Poor Acis turn'd his back, and, Help, he cry'd,
Help,

Help, Galatea, help, my parent Gods,
And take me dying to your deep abodes.
The Cyclops follow'd; but he ſent before
A rib, which from the living rock he tore:
Though but an angle reach'd him of the ſtone,
The mighty fragment was enough alone,
To cruſh all Acis; 'twas too late to ſave,
But what the fates allow'd to give, I gave:
That Acis to his lineage ſhould return;
And roll, among the river Gods, his urn.
Straight iſſu'd from the ſtone a ſtream of blood;
Which loſt the purple, mingling with the flood.
Then like a troubled torrent it appear'd:
The torrent too, in little ſpace, was clear'd.
The ſtone was cleft, and thro' the yawning chink
New reeds aroſe, on the new river's brink.
The rock, from out its hollow womb, diſclos'd
A ſound like water in its courſe oppos'd:
When (wond'rous to behold) full in the flood,
Up ſtarts a youth, and navel-high he ſtood.
Horns from his temples riſe; and either horn
Thick wreaths of reeds (his native growth) adorn.
Were not his ſtature taller than before,
His bulk augmented, and his beauty more,
His colour blue, for Acis he might paſs:
And Acis chang'd into a ſtream he was.
But, mine no more, he rolls along the plains
With rapid motion, and his name retains.

OF THE

PYTHAGOREAN PHILOSOPHY.

From the Fifteenth Book of

OVID's METAMORPHOSES.

The fourteenth book concludes with the death and deification of Romulus: the fifteenth begins with the election of Numa to the crown of Rome. On this occaſion, Ovid, following the opinion of ſome authors, makes Numa the ſcholar of Pythagoras; and to have begun his acquaintance with that philoſopher at Crotona, a town in Italy; from thence he makes a digreſſion to the moral and natural philoſophy of Pythagoras: on both which our author enlarges; and which are the moſt learned and beautiful parts of the Metamorphoſes.

A King is ſought to guide the growing ſtate,
One able to ſupport the publick weight,
And fill the throne where Romulus had ſate.
Renown, which oft beſpeaks the publick voice,
Had recommended Numa to their choice:
A peaceful, pious prince; who, not content
To know the Sabine rights, his ſtudy bent
To cultivate his mind: to learn the laws
Of nature, and explore their hidden cauſe.
Urg'd by this care, his country he forſook,
And to Crotona thence his journey took.
Arriv'd, he firſt enquir'd the founder's name
Of this new colony; and whence he came.
Then thus a ſenior of the place replies,
(Well read, and curious of antiquities)

'Tis

'Tis ſaid, Alcides hither took his way
From Spain, and drove along his conquer'd prey;
Then, leaving in the fields his grazing cows,
He ſought himſelf ſome hoſpitable houſe:
Good Croton entertain'd his godlike gueſt;
While he repair'd his weary limbs with reſt.
The hero, thence departing, bleſs'd the place;
And here, he ſaid, in Time's revolving race,
A riſing town ſhall take its name from thee;
Revolving Time fulfill'd the prophecy:
For Myſcelos, the juſteſt man on earth,
Alemon's ſon, at Argos had his birth:
Him Hercules, arm'd with his club of oak,
O'erſhadow'd in a dream, and thus beſpoke;
Go, leave thy native ſoil, and make abode
Where Æſaris rolls down his rapid flood;
He ſaid; and ſleep forſook him, and the God.
Trembling he wak'd, and roſe with anxious heart;
His country laws forbad him to depart:
What ſhould he do? 'Twas death to go away;
And the God menac'd if he dar'd to ſtay:
All day he doubted, and when night came on,
Sleep, and the ſame forewarning dream, begun:
Once more the God ſtood threatning o'er his head;
With added curſes if he diſobey'd.
Twice warn'd, he ſtudy'd flight; but would convey,
At once, his perſon and his wealth away:
Thus while he linger'd, his deſign was heard;
A ſpeedy proceſs form'd, and death declar'd.
Witneſs there needed none of his offence,
Againſt himſelf the wretch was evidence:
Condemn'd, and deſtitute of human aid,
To him, for whom he ſuffer'd, thus he pray'd.
O Pow'r, who haſt deſerv'd in heav'n a throne
Not giv'n, but by thy labours made thy own,
Pity thy ſuppliant, and protect his cauſe,
Whom thou haſt made obnoxious to the laws.

A cuſtom was of old, and ſtill remains,
Which life or death by ſuffrages ordains;
White ſtones and black within an urn are caſt,
The firſt abſolve, but fate is in the laſt.
The judges to the common urn bequeath
Their votes, and drop the ſable ſigns of death;
The box receives all black; but pour'd from thence
The ſtones came candid forth, the hue of innocence.
Thus Alimonides his ſafety won,
Preſerv'd from death by Alcumena's ſon:
Then to his kinſman God his vows he pays,
And cuts with proſp'rous gales th' Ionian ſeas:
He leaves Tarentum, favour'd by the wind,
And Thurine bays, and Temiſes, behind;
Soft Sibaris, and all the capes that ſtand
Along the ſhore, he makes in ſight of land;
Still doubling, and ſtill coaſting, till he found
The mouth of Æſaris, and promis'd ground:
Then ſaw where, on the margin of the flood,
The tomb that held the bones of Croton ſtood:
Here, by the God's command, he built and wall'd
The place predicted; and Crotona call'd:
Thus fame, from time to time, delivers down
The ſure tradition of th' Italian town.

Here dwelt the man divine whom Samos bore,
But now ſelf-baniſh'd from his native ſhore,
Becauſe he hated tyrants, nor could bear
The chains which none but ſervile ſouls will wear:
He, tho' from heav'n remote, to heav'n could move,
With ſtrength of mind, and tread th' abyſs above;
And penetrate, with his interiour light,
Thoſe upper depths, which Nature hid from ſight:
And what he had obſerv'd, and learnt from thence,
Lov'd in familiar language to diſpenſe.

The crowd with ſilent admiration ſtand,
And heard him, as they heard their God's command;

While

While he diſcours'd of heav'n's myſterious laws,
The world's original, and nature's cauſe;
And what was God, and why the fleecy ſnows
In ſilence fell, and rattling winds aroſe;
What ſhook the ſtedfaſt earth, and whence begun
The dance of planets round the radiant ſun;
If thunder was the voice of angry Jove,
Or clouds, with nitre pregnant, burſt above:
Of theſe, and things beyond the common reach,
He ſpoke, and charm'd his audience with his ſpeech.
He firſt the taſte of fleſh from tables drove,
And argu'd well, if arguments could move.
O mortals! from your fellows blood abſtain,
Nor taint your bodies with a food profane:
While corn and pulſe by nature are beſtow'd,
And planted orchards bend their willing load;
While labour'd gardens wholſome herbs produce,
And teeming vines afford their gen'rous juice;
Nor tardier fruits of cruder kind are loſt,
But tam'd with fire, or mellow'd by the froſt;
While kine to pails diſtended udders bring,
And bees their honey redolent of ſpring;
While earth not only can your needs ſupply,
But, laviſh of her ſtore, provides for luxury;
A guiltleſs feaſt adminiſters with eaſe,
And without blood is prodigal to pleaſe.
Wild beaſts their maws with their ſlain brethren fill,
And yet not all, for ſome refuſe to kill:
Sheep, goats, and oxen, and the nobler ſteed,
On browſe, and corn, the flow'ry meadows feed.
Bears, tigers, wolves, the lion's angry brood,
Whom heav'n endu'd with principles of blood,
He wiſely ſunder'd from the reſt, to yell
In foreſts, and in lonely caves to dwell,
Where ſtronger beaſts oppreſs the weak by might,
And all in prey and purple feaſts delight.

O impious uſe! to Nature's laws oppos'd,
Where bowels are in other bowels clos'd:
Where, fatten'd by their fellow's fat, they thrive;
Maintain'd by murder, and by death they live.
'Tis then for nought that mother-earth provides
The ſtores of all ſhe ſhows, and all ſhe hides,
If men with fleſhy morſels muſt be fed,
And chaw with bloody teeth the breathing bread;
What elſe is this but to devour our gueſts,
And barb'rouſly renew Cyclopean feaſts!
We, by deſtroying life, our life ſuſtain;
And gorge th' ungodly maw with meats obſcene.
Not ſo the golden age, who fed on fruit,
Nor durſt with bloody meals their mouths pollute.
Then birds in airy ſpace might ſafely move,
And tim'rous hares on heaths ſecurely rove:
Nor needed fiſh the guileful hooks to fear,
For all was peaceful, and that peace ſincere.
Whoever was the wretch (and curs'd be he)
That envy'd firſt our food's ſimplicity;
Th' eſſay of bloody feaſts on brutes began,
And after forg'd the ſword to murder man.
Had he the ſharpen'd ſteel alone employ'd
On beaſts of prey that other beaſts deſtroy'd,
Or men invaded with their fangs and paws,
This had been juſtify'd by Nature's laws,
And ſelf-defence: but who did feaſts begin
Of fleſh, he ſtretch'd neceſſity to ſin.
To kill man-killers, man has lawful pow'r,
But not th' extended licence, to devour.
Ill habits gather by unſeen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to ſeas.
The ſow, with her broad ſnout for rooting up
Th' intruſted ſeed, was judg'd to ſpoil the crop,
And intercept the ſweating farmer's hope:
The covetous churl, of unforgiving kind,
Th' offender to the bloody prieſt reſign'd:

Her hunger was no plea; for that ſhe dy'd.
The goat came next in order, to be try'd:
The goat had cropt the tendrils of the vine:
In vengeance laity and clergy join,
Where one had loſt his profit, one his wine.
Here was, at leaſt, ſome ſhadow of offence:
The ſheep was ſacrific'd on no pretence,
But meek and unreſiſting innocence.
A patient, uſeful creature, born to bear
The warm and woolly fleece, that cloath'd her murderer,
And daily to give down the milk ſhe bred,
A tribute for the graſs on which ſhe fed.
Living, both food and raiment ſhe ſupplies,
And is of leaſt advantage when ſhe dies.
How did the toiling ox his death deſerve,
A downright ſimple drudge, and born to ſerve?
O tyrant! with what juſtice canſt thou hope
The promiſe of the year, a plenteous crop;
When thou deſtroy'ſt thy lab'ring ſteer, who till'd,
And plow'd, with pains, thy elſe ungrateful field?
From his yet reeking neck to draw the yoke,
That neck with which the ſurly clods he broke;
And to the hatchet yield thy huſbandman,
Who finiſh'd autumn, and the ſpring began!
Nor this alone! but heav'n itſelf to bribe,
We to the Gods our impious acts aſcribe:
Firſt recompenſe with death their creature's toil,
Then call'd the bleſs'd above to ſhare the ſpoil:
The faireſt victim muſt the pow'rs appeaſe:
(So fatal 'tis ſometimes too much to pleaſe!)
A purple fillet his broad brows adorns,
With flow'ry garlands crown'd, and gilded horns:
He hears the murd'rous pray'r the prieſt prefers,
But underſtands not, 'tis his doom he hears:
Beholds the meal betwixt his temples caſt,
(The fruit and product of his labours paſt;)

And in the water views perhaps the knife
Uplifted, to deprive him of his life;
Then broken up alive, his entrails ſees
Torn out, for prieſts t' inſpect the God's decrees.
From whence, O mortal men, this guſt of blood
Have you deriv'd, and interdicted food?
Be taught by me this dire delight to ſhun,
Warn'd by my precepts, by my practice won:
And when you eat the well-deſerving beaſt,
Think, on the lab'rer of your field you feaſt!
Now ſince the God inſpires me to proceed,
Be that, whate'er inſpiring Pow'r, obey'd.
For I will ſing of mighty myſteries,
Of truths conceal'd before from human eyes,
Dark oracles unveil, and open all the ſkies.
Pleas'd as I am to walk along the ſphere
Of ſhining ſtars, and travel with the year,
To leave the heavy earth, and ſcale the height
Of Atlas, who ſupports the heav'nly weight:
To look from upper light, and thence ſurvey
Miſtaken mortals wand'ring from the way,
And wanting wiſdom, fearful for the ſtate
Of future things, and trembling at their fate!
Thoſe I would teach; and by right reaſon bring
To think of death, as but an idle thing.
Why thus affrighted at an empty name,
A dream of darkneſs, and fictitious flame?
Vain themes of wit, which but in poems paſs,
And fables of a world, that never was!
What feels the body when the ſoul expires,
By time corrupted, or conſum'd by fires?
Nor dies the ſpirit, but new life repeats
In other forms, and only changes ſeats.
Ev'n I, who theſe myſterious truths declare,
Was once Euphorbus in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well,
And how in fight by Sparta's king I fell.

In Argive Juno's fane I late beheld
My buckler hung on high, and own'd my former ſhield.
Then death, ſo call'd, is but old matter dreſs'd
In ſome new figure, and a vary'd veſt:
Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbody'd ſpirit flies,
By time, or force, or ſickneſs diſpoſſeſt,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beaſt;
Or hunts without, till ready limbs it find,
And actuates thoſe according to their kind;
From tenement to tenement is toſs'd;
The ſoul is ſtill the ſame, the figure only loſt:
And as the ſoften'd wax new ſeals receives,
This face aſſumes, and that impreſſion leaves;
Now call'd by one, now by another name;
The form is only chang'd, the wax is ſtill the ſame:
So death, ſo call'd, can but the form deface,
Th' immortal ſoul flies out in empty ſpace;
To ſeek her fortune in ſome other place.
Then let not piety be put to flight,
To pleaſe the taſte of glutton appetite;
But ſuffer inmate ſouls ſecure to dwell,
Leſt from their ſeats your parents you expel;
With rabid hunger feed upon your kind,
Or from a beaſt diſlodge a brother's mind.
And ſince, like Tiphys, parting from the ſhore,
In ample ſeas I ſail, and depths untry'd before,
This let me further add, that nature knows
No ſtedfaſt ſtation, but, or ebbs, or flows:
Ever in motion; ſhe deſtroys her old,
And caſts new figures in another mold.
Ev'n times are in perpetual flux; and run,
Like rivers from their fountain, rolling on;
For time, no more than ſtreams, is at a ſtay:
The flying hour is ever on her way;

And as the fountain ſtill ſupplies her ſtore,
The wave behind impels the wave before;
Thus in ſucceſſive courſe the minutes run,
And urge their predeceſſor minutes on,
Still moving, ever new: for former things
Are ſet aſide, like abdicated kings:
And every moment alters what is done,
And innovates ſome act till then unknown.
Darkneſs we ſee emerges into light,
And ſhining ſuns deſcend to ſable night;
Ev'n heav'n itſelf receives another die,
When weary'd animals in ſlumbers lie
Of midnight eaſe; another, when the grey
Of morn preludes the ſplendour of the day.
The diſk of Phœbus, when he climbs on high,
Appears at firſt but as a bloodſhot eye;
And when his chariot downward drives to bed,
His ball is with the ſame ſuffuſion red;
But mounted high in his meridian race
All bright he ſhines, and with a better face:
For there, pure particles of æther flow,
Far from th' infection of the world below.
Nor equal light th' unequal moon adorns,
Or in her wexing, or her waning horns.
For ev'ry day ſhe wanes, her face is leſs,
But, gath'ring into globe, ſhe fattens at increaſe.
Perceiv'ſt thou not the proceſs of the year,
How the four ſeaſons in four forms appear,
Reſembling human life in ev'ry ſhape they wear?
Spring firſt, like infancy, ſhoots out her head,
With milky juice requiring to be fed:
Helpleſs, tho' freſh, and wanting to be led.
The green ſtem grows in ſtature and in ſize,
But only feeds with hope the farmer's eyes;
Then laughs the childiſh year with flow'rets crown'd,
And laviſhly perfumes the fields around,

But

But no ſubſtantial nouriſhment receives,
Infirm the ſtalks, unſolid are the leaves.
Proceeding onward whence the year began,
The ſummer grows adult, and ripens into man.
This ſeaſon, as in men, is moſt repleat
With kindly moiſture, and prolifick heat.
Autumn ſucceeds, a ſober tepid age,
Not froze with fear, nor boiling into rage;
More than mature, and tending to decay,
When our brown locks repine to mix with odious grey.
Laſt, winter creeps along with tardy pace,
Sour is his front, and furrow'd is his face.
His ſcalp if not diſhonour'd quite of hair,
The ragged fleece is thin, and thin is worſe than bare.
Ev'n our own bodies daily change receive,
Some part of what was theirs before they leave;
Nor are to-day what yeſterday they were;
Nor the whole ſame to-morrow will appear.
Time was, when we were ſow'd, and juſt began,
From ſome few fruitful drops, the promiſe of a man;
Then Nature's hand (fermented as it was)
Moulded to ſhape the ſoft, coagulated maſs;
And when the little man was fully form'd
The breathleſs embrio with a ſpirit warm'd;
But when the mother's throes begin to come,
The creature, pent within the narrow room,
Breaks his blind priſon, puſhing to repair
His ſtifled breath, and draw the living air;
Caſt on the margin of the world he lies,
A helpleſs babe, but by inſtinct he cries.
He next eſſays to walk, but downward preſs'd
On four feet imitates his brother beaſt:
By ſlow degrees he gathers from the ground
His legs, and to the rolling chair is bound;
Then walks alone; a horſeman now become,
He rides a ſtick, and travels round the room:

In time he vaunts among his youthful peers,
Strong-bon'd, and ſtrung with nerves, in pride of years,
He runs with mettle his firſt merry ſtage,
Maintains the next, abated of his rage,
But manages his ſtrength, and ſpares his age.
Heavy the third, and ſtiff, he ſinks apace,
And tho' 'tis down-hill all, but creeps along the race.
Now ſapleſs on the verge of death he ſtands,
Contemplating his former feet, and hands;
And, Miło-like, his ſlacken'd ſinews ſees,
And wither'd arms, once fit to cope with Hercules,
Unable now to ſhake, much leſs to tear, the trees.
So Helen wept when her too faithful glaſs
Reflected to her eyes the ruins of her face:
Wond'ring what charms her raviſhers could ſpy,
To force her twice, or ev'n but once enjoy!
Thy teeth, devouring time, thine, envious age,
On things below ſtill exerciſe your rage:
With venom'd grinders you corrupt your meat,
And then, at ling'ring meals, the morſels eat.
Nor thoſe, which elements we call, abide,
Nor to this figure, nor to that, are ty'd;
For this eternal world is ſaid of old
But four prolifick principles to hold,
Four different bodies; two to heav'n aſcend,
And other two down to the centre tend:
Fire firſt with wings expanded mounts on high,
Pure, void of weight, and dwells in upper ſky;
Then air, becauſe unclog'd in empty ſpace,
Flies after fire, and claims the ſecond place:
But weighty water, as her nature guides,
Lies on the lap of earth, and mother earth ſubſides.
All things are mixt with theſe, which all contain,
And into theſe are all reſolv'd again:
Earth rarifies to dew; expanded more
The ſubtil dew in air begins to ſoar;

Spreads

Spreads as ſhe flies, and weary of her name
Extenuates ſtill, and changes into flame;
Thus having by degrees perfection won,
Reſtleſs they ſoon untwiſt the web they ſpun,
And fire begins to loſe her radiant hue,
Mix'd with groſs air, and air deſcends to dew;
And dew condenſing, does her form forego,
And ſinks, a heavy lump of earth, below.
Thus are their figures never at a ſtand,
But chang'd by Nature's innovating hand;
All things are alter'd, nothing is deſtroy'd,
The ſhifted ſcene for ſome new ſhow employ'd.
Then, to be born, is to begin to be
Some other thing we were not formerly:
And what we call to die, is not t' appear,
Or be the thing that formerly we were.
Thoſe very elements, which we partake
Alive, when dead ſome other bodies make:
Tranſlated grow, have ſenſe, or can diſcourſe;
But death on deathleſs ſubſtance has no force.
That forms are chang'd I grant, that nothing can
Continue in the figure it began:
The golden age to ſilver was debas'd:
To copper that; our metal came at laſt.
The face of places, and their forms, decay;
And that is ſolid earth, that once was ſea:
Seas in their turn retreating from the ſhore,
Make ſolid land, what ocean was before;
And far from ſtrands are ſhells of fiſhes found,
And ruſty anchors fix'd on mountain ground:
And what were fields before, now waſh'd and worn,
By falling floods from high, to valleys turn,
And crumbling ſtill deſcend to level lands;
And lakes, and trembling bogs, are barren ſands:
And the parch'd deſart floats in ſtreams unknown;
Wond'ring to drink of waters not her own.

Here nature living fountains opes; and there
Seals up the wombs where living fountains were;
Or earthquakes ſtop their ancient courſe, and bring
Diverted ſtreams to feed a diſtant ſpring.
So Lycus, ſwallow'd up, is ſeen no more,
But far from thence knocks out another door.
Thus Erafinus dives; and blind in earth
Runs on, and gropes his way to ſecond birth,
Starts up in Argos meads, and ſhakes his locks
Around the fields, and fattens all the flocks.
So Myſus by another way is led,
And, grown a river, now diſdains his head:
Forgets his humble birth, his name forſakes,
And the proud title of Caicus takes.
Large Amenane, impure with yellow ſands,
Runs rapid often, and as often ſtands;
And here he threats the drunken fields to drown,
And there his dugs deny to give their liquor down.
Anigros once did wholſome draughts afford,
But now his deadly waters are abhorr'd:
Since, hurt by Hercules, as fame reſounds,
The Centaur in his current waſh'd their wounds.
The ſtreams of Hypanis are ſweet no more,
But brackiſh loſe the taſte they had before.
Antiſſa, Pharos, Tyre, in ſeas were pent,
Once iſles, but now increaſe the continent;
While the Leucadian coaſt, main-land before,
By ruſhing ſeas is ſever'd from the ſhore.
So Zancle to th' Italian earth was ty'd,
And men once walk'd where ſhips at anchor ride;
Till Neptune overlook'd the narrow way,
And in diſdain pour'd in the conqu'ring ſea.
Two cities that adorn'd th' Achaian ground,
Buris and Helice, no more are found,
But, whelm'd beneath a lake, are ſunk and drown'd;
And boatſmen through the cryſtal water ſhow,
To wond'ring paſſengers, the walls below.

Near Træzen ſtands a hill, expos'd in air
To winter winds, of leafy ſhadows bare:
This once was level ground: but (ſtrange to tell)
Th' included vapours, that in caverns dwell,
Lab'ring with colick pangs, and cloſe confin'd,
In vain ſought iſſue from the rumbling wind:
Yet ſtill they heav'd for vent, and heaving ſtill
Inlarg'd the concave, and ſhot up the hill;
As breath extends a bladder, or the ſkins
Of goats are blown t' incloſe the hoarded wines:
The mountain yet retains a mountain's face,
And gather'd rubbiſh heals the hollow ſpace.
Of many wonders, which I heard or knew,
Retrenching moſt, I will relate but few:
What, are not ſprings with qualities oppos'd
Endu'd at ſeaſons, and at ſeaſons loſt?
Thrice in a day thine, Ammon, change their form,
Cold at high noon, at morn and evening warm:
Thine, Athaman, will kindle wood, if thrown
On the pil'd earth, and in the waneing moon.
The Thracians have a ſtream, if any try
The taſte, his harden'd bowels petrify;
Whate'er it touches it converts to ſtones,
And makes a marble pavement where it runs.
Grathis, and Sibaris her ſifter flood,
That ſlide thro' our Calabrian neighbour wood,
With gold and amber die the ſhining hair,
And thither youth reſort; (for who would not be fair?)
But ſtranger virtues yet in ſtreams we find,
Some change not only bodies, but the mind:
Who has not heard of Salmacis obſcene,
Whoſe waters into women ſoften men?
Of Æthiopian lakes, which turn the brain
To madneſs, or in heavy ſleep conſtrain?
Clytorean ſtreams the love of wine expel,
(Such is the virtue of th' abſtemious well,)

Whether the colder nymph that rules the flood
Extinguiſhes, and balks the drunken God;
Or that Melampus (ſo have ſome aſſur'd)
When the mad Prœtides with charms he cur'd,
And pow'rful herbs, both charms and ſimples caſt
Into the ſober ſpring, where ſtill their virtues laſt.
Unlike effects Lynceſtis will produce;
Who drinks his waters, tho' with moderate uſe,
Reels as with wine, and ſees with double ſight:
His heels too heavy, and his head too light.
Ladon, once Pheneos, an Arcadian ſtream,
(Ambiguous in th' effects, as in the name)
By day is wholſome bev'rage; but is thought
By night infected, and a deadly draught.
Thus running rivers, and the ſtanding lake,
Now of theſe virtues, now of thoſe partake:
Time was (and all things time and fate obey)
When faſt Ortygia floated on the ſea;
Such were Cyanean iſles, when Typhis ſteer'd
Betwixt their ſtraits, and their colliſion fear'd;
They ſwam where now they ſit; and firmly join'd
Secure of rooting up, reſiſt the wind.
Nor Ætna vomiting ſulphureous fire
Will ever belch; for ſulphur will expire,
(The veins exhauſted of the liquid ſtore;)
Time was ſhe caſt no flames; in time will caſt no more.
For whether earth's an animal, and air
Imbibes, her lungs with coolneſs to repair,
And what ſhe ſucks remits; ſhe ſtill requires
Inlets for air, and outlets for her fires;
When tortur'd with convulſive fits ſhe ſhakes,
That motion chokes the vent, till other vent ſhe makes:
Or when the wind in hollow caves are clos'd,
And ſubtil ſpirits find that way oppos'd,
They toſs up flints in air; the flints that hide,
The ſeeds of fire, thus toſs'd in air, collide,

Kindling

Kindling the ſulphur, till the fuel ſpent
The cave is cool'd, and the fierce winds relent.
Or whether ſulphur, catching fire, feeds on
Its unctuous parts, till all the matter gone
The flames no more aſcend; for earth ſupplies
The fat that feeds them; and when earth denies
That food, by length of time conſum'd, the fire
Famiſh'd for want of fuel muſt expire.

A race of men there are, as fame has told,
Who ſhiv'ring ſuffer Hyperborean cold,
Till nine times bathing in Minerva's lake,
Soft feathers to defend their naked ſides they take.
'Tis ſaid, the Scythian wives (believe who will)
Transform themſelves to birds by magic ſkill;
Smear'd over with an oil of wond'rous might,
That adds new pinions to their airy flight.

But this by ſure experiment we know,
That living creatures from corruption grow:
Hide in a hollow pit a ſlaughter'd ſteer,
Bees from his putrid bowels will appear;
Who like their parents haunt the fields, and bring
Their honey-harveſt home, and hope another ſpring.
The warlike ſteed is multiply'd, we find,
To waſps and hornets of the warriour kind.
Cut from a crab his crooked claws, and hide
The reſt in earth, a ſcorpion thence will glide
And ſhoot his ſting, his tail in circles toſs'd
Refers the limbs his backward father loſt.
And worms, that ſtretch on leaves their filmy loom,
Crawl from their bags, and butterflies become.
Ev'n ſlime begets the frog's loquacious race:
Short of their feet at firſt, in little ſpace
With arms and legs endu'd, long leaps they take,
Rais'd on their hinder part, and ſwim the lake,
And waves repel: for nature gives their kind,
To that intent, a length of legs behind.

The cubs of bears a living lump appear,
When whelp'd, and no determin'd figure wear.
Their mother licks 'em into ſhape, and gives
As much of form, as ſhe herſelf receives.
The grubs from their ſexangular abode
Crawl out unfiniſh'd, like the maggot's brood:
Trunks without limbs; till time at leiſure brings
The thighs they wanted, and their tardy wings.
The bird who draws the car of Juno, vain
Of her crown'd head, and of her ſtarry train;
And he that bears th' artillery of Jove,
The ſtrong-pounc'd eagle, and the billing dove;
And all the feather'd kind, who could ſuppoſe
(But that from fight, the ſureſt ſenſe, he knows)
They from th' included yolk, not ambient white aroſe.
There are who think the marrow of a man,
Which in the ſpine, while he was living, ran;
When dead, the pith corrupted, will become
A ſnake, and hiſs within the hollow tomb.
All theſe receive their birth from other things;
But from himſelf the phœnix only ſprings:
Self-born, begotten by the parent flame
In which he burn'd, another and the ſame:
Who not by corn or herbs his life ſuſtains,
But the ſweet eſſence of Amomum drains:
And watches the rich gums Arabia bears,
While yet in tender dew they drop their tears.
He, (his five centuries of life fulfill'd)
His neſt on oaken boughs begins to build,
Or trembling tops of palm: and firſt he draws
The plan with his broad bill, and crooked claws,
Nature's artificers; on this the pile
Is form'd, and riſes round; then with the ſpoil
Of Caſia, Cynamon, and ſtems of Nard,
(For ſoftneſs ſtrew'd beneath,) his fun'ral bed is rear'd:
Fun'ral and bridal both; and all around
The borders with corruptleſs myrrh are crown'd:

On this incumbent; till ætherial flame
First catches, then consumes the costly frame;
Consumes him too, as on the pile he lies;
He liv'd on odours, and in odours dies.
An infant-phœnix from the former springs,
His father's heir, and from his tender wings
Shakes off his parent dust, his method he pursues,
And the same lease of life on the same terms renews:
When grown to manhood he begins his reign,
And with stiff pinions can his flight sustain,
He lightens of its load the tree that bore
His father's royal sepulchre before,
And his own cradle: this with pious care
Plac'd on his back, he cuts the buxom air,
Seeks the sun's city, and his sacred church,
And decently lays down his burden in the porch.
A wonder more amazing would we find?
Th' Hyæna shews it, of a double kind,
Varying the sexes in alternate years,
In one begets, and in another bears.
The thin cameleon, fed with air, receives
The colour of the thing to which he cleaves.
India, when conquer'd, on the conqu'ring God
For planted vines the sharp-ey'd lynx bestow'd,
Whose urine, shed before it touches earth,
Congeals in air, and gives to gems their birth.
So coral, soft and white in ocean's bed,
Comes harden'd up in air, and glows with red.
All changing species should my song recite;
Before I ceas'd, wou'd change the day to night.
Nations and empires flourish and decay,
By turns command, and in their turns obey;
Time softens hardy people, time again
Hardens to war a soft, unwarlike train.
Thus Troy, for ten long years, her foes withstood,
And daily bleeding bore th' expence of blood:

Now

Now for thick ſtreets it ſhews an empty ſpace,
Or only fill'd with tombs of her own periſh'd race,
Herſelf becomes the ſepulchre of what ſhe was.
Mycenè, Sparta, Thebes of mighty fame,
Are vaniſh'd out of ſubſtance into name,
And Dardan Rome, that juſt begins to riſe,
On Tiber's banks, in time ſhall mate the ſkies;
Widening her bounds, and working on her way;
Ev'n now ſhe meditates imperial ſway:
Yet this is change, but ſhe by changing thrives,
Like moons new born, and in her cradle ſtrives
To fill her infant-horns; an hour ſhall come
When the round world ſhall be contain'd in Rome.
For thus old ſaws foretel, and Helenus
Anchiſes' drooping ſon enliven'd thus,
When Ilium now was in a ſinking ſtate,
And he was doubtful of his future fate:
O Goddeſs born, with thy hard fortune ſtrive,
Troy never can be loſt, and thou alive.
Thy paſſage thou ſhalt free thro' fire and ſword,
And Troy in foreign lands ſhall be reſtor'd.
In happier fields a riſing town I ſee,
Greater than what e'er was, or is, or e'er ſhall be:
And heav'n yet owes the world a race deriv'd from thee.
Sages and chiefs, of other lineage born,
The city ſhall extend, extended ſhall adorn:
But from Iülus he muſt draw his birth,
By whom thy Rome ſhall rule the conquer'd earth:
Whom heav'n will lend mankind on earth to reign,
And late require the precious pledge again.
This Helenus to great Æneas told,
Which I retain, e'er ſince in other mold
My ſoul was cloth'd; and now rejoice to view
My country walls rebuilt, and Troy reviv'd anew,
Rais'd by the fall: decreed by loſs to gain;
Enſlav'd but to be free, and conquer'd but to reign.

'Tis

'Tis time my hard-mouth'd courſers to controul,
Apt to run riot, and tranſgreſs the goal:
And therefore I conclude, whatever lies
In earth, or flits in air, or fills the ſkies,
All ſuffer change, and we, that are of ſoul
And body mix'd, are members of the whole.
Then when our ſires, or grandſires ſhall forſake
The forms of men, and brutal figures take,
Thus hous'd, ſecurely let their ſpirits reſt,
Nor violate thy father in the beaſt,
Thy friend, thy brother, any of thy kin;
If none of theſe, yet there's a man within:
O ſpare to make a Thyeſtean meal,
T' incloſe his body, and his ſoul expel.
Ill cuſtoms by degrees to habits riſe,
Ill habits ſoon become exalted vice.
What more advance can mortals make in ſin
So near perfection, who with blood begin?
Deaf to the calf that lies beneath the knife,
Looks up, and from her butcher begs her life:
Deaf to the harmleſs kid, that ere he dies,
All methods to procure thy mercy tries,
And imitates in vain thy childrens cries.
Where will he ſtop, who feeds with houſhold bread,
Then eats the poultry which before he fed?
Let plough thy ſteers; that when they loſe their breath,
To Nature, not to thee, they may impute their death.
Let goats for food their loaded udders lend,
And ſheep from winter-cold thy ſides defend;
But neither ſprindges, nets, nor ſnares employ,
And be no more ingenious to deſtroy.
Free as in air, let birds on earth remain,
Nor let inſidious glue their wings conſtrain;
Nor opening hounds the trembling ſtag affright,
Nor purple feathers intercept his flight:
Nor hooks conceal'd in baits for fiſh prepare,
Nor lines to heave 'em twinkling up in air.

Take not away the life you cannot give:
For all things have an equal right to live.
Kill noxious creatures, where 'tis ſin to ſave;
This only juſt prerogative we have:
But nouriſh life with vegetable food,
And ſhun the ſacrilegious taſte of blood.

Theſe precepts by the Samian ſage were taught,
Which godlike Numa to the Sabines brought,
And thence tranſferr'd to Rome, by gift his own:
A willing people, and an offer'd throne.
O happy monarch, ſent by heaven to bleſs
A ſavage nation with ſoft arts of peace,
To teach religion, rapine to reſtrain,
Give laws to luſt, and ſacrifice ordain:
Himſelf a ſaint, a Goddeſs was his bride,
And all the Muſes o'er his acts preſide.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

JUVENAL.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

CHARLES

Earl of DORSET and MIDDLESEX,

Lord Chamberlain of his Majeſty's Houſhold, Knight of the Moſt Noble Order of the Garter, &c.

My LORD,

THE wiſhes and deſires of all good men, which have attended your lordſhip from your firſt appearance in the world, are at length accompliſhed in your obtaining thoſe honours and dignities, which you have ſo long deſerved. There are no factions, though irreconcileable to one another, that are not united in their affection to you, and the reſpect they pay you. They are equally pleaſed in your proſperity, and would be equally concerned in your affliction. Titus Veſpaſian was not more the delight of human kind. The univerſal empire made him only more known, and more powerful, but could not make him more beloved. He had greater ability of doing good, but your inclination to it, is not leſs: and though you could not extend your beneficence to ſo many perſons, yet you have loſt as few days as that excellent emperor, and never had his complaint to make when you went to bed, that the ſun had ſhone upon you in vain, when you had the opportunity of relieving ſome unhappy man. This, my Lord, has juſtly acquired you as many friends as there are perſons who have the honour to be known to you: mere acquaintance you have none; you have

drawn them all into a nearer line: and they who have converſed with you are for ever after inviolably yours. This is a truth ſo generally acknowledged, that it needs no proof: it is of the nature of a firſt principle, which is received as ſoon as it is propoſed; and needs not the reformation which Deſcartes uſed to his: for we doubt not, neither can we properly ſay, we think we admire and love you, above all other men: there is a certainty in the propoſition, and we know it. With the ſame aſſurance can I ſay, you neither have enemies, nor can ſcarce have any; for they who have never heard of you, can neither love or hate you; and they who have, can have no other notion of you, than that which they receive from the public, that you are the beſt of men. After this, my teſtimony can be of no farther uſe, than to declare it to be day-light at high-noon: and all who have the benefit of ſight, can look up as well, and ſee the ſun.

It is true, I have one privilege which is almoſt particular to myſelf, that I ſaw you in the eaſt at your firſt riſing above the hemiſphere: I was as ſoon ſenſible as any man of that light, when it was but juſt ſhooting out, and beginning to travel upward to the meridian. I made my early addreſſes to your lordſhip, in my eſſay of Dramatic Poetry; and therein beſpoke you to the world, wherein I have the right of a firſt diſcoverer. When I was myſelf, in the rudiments of my Poetry, without name or reputation in the world, having rather the ambition of a writer, than the ſkill; when I was drawing the out-lines of an art, without any living maſter to inſtruct me in it; an art which had been better praiſed than ſtudied here in England, wherein Shakeſpeare, who created the ſtage among us, had rather written happily, than knowingly and juſtly; and Johnſon, who by ſtudying Horace, had been acquainted with the rules, yet ſeemed to envy poſterity that knowledge, and like an inventor of ſome uſeful art, to make a monopoly of his learning: when thus, as I may ſay, before the uſe

of

of the loadſtone, or knowledge of the compaſs, I was ſailing in a vaſt ocean, without other help than the pole-ſtar of the ancients, and the rules of the French ſtage amongſt the moderns, which are extremely different from ours, by reaſon of their oppoſite taſte; yet even then, I had the preſumption to dedicate to your lordſhip: a very unfiniſhed piece, I muſt confeſs, and which only can be excus'd by the little experience of the author, and the modeſty of the title, An Eſſay. Yet I was ſtronger in prophecy than I was in criticiſm; I was inſpired to foretel you to mankind, as the reſtorer of Poetry, the greateſt genius, the trueſt judge, and the beſt patron.

Good ſenſe and good nature are never ſeparated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwiſe. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reaſon; which of neceſſity will give allowance to the failings of others, by conſidering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by diſtinguiſhing that which comes neareſt to excellency, though not abſolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candour in the judge. It is incident to an elevated underſtanding, like your lordſhip's, to find out the errors of other men: but it is your prerogative to pardon them; to look with pleaſure on thoſe things, which are ſomewhat congenial, and of a remote kindred to your own conceptions: and to forgive the many failings of thoſe, who with their wretched art, cannot arrive to thoſe heights that you poſſeſs, from a happy, abundant, and native genius: which are as inborn to you, as they were to Shakeſpear; and for ought I know, to Homer; in either of whom we find all arts and ſciences, all moral and natural philoſophy, without knowing that they ever ſtudied them.

There is not an Engliſh writer this day living, who is not perfectly convinced, that your Lordſhip excels all others, in all the ſeveral parts of Poetry which you have undertaken to adorn. The moſt vain, and the moſt ambitious of our age, have not dared to aſ-

ſume ſo much, as the competitors of Themiſtocles; they have yielded the firſt place without diſpute; and have been arrogantly content to be eſteemed as ſecond to your lordſhip; and even that alſo with a *Long ſed proximi intervallo.* If there have been, or are any, who go farther in their ſelf-conceit, they muſt be very ſingular in their opinion: they muſt be like the Officer in a play, who was called Captain, Lieutenant and Company. The world will eaſily conclude, whether ſuch unattended generals can ever be capable of making a revolution in Parnaſſus.

I will not attempt, in this place to ſay any thing particular of your Lyric Poems, though they are the delight and wonder of this age, and will be the envy of the next. The ſubject of this book confines me to Satire; and in that, an author of your own quality, (whoſe aſhes I will not diſturb) has given you all the commendation, which his ſelf-ſufficiency could afford to any man: "The beſt good man, with the worſt-natur'd Muſe." In that character, methinks, I am reading Johnſon's verſes to the memory of Shakeſpear: an inſolent, ſparing, and invidious panegyric: where good nature, the moſt godlike commendation of a man, is only attributed to your perſon, and denied to your writings: for they are every where ſo full of candour, that, like Horace, you only expoſe the follies of men, without arraigning their vices; and in this excel him, that you add that pointedneſs of thought, which is viſibly wanting in our great Roman. There is more ſalt in all your verſes, than I have ſeen in any of the moderns, or even of the ancients: but you have been ſparing of the gall; by which means you have pleaſed all readers, and offended none. Donn alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent; but was not happy enough to arrive at your verſification. And were he tranſlated into numbers, and Engliſh, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expreſſion. That which is the prime virtue, and chief ornament of Virgil, which diſtinguiſhes him from the reſt of writers, is ſo conſpicuous

ous in your verſes, that it caſts a ſhadow on all your contemporaries: we cannot be ſeen, or but obſcurely, while you are preſent. You equal Donn in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the ſame admiration, but not with the ſame delight. He affects the metaphyſics, not only in his ſatires, but in his amorous verſes, where nature only ſhould reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair ſex with nice ſpeculations of philoſophy, when he ſhould engage their hearts, and entertain them with the ſoftneſs of love. In this (if I may be pardoned for ſo bold a truth) Mr. Cowley has copied him to a fault; ſo great a one in my opinion, that it throws his miſtreſs infinitely below his Pindariques, and his latter compoſitions, which are undoubtedly the beſt of his Poems, and the moſt correct. For my own part, I muſt avow it freely to the world, that I never attempted any thing in ſatire, wherein I have not ſtudied your writings as the moſt perfect model. I have continually laid them before me; and the greateſt commendation, which my own partiality can give to my productions, is, that they are copies, and no farther to be allowed, than as they have ſomething more or leſs of the original. Some few touches of your lordſhip, ſome ſecret graces which I have endeavoured to expreſs after your manner, have made whole poems of mine to paſs with approbation: but take your verſes altogether, and they are inimitable. If therefore I have not written better, it is becauſe you have not written more. You have not ſet me ſufficient copy to tranſcribe; and I cannot add one letter of my own invention, of which I have not the example there.

It is a general complaint againſt your Lordſhip, and I muſt have leave to upbraid you with it, that, becauſe you need not write, you will not. Mankind that wiſhes you ſo well, in all things that relate to your proſperity, have their intervals of wiſhing for themſelves, and are within a little of grudging you

the fulneſs of your fortune: they would be more malicious if you uſed it not ſo well, and with ſo much generoſity.

Fame is in itſelf a real good, if we may believe Cicero, who was perhaps too fond of it. But even fame, as Virgil tells us, acquires ſtrength by going forward. Let Epicurus give indolence as an attribute to his Gods, and place in it the happineſs of the bleſt: the divinity which we worſhip has given us not only a precept againſt it, but his own example to the contrary. The world, my Lord, would be content to allow you a ſeventh day for reſt; or if you thought that hard upon you, we would not refuſe you half your time: if you come out, like ſome great monarch, to take a town but once a year, as it were for your diverſion, though you had no need to extend your territories: in ſhort, if you were a bad, or which is worſe, an indifferent poet, we would thank you for our own quiet, and not expoſe you to the want of yours. But when you are ſo great and ſo ſucceſsful, and when we have that neceſſity of your writing, that we cannot ſubſiſt intirely without it; any more (I may almoſt ſay) than the world without the daily courſe of ordinary Providence, methinks this argument might prevail with you, my Lord, to forego a little of your repoſe for the public benefit. It is not that you are under any force of working daily miracles, to prove your being; but now and then ſomewhat of extraordinary, that is any thing of your production, is requiſite to refreſh your character.

This, I think, my Lord, is a ſufficient reproach to you; and ſhould I carry it as far as mankind would authoriſe me, would be little leſs than ſatire. And, indeed, a provocation is almoſt neceſſary, in behalf of the world, that you might be induced ſometimes to write; and in relation to a multitude of ſcriblers, who daily peſter the world with their inſufferable ſtuff, that they might be diſcouraged from writing any more. I complain not of their lampoons and libels,

libels, though I have been the public mark for many years. I am vindictive enough to have repelled force by force, if I could imagine that any of them had ever reached me; but they either ſhot at rovers, and therefore miſſed, or their power was ſo weak, that I might ſafely ſtand them, at the neareſt diſtance. I anſwered not the Rehearſal, becauſe I knew the author ſate to himſelf when he drew the picture, and was the very Bays of his own farce. Becauſe alſo I knew, that my betters were more concerned than I was in that ſatire: and, laſtly, becauſe Mr. Smith and Mr. Johnſon, the main pillars of it, were two ſuch languiſhing gentlemen in their converſation, that I could liken them to nothing but to their own relations, thoſe noble characters of men of wit and pleaſure about the town. The like conſiderations have hindered me from dealing with the lamentable companions of their proſe and doggrel; I am ſo far from defending my Poetry againſt them, that I will not ſo much as expoſe theirs. And for my morals, if they are not proof againſt their attacks, let me be thought by poſterity, what thoſe authors would be thought, if any memory of them, or of their writings, could endure ſo long, as to another age. But theſe dull makers of lampoons, as harmleſs as they have been to me, are yet of dangerous example to the public: ſome witty men may perhaps ſucceed to their deſigns, and mixing ſenſe with malice, blaſt the reputation of the moſt innocent amongſt men, and the moſt virtuous amongſt women.

Heaven be praiſed, our common libellers are as free from the imputation of wit, as of morality; and therefore whatever miſchief they have deſigned, they have performed but little of it. Yet theſe ill writers, in all juſtice, ought themſelves to be expoſed: as Perſius has given us a fair example in his firſt ſatire; which is levelled particularly at them: and none is ſo fit to correct their faults, as he who is not only clear from any in his own writings, but alſo ſo juſt, that he will never defame the good; and is armed

with the power of verſe, to puniſh and make examples of the bad. But of this I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak further, when I come to give the definition and character of true ſatires.

In the mean time, as a counſellor bred up in the knowledge of the municipal and ſtatute laws, may honeſtly inform a juſt prince how far his prerogative extends; ſo I may be allowed to tell your Lordſhip, who, by an undiſputed title, are the king of Poets, what an extent of power you have, and how lawfully you may exerciſe it, over the petulant ſcriblers of this age. As Lord Chamberlain, I know you are abſolute by your office, in all that belongs to the decency and good manners of the Stage. You can baniſh from thence ſcurrility and prophaneneſs, and reſtrain the licentious inſolence of Poets and their Actors in all things that ſhock the public quiet, or the reputation of private perſons, under the notion of Humour. But I mean not the authority, which is annexed to your office: I ſpeak of that only which is inborn and inherent to your perſon. What is produced in you by an excellent wit, a maſterly and commanding genius over all writers: whereby you are impowered, when you pleaſe, to give the final deciſion of wit; to put your ſtamp on all that ought to paſs for current; and ſet a brand of reprobation on clipt poetry, and falſe coin. A ſhilling dipt in the Bath may go for gold amongſt the ignorant, but the ſcepters on the guineas ſhew the difference. That your Lordſhip is formed by nature for this ſupremacy, I could eaſily prove, (were it not already granted by the world) from the diſtinguiſhing character of your writing. Which is ſo viſible to me that I never could be impoſed on to receive for yours, what is written by any others; or to miſtake your genuine poetry for their ſpurious productions. I can farther add with truth (though not without ſome vanity in ſaying it) that in the ſame paper, written by divers hands, whereof your Lordſhip was only part, I could ſeparate your gold from their copper: and though I could

could not give back to every author his own braſs, (for there is not the ſame rule for diſtinguiſhing betwixt bad and bad, as betwixt ill and excellently good) yet I never failed of knowing what was yours, and what was not: and was abſolutely certain, that this, or the other part, was poſitively yours, and could not poſſibly be written by any other.

True it is, that ſome bad poems, though not all, carry their owners marks about them. There is ſome peculiar aukwardneſs, falſe grammar, imperfect ſenſe, or, at the leaſt, obſcurity; ſome brand or other on this buttock, or that ear, that it is notorious who the owners of the cattle, though they ſhould not ſign it with their names. But your Lordſhip, on the contrary, is diſtinguiſhed, not only by the excellency of your thoughts, but by your ſtyle and manner of expreſſing them. A painter judging of ſome admirable piece, may affirm with certainty, that it was of Holben, or Vandike: but vulgar deſigns, and common draughts, are eaſily miſtaken and miſapplied. Thus, by my long ſtudy of your lordſhip, I am arrived at the knowledge of your particular manner. In the good poems of other men, like thoſe artiſts, I can only ſay, this is like the draught of ſuch a one, or like the colouring of another. In ſhort, I can only be ſure, that it is the hand of a good maſter; but in your performances, it is ſcarcely poſſible for me to be deceived. If you write in your ſtrength, you ſtand revealed at the firſt view; and ſhould you write under it, you cannot avoid ſome peculiar graces, which only coſt me a ſecond conſideration to diſcover you: for I muſt ſay it, with all the ſeverity of truth, that every line of yours is precious. Your Lordſhip's only fault is, that you have not written more; unleſs I could add another, and that yet a greater, but I fear for the public the accuſation would not be true, that you have written, and out of vicious modeſty will not publiſh.

Virgil has confined his works within the compaſs of eighteen thouſand lines, and has not treated many ſubjects; yet he ever had, and ever will have, the reputation

reputation of the beſt Poet. Martial ſays of him, that he could have excelled Varius in Tragedy, and Horace in Lyric Poetry, but out of deference to his friends, he attempted neither.

The ſame prevalence of genius is in your Lordſhip, but the world cannot pardon your concealing it, on the ſame conſideration; becauſe we have neither a living Varius, nor a Horace, in whoſe excellencies both of Poems, Odes, and Satires you have equalled them, if our language had not yielded to the Roman majeſty, and length of time had not added a reverence to the works of Horace. For good ſenſe is the ſame in all or moſt ages; and courſe of time rather improves nature, than impairs her. What has been, may be again: another Homer, and another Virgil, may poſſibly ariſe from thoſe very cauſes which produced the firſt: though it would be impudence to affirm that any ſuch have appeared.

It is manifeſt, that ſome particular ages have been more happy than others in the production of great men in all ſorts of arts and ſciences: as that of Euripides, Sophocles, Ariſtophanes, and the reſt for Stage Poetry amongſt the Greeks: that of Auguſtus for Heroic, Lyric, Dramatic, Elegiac, and indeed all ſorts of Poetry in the perſons of Virgil, Horace, Varius, Ovid, and many others; eſpecially if we take into that century the latter end of the commonwealth; wherein we find Varro, Lucretius, and Catullus: and at the ſame time lived Cicero, Saluſt, and Cæſar. A famous age in modern times, for learning in every kind, was that of Lorenzo de Medici, and his ſon Leo X. wherein painting was revived, and Poetry flouriſhed, and the Greek language was reſtored.

Examples in all theſe are obvious: but what I would infer is this; That in ſuch an age, it is poſſible ſome great genius may ariſe, to equal any of the ancients; abating only for the language. For great contemporaries whet and cultivate each other: and mutual borrowing, and commerce, makes the common riches of learning, as it does of the civil government.

But

But ſuppoſe that Homer and Virgil were the only of their ſpecies, and that nature was ſo much worn out in producing them, that ſhe is never able to bear the like again; yet the example only holds in Heroic Poetry: in Tragedy and Satire, I offer myſelf to maintain againſt ſome of our modern critics, that this age and the laſt, particularly in England, have excelled the ancients in both thoſe kinds; and I would inſtance in Shakeſpear of the former, of your lordſhip in the latter ſort.

Thus I might ſafely confine myſelf to my native country: but if I would only croſs the ſeas, I might find in France a living Horace and a Juvenal, in the perſon of the admirable Boileau; whoſe numbers are excellent, whoſe expreſſions are noble, whoſe thoughts are juſt, whoſe language is pure, whoſe ſatire is pointed, and whoſe ſenſe is cloſe: what he borrows from the ancients, he repays with uſury of his own, in coin as good, and almoſt as univerſally valuable: for ſetting prejudice and partiality apart, though he is our enemy, the ſtamp of Louis, the patron of all arts, is not much inferior to the medal of an Auguſtus Cæſar: Let this be ſaid without entering into the intereſt of factions and parties, and relating only to the bounty of that king to men of learning and merit: a praiſe ſo juſt, that even we who are his enemies, cannot refuſe it to him.

Now if it be permitted me to go back again to the conſideration of Epique Poetry, I have confeſſed, that no man hitherto has reached, or ſo much as approached to the excellencies of Homer, or of Virgil; I muſt farther add, that Statius, the beſt verſificator next Virgil, knew not how to deſign after him, though he had the model in his eye; that Lucan is wanting both in deſign and ſubject, and is beſides too full of heat and affectation; that among the moderns, Arioſto, neither deſigned juſtly, nor obſerved any unity of action, or compaſs of time, or moderation in the vaſtneſs of his draught: his ſtyle is luxurious, without majeſty, or decency, and his adventures

adventures without the compaſs of nature and poſſibility: Taſſo, whoſe deſign was regular, and who obſerved the rules of unity in time and place, more cloſely than Virgil, yet was not ſo happy in his action; he confeſſes himſelf to have been too lyrical, that is, to have written beneath the dignity of Heroic Verſe, in his Epiſodes of Sophronia, Erminia, and Armida; his ſtory is not ſo pleaſing as Arioſto's; he is too flatulent ſometimes, and ſometimes too dry; many times unequal, and almoſt always forced; and beſides, is full of conceptions, points of epigram, and witticiſms; all which are not only below the dignity of Heroic verſe, but contrary to its nature: Virgil and Homer have not one of them. And thoſe who are guilty of ſo boyiſh an ambition in ſo grave a ſubject, are ſo far from being conſidered as Heroic Poets, that they ought to be turned down from Homer to the Anthologia, from Virgil to Martial and Owen's Epigrams, and from Spencer to Flecno; that is, from the top to the bottom of all Poetry. But to return to Taſſo, he borrows from the invention of Boyardo, and in his alteration of his Poem, which is infinitely the worſe, imitates Homer ſo very ſervilely, that (for example) he gives the king of Jeruſalem fifty ſons, only becauſe Homer had beſtowed the like number on king Priam; he kills the youngeſt in the ſame manner, and has provided his hero with a Patroclus, under another name, only to bring him back to the wars, when his friend was killed. The French have performed nothing in this kind, which is not below thoſe two Italians, and ſubject to a thouſand more reflections, without examining their St. Lewis, their Pucelle, or their Alarique: the Engliſh have only to boaſt of Spencer and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning, to have been perfect Poets; and yet both of them are liable to many cenſures. For there is no uniformity in the deſign of Spencer: he aims at the accompliſhment of no one action: he raiſes up a hero for every one of his adventures: and endows each of them with

ſome

ſome particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without ſubordination or preference. Every one is moſt valiant in his own legend; only we muſt do them that juſtice to obſerve, that magnanimity, which is the character of prince Arthur, ſhines throughout the whole Poem; and ſuccours the reſt, when they are in diſtreſs. The original of every knight was then living in the court of queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them, that virtue which he thought moſt conſpicuous in them: an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finiſh his Poem, in the ſix remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece; but could not have been perfect, becauſe the model was not true. But prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the Poet, both of means and ſpirit, to accompliſh his deſign: for the reſt, his obſolete language, and the ill choice of his ſtanza, are faults but of the ſecond magnitude: for notwithſtanding the firſt, he is ſtill intelligible, at leaſt after a little practice; and for the laſt, he is the more to be admired, that labouring under ſuch a difficulty, his verſes are ſo numerous, ſo various, and ſo harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he profeſſedly imitated, has ſurpaſſed him, among the Romans; and only Mr. Waller among the Engliſh.

As for Mr. Milton, whom we all admire with ſo much juſtice, his ſubject is not that of an Heroic Poem, properly ſo called. His deſign is the loſing of our happineſs: his event is not proſperous, like that of all other Epique works: his heavenly machines are many, and human perſons are but two. But I will not take Mr. Rhymer's work out of his hands: he has promiſed the world a Critique on that author; wherein, though he will not allow his Poem for Heroic, I hope, he will grant us, that his thoughts are elevated, his words ſounding, and that no man has ſo happily copied the manner of Homer; or ſo copiouſly

copiouſly tranſlated his Greciſms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true, he runs into a flat thought, ſometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he is got into a track of ſcripture: his antiquated words were his choice, not his neceſſity; for therein he imitated Spencer, as Spencer imitated Chaucer. And though, perhaps the love of their maſters may have tranſported both too far, in the frequent uſe of them; yet in my opinion, obſolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more ſounding, or more ſignificant than thoſe in practice; and when their obſcurity is taken away, by joining other words to them, which clear the ſenſe; according to the rule of Horace, for the admiſſion of new words. But in both caſes a moderation is to be obſerved in the uſe of them. For unneceſſary coinage, as well as unneceſſary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I juſtify Milton for his blank verſe, though I may excuſe him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have uſed it: for whatever cauſes he alledges for the aboliſhing of rhyme (which I have not now the leiſure to examine) his own particular reaſon is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the eaſe of doing it, nor the graces of it; which is manifeſt in his Juvenilia, or verſes written in his youth; where his rhyme is always conſtrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the ſoul is moſt pliant, and the paſſion of love makes almoſt every man a rhymer, though not a Poet.

By this time, my Lord, I doubt not but that you wonder, why I have run off from my bias ſo long together, and made ſo tedious a digreſſion from Satire to Heroic Poetry. But if you will not excuſe it, by the tattling quality of age, which, as Sir William Davenant ſays, is always narrative; yet I hope the uſefulneſs of what I have to ſay on this ſubject, will qualify the remoteneſs of it; and this is the laſt time I will commit the crime of preface, or trouble the world

world with my notions of any thing that relates to verſe. I have then, as you ſee, obſerved the failings of many great wits amongſt the moderns, who have attempted to write an Epique poem: beſides theſe, or the like animadverſions of them by other men, there is a yet farther reaſon given, why they cannot poſſibly ſucceed, ſo well as the ancients, even though we could allow them not to be inferior, either in genius or learning, or the tongue in which they write, or all thoſe other wonderful qualifications which are neceſſary to the forming of a true accompliſhed heroic poet. The fault is laid on our religion: they ſay, that Chriſtianity is not capable of thoſe embelliſhments which are afforded in the belief of thoſe ancient heathens.

And it is true, that in the ſevere notions of our faith, the fortitude of a Chriſtian conſiſts in patience and ſuffering, for the love of God, whatever hardſhips can befal in the world; not in any great attempts, or in performance of thoſe enterprizes which the poets call heroique; and which are commonly the effects of intereſt, oſtentation, pride, and worldly honours. That humility and reſignation are our prime virtues; and that theſe include no action, but that of the ſoul: when, as on the contrary, an heroique poem requires to its neceſſary deſign, and as its laſt perfection, ſome great action of war, the accompliſhment of ſome extraordinary undertaking, which requires the ſtrength and vigour of the body, the duty of a ſoldier, the capacity and prudence of a general; and, in ſhort, as much, or more of the active virtue, than the ſuffering. But to this, the anſwer is very obvious. God has placed us in our ſeveral ſtations; the virtues of a private Chriſtian are patience, obedience, ſubmiſſion, and the like; but thoſe of a magiſtrate, or general, or a king, are prudence, counſel, active fortitude, coercive power, awful commands, and the exerciſe of magnanimity, as well as juſtice. So that this objection hinders not, but that an epique poem, or the heroique action

of

of ſome great commander, enterprized for the common good, and honour of the Chriſtian cauſe, and executed happily, may be as well written now, as it was of old by the heathens; provided the poet be endued with the ſame talents; and the language, though not of equal dignity, yet as near approaching to it, as our modern barbariſm will allow, which is all that can be expected from our own, or any other now extant, though more refined; and therefore we are to reſt contented with that only inferiority, which is not poſſibly to be remedied.

I wiſh I could as eaſily remove that other difficulty which yet remains. It is objected by a French critique as well as an admirable poet, yet living, and whom I have mentioned with that honour which his merit exacts from me, I mean Boileau, That the machines of our Chriſtian religion in heroique poetry, are much more feeble to ſupport the weight than thoſe of heatheniſm. Their doctrine, grounded as it was on ridiculous fables, was yet the belief of the two victorious monarchies, the Grecian and Roman. Their Gods did not only intereſt themſelves in the event of wars (which is the effect of a ſuperior Providence) but alſo eſpouſed the ſeveral parties, in a viſible corporeal deſcent, managed their intrigues, and fought their battles ſometimes in oppoſition to each other: though Virgil (more diſcreet than Homer in that laſt particular) has contented himſelf with the partiality of his deities, their favours, their counſels or commands, to thoſe whoſe cauſe they had eſpouſed, without bringing them to the outrageouſneſs of blows. Now our religion (ſays he) is deprived of the greateſt part of thoſe machines; at leaſt the moſt ſhining in epique poetry. Though St. Michael in Arioſto ſeeks out Diſcord, to ſend her among the pagans, and finds her in a convent of friars, where peace ſhould reign, which indeed is fine ſatire; and Satan in Taſſo, excites Solyman to an attempt by night on the Chriſtian camp, and brings an hoſt of devils to his aſſiſtance; yet the

arch-

arch-angel, in the former example, when Diſcord was reſtive, and would not be drawn from her beloved monaſtery with fair words, has the whip-hand of her, drags her out with many ſtripes, ſets her, on God's name, about her buſineſs; and makes her know the difference of ſtrength betwixt a nuncio of heaven, and a miniſter of hell: the ſame angel, in the latter inſtance from Taſſo (as if God had never another meſſenger belonging to the court, but was confined like Jupiter to Mercury, and Juno to Iris,) when he ſees his time, that is, when half of the Chriſtians are already killed, and all the reſt are in a fair way of being routed, ſtickles betwixt the remainders of God's hoſt, and the race of fiends; pulls the devils backwards by the tails, and drives them from their quarry; or otherwiſe the whole buſineſs had miſcarried, and Jeruſalem remained untaken. This, ſays Boileau, is a very unequal match for the poor devils, who are ſure to come by the worſt of it in the combat; for nothing is more eaſy, than for an Almighty Power to bring his old rebels to reaſon, when he pleaſes. Conſequently, what pleaſure, what entertainment can be raiſed from ſo pitiful a machine, where we ſee the ſucceſs of the battle from the very beginning of it; unleſs that, as we are Chriſtians, we are glad that we have gotten God on our ſide, to maul our enemies, when we cannot do the work ourſelves? For if the poet had given the faithful more courage, which had coſt him nothing, or at leaſt had made them exceed the Turks in number, then he might have gained the victory for us Chriſtians, without intereſting heaven in the quarrel; and that with as much eaſe, and as little credit to the conqueror, as when a party of one hundred ſoldiers defeats another, which conſiſts only of fifty.

This, my Lord, I confeſs, is ſuch an argument againſt our modern poetry, as cannot be anſwered by thoſe mediums which have been uſed. We cannot hitherto boaſt, that our religion has furniſhed

[illegible] machines, as have made the ſtrength [illegible] of the modern buildings.

[illegible] to advance an invention of [illegible] the moſt ſubtle ſcrieſts of our new [illegible] of my weakneſs; [illegible] I ſhould ſucceed in [illegible] have not had the leaſt [illegible] of the [illegible], the poets, or any [illegible], the critiſcks. Yet [illegible] are [illegible] in ages, and new [illegible] daily: ſomething [illegible] the mechanics is diſcovered [illegible]: and the ſcience of former ages [illegible]. I will not detain [illegible] which better [illegible] ſhall be little worth. [illegible] have not [illegible] with their own ſtrength. [illegible] the Old Teſtament as they [illegible] have found the machines [illegible] of their works; and thoſe more [illegible] than it may be the New [illegible] are rules ſufficient for ſalvation. [illegible] in the Prophecy of [illegible] what there they find, [illegible] philoſophy, as it [illegible] have the miſtry of an- [illegible] in the working up heroick [illegible] of the ancients has [illegible] the names of their Gods, [illegible] by the moſt ig- [illegible].

[illegible] univerſally received by [illegible] as catholics, That [illegible] by God Al- [illegible] of the protection and [illegible] kingdoms, and [illegible] as of true [illegible] preſerved from thoſe [illegible] of no farther contro- verſy.

verſy. The prince of the Perſians, and that other of the Grecians, are granted to be the guardians and protecting miniſters of thoſe empires. It cannot be denied, that they were oppoſite, and reſiſted one another. St. Michael is mentioned by his name, as the patron of the Jews, and is now taken by the Chriſtians, as the protector-general of our religion. Theſe tutelar genii, who preſided over the ſeveral people and regions committed to their charge, were watchful over them for good, as far as their commiſſions could poſſibly extend. The general purpoſe, and deſign of all, was certainly the ſervice of their Great Creator. But it is an undoubted truth, that for ends beſt known to the Almighty Majeſty of heaven, his providential deſigns for the benefit of his creatures, for the debaſing and puniſhing of ſome nations, and the exaltation and temporal reward of others, were not wholly known to theſe his miniſters; elſe why thoſe factious quarrels, controverſies, and battles, amongſt themſelves, when they were all united in the ſame deſign, the ſervice and honour of their common maſter? But being inſtructed only in the general, and zealous of the main deſign; and as finite beings, not admitted into the ſecrets of government, the laſt reſorts of Providence, or capable of diſcovering the final purpoſes of God, who can work good out of evil, as he pleaſes; and irreſiſtibly ſways all manner of events on earth, directing them finally for the beſt, to his creation in general, and to the ultimate end of his own glory in particular: they muſt of neceſſity be ſometimes ignorant of the means conducing to thoſe ends, in which alone they can jar and oppoſe each other. One angel, as we may ſuppoſe the prince of Perſia, as he is called, judging, that it would be more for God's honour, and the benefit of his people, that the Median and Perſian monarchy, when delivered from the Babyloniſh captivity, ſhould ſtill be uppermoſt: and the patron of the Grecians, to whom the will of God might be more particularly revealed, contending on the other ſide, for the riſe

of Alexander and his ſucceſſors, who were appointed to puniſh the backſliding Jews, and thereby to put them in mind of their offences, that they might repent, and become more virtuous, and more obſervient of the law revealed. But how far theſe controverſies and appearing enmities of thoſe glorious creatures may be carried; how theſe oppoſitions may beſt be managed, and by what means conducted, is not my buſineſs to ſhew or determine: theſe things muſt be left to the invention and judgment of the poet: if any of ſo happy a genius be now living, or any future age can produce a man, who being converſant in the philoſophy of Plato, as it is now accommodated to chriſtian uſe; for (as Virgil gives us to underſtand by his example) he is the only proper perſon, of all others, for an epick poem, who to his natural endowments, of a large invention, a ripe judgment, and a ſtrong memory, has joined the knowledge of the liberal arts and ſciences, and particularly moral philoſophy, the mathematics, geography, and hiſtory, and with all theſe qualifications is born a poet; knows, and can practiſe the variety of numbers, and is maſter of the language in which he writes; if ſuch a man, I ſay, be now ariſen, or ſhall ariſe, I am vain enough to think, that I have propoſed a model to him, by which he may build a nobler, a more beautiful, and more perfect poem, than any yet extant ſince the ancients.

There is another part of theſe machines yet wanting; but by what I have ſaid, it would have been eaſily ſupplied by a judicious writer. He could not have failed to add the oppoſition of ill ſpirits to the good; they have alſo their deſign, ever oppoſite to that of heaven; and this alone has hitherto been the practice of the moderns: but this imperfect ſyſtem, if I may call it ſuch, which I have given, will infinitely advance and carry farther that hypotheſis of the evil ſpirits contending with the good. For being ſo much weaker ſince their fall, than thoſe bleſſed beings, they are yet ſuppoſed to have a permitted

power

power of God, of acting ill, as from their own depraved nature, they have always the will of designing it. A great teſtimony of which we find in holy writ, when God Almighty ſuffered Satan to appear in the holy ſynod of the angels, (a thing not hitherto drawn into example by any of the poets,) and alſo gave him power over all things belonging to his ſervant Job, excepting only life.

Now what theſe wicked ſpirits cannot compaſs, by the vaſt diſproportion of their forces to thoſe of the ſuperior beings, they may by their fraud and cunning carry farther, in a ſeeming league, confederacy, or ſubſerviency to the deſigns of ſome good angel, as far as conſiſts with his purity, to ſuffer ſuch an aid, the end of which may poſſibly be diſguiſed, and concealed from his finite knowledge. This is indeed to ſuppoſe a great error in ſuch a being: yet ſince a devil can appear like an angel of light; ſince craft and malice may ſometimes blind for a while a more perfect underſtanding; and laſtly, ſince Milton has given us an example of the like nature, when Satan appearing like a cherub to Uriel, the intelligence of the ſun, circumvented him even in his own province, and paſſed only for a curious traveller through thoſe new-created regions, that he might obſerve therein the workmanſhip of God, and praiſe him in his works.

I know not why, upon the ſame ſuppoſition, or ſome other, a fiend may not deceive a creature of more excellency than himſelf, but yet a creature; at leaſt by the connivance, or tacit permiſſion of the omniſcient Being.

Thus, my lord, I have, as briefly as I could, given your lordſhip, and by you the world, a rude draught of what I have been long labouring in my imagination, and what I had intended to have put in practice, (though far unable for the attempt of ſuch a poem) and to have left the ſtage, to which my genius never much inclined me, for a work which would have taken up my life in the performance of it. This

too, I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to which a poet is particularly obliged: of two ſubjects, both relating to it, I was doubtful, whether I ſhould chooſe that of king Arthur conquering the Saxons; which being farther diſtant in time, gives the greater ſcope to my invention: or that of Edward the Black Prince in ſubduing Spain, and reſtoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel: which for the compaſs of time, including only the expedition of one year; for the greatneſs of the action, and its anſwerable event; for the magnanimity of the Engliſh hero, oppoſed to the ingratitude of the perſon whom he reſtored; and for the many beautiful epiſodes, which I had interwoven with the principal deſign, together with the characters of the chiefeſt Engliſh perſons; wherein, after Virgil and Spencer, I would have taken occaſion to repreſent my living friends and patrons of the nobleſt families, and alſo ſhadowed the events of future ages, in the ſucceſſion of our Imperial line: with theſe helps, and thoſe of the machines, which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as ſome of my predeceſſors; or at leaſt chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like deſign. But being encouraged only with fair words by king Charles II. my little ſalary ill paid, and no proſpect of a future ſubſiſtence, I was then diſcouraged in the beginning of my attempt; and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more inſufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly diſenabled me. Though I muſt ever acknowledge, to the honour of your lordſhip, and the eternal memory of your charity, that ſince this revolution, wherein I have patiently ſuffered the ruin of my ſmall fortune, and the loſs of that poor ſubſiſtance which I had from two kings, whom I had ſerved more faithfully than profitably to myſelf; then your lordſhip was pleaſed, out of no other motive but your own nobleneſs, without any deſert of mine, or the leaſt ſollicitation from me, to make me a moſt bountiful

tiful preſent, which at that time, when I was moſt in want of it, came moſt ſeaſonably and unexpectedly to my relief. That favour, my lord, is of itſelf ſufficient to bind any grateful man to a perpetual acknowledgment, and to all the future ſervice, which one of my mean condition can ever be able to perform. May the Almighty God return it for me, both in bleſſing you here, and rewarding you hereafter. I muſt not preſume to defend the cauſe for which I now ſuffer, becauſe your lordſhip is engaged againſt it: but the more you are ſo, the greater is my obligation to you: for your laying aſide all the conſiderations of factions and parties, to do an action of pure diſintereſted charity. This is one amongſt many of your ſhining qualities, which diſtinguiſh you from others of your rank: but let me add a farther truth, that without theſe ties of gratitude, and abſtracting from them all, I have a moſt particular inclination to honour you; and, if it were not too bold an expreſſion, to ſay, I love you. It is no ſhame to be a poet, though it is to be a bad one. Auguſtus Cæſar of old, and Cardinal Richlieu of late, would willingly have been ſuch; and David and Solomon were ſuch. You, who without flattery, are the beſt of the preſent age in England, and would have been ſo, had you been born in any other country, will receive more honour in future ages, by that one excellency, than by all thoſe honours to which your birth has intitled you, or your merits have acquired you.

Ne, forte, pudori
Sit tibi muſa lyræ ſolers, & cantor Apollo.

I have formerly ſaid in this epiſtle, that I could diſtinguiſh your writings from thoſe of any others: it is now time to clear myſelf from any imputation of ſelf-conceit on that ſubject. I aſſume not to myſelf any particular lights in this diſcovery; they are ſuch only as are obvious to every man of ſenſe and judgment, who loves poetry, and underſtands it. Your thoughts are always ſo remote from the common way

of thinking, that they are, as I may ſay, of another ſpecies, than the conceptions of other poets; yet you go not out of nature for any of them: gold is never bred upon the ſurface of the ground; but lies ſo hidden, and ſo deep, that the mines of it are ſeldom found; but the force of waters caſts it out from the bowels of mountains, and expoſes it amongſt the ſands of rivers: giving us of her bounty, what we could not hope for by our ſearch. This ſucceſs attends you lordſhip's thoughts, which would look like chance, if it were not perpetual, and always of the ſame tenor. If I grant that there is care in it, it is ſuch a care as would be ineffectual and fruitleſs in other men. It is the *curioſa felicitas* which Petronius aſcribes to Horace in his Odes. We have not wherewithal to imagine ſo ſtrongly, ſo juſtly, and ſo pleaſantly: in ſhort, if we have the ſame knowledge, we cannot draw out of it the ſame quinteſſence; we cannot give it ſuch a term, ſuch a propriety, and ſuch a beauty: ſomething is deficient in the manner, or the words, but more in the nobleneſs of our conception. Yet when you have finiſhed all, and it appears in its full luſtre, when the diamond is not only found, but the roughneſs ſmoothed, when it is cut into a form, and ſet in gold, then we cannot but acknowledge, that it is the perfect work of art and nature: and every one will be ſo vain, to think he himſelf could have performed the like, until he attempts it. It is juſt the deſcription that Horace makes of ſuch a finiſhed piece: it appears ſo eaſy, *Ut ſibi quivis ſperet idem; ſudet multum, fruſtraque laboret, auſus idem.* And beſides all this, it is your lordſhip's particular talent to lay your thoughts ſo cloſe together, that were they cloſer they would be crouded, and even a due connexion would be wanting. We are not kept in expectation of two good lines, which are to come after a long parentheſis of twenty bad; which is the April-poetry of other writers; a mixture of rain and ſunſhine by fits; you are always bright, even almoſt to a fault, by reaſon of the exceſs. There is continual abun-

abundance, a magazine of thought, and yet a perpetual variety of entertainment; which creates ſuch an appetite in your reader, that he is not cloyed with any thing, but ſatisfied with all. It is that which the Romans call *Cæna dubia*; where there is ſuch plenty, yet withal ſo much diverſity, and ſo good order, that the choice is difficult betwixt one excellency and another; and yet the concluſion, by a due climax, is evermore the beſt; that is, as a concluſion ought to be, ever the moſt proper for its place. See, my lord, whether I have not ſtudied your lordſhip with ſome application: and ſince you are ſo modeſt, that you will not be judge and party, I appeal to the whole world, if I have not drawn your picture to a great degree of likeneſs, though it is but in miniature: and that ſome of the beſt features are yet wanting. Yet what I have done is enough to diſtinguiſh you from any other, which is the propoſition that I took upon me to demonſtrate.

And now, my lord, to apply what I have ſaid to my preſent buſineſs; the ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius appearing in this new Engliſh dreſs, cannot ſo properly be inſcribed to any man as to your lordſhip, who are the firſt of the age in that way of writing. Your lordſhip, amongſt many other favours, has given me your permiſſion for this addreſs; and you have particularly encouraged me by your peruſal and approbation of the ſixth and tenth ſatires of Juvenal, as I have tranſlated them. My fellow-labourers have likewiſe commiſſioned me, to perform in their behalf this office of a dedication to you; and will acknowledge with all poſſible reſpect and gratitude, your acceptance of their work. Some of them have the honour to be known to your lordſhip already; and they who have not yet that happineſs, deſire it now. Be pleaſed to receive our common endeavours with your wonted candour, without intitling you to the protection of our common failings, in ſo difficult an undertaking. And allow me your patience, if it be not already tired with this long epiſtle, to give you,

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from the beſt authors, the origin, the antiquity, the growth, the change, and the compleatment of ſatire among the Romans. To deſcribe, if not define, the nature of that poem, with its ſeveral qualifications and virtues, together with the ſeveral ſorts of it. To compare the excellencies of Horace, Perſius, and Juvenal, and ſhew the particular manners of their ſatires. And laſtly, to give an account of this new way of verſion which is attempted in our performance. All which, according to the weakneſs of my ability, and the beſt lights which I can get from others, ſhall be the ſubject of my following diſcourſe.

The moſt perfect work of poetry, ſays our maſter Ariſtotle, is tragedy. His reaſon is, becauſe it is the moſt united; being more ſeverely confined within the rules of action, time, and place. The action is entire, of a piece, and one, without epiſodes: the time limited to a natural day; and the place circumſcribed at leaſt within the compaſs of one town, or city. Being exactly proportioned thus, and uniform in all its parts, the mind is more capable of comprehending the whole beauty of it without diſtraction.

But after all theſe advantages, an heroick poem is certainly the greateſt work of human nature. The beauties and perfections of the other are but mechanical; thoſe of the epick are more noble. Though Homer has limited his place to Troy, and the fields about it; his action to forty-eight natural days, whereof twelve are holidays, or ceſſation from buſineſs, during the funerals of Patroclus. To proceed, the action of the epick is greater: the extention of time enlarges the pleaſure of the reader, and the epiſodes give it more ornament, and more variety. The inſtruction is equal; but in the firſt is only inſtructive, the latter forms a hero, and a prince.

If it ſignifies any thing which of them is of the more ancient family, the beſt and moſt abſolute heroick poem was written by Homer long before tragedy was invented: but if we conſider the natural endowments, and acquired parts, which are neceſſary

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to make an accompliſhed writer in either kind, tragedy requires a leſs and more confined knowledge: moderate learning, and obſervation of the rules is ſufficient, if a genius be not wanting. But in an epick poet, one who is worthy of that name, beſides an univerſal genius, is required univerſal learning, together with all thoſe qualities and acquiſitions which I have named above, and as many more as I have through haſte or negligence omitted. And after all, he muſt have exactly ſtudied Homer and Virgil, as his patterns, Ariſtotle and Horace, as his guides, and Vida and Boſſu, as their commentators, with many others both Italian and French critics, which I want leiſure here to recommend.

In a word, what I have to ſay in relation to this ſubject, which does not particularly concern ſatire, is, that the greatneſs of an heroick poem, beyond that of a tragedy, may eaſily be diſcovered, by obſerving how few have attempted that work, in compariſon of thoſe who have written drama's; and of thoſe few, how ſmall a number have ſucceeded. But leaving the critics on either ſide, to contend about the preference due to this or that ſort of poetry; I will haſten to my preſent buſineſs, which is the antiquity and origin of ſatire, according to thoſe informations which I have received from the learned Caſaubon, Heinſius, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the Dauphin's Juvenal; to which I ſhall add ſome obſervations of my own.

There has been a long diſpute among the modern critics, whether the Romans derived their ſatire from the Grecians, or firſt invented it themſelves. Julius Scaliger, and Heinſius, are of the firſt opinion; Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and the publiſher of the Dauphin's Juvenal, maintain the latter. If we take ſatire in the general ſignification of the word, as it is uſed in all modern languages for an invective, it is certain that it is almoſt as old as verſe; and though hymns, which are praiſes of God, may be allowed to have been before it, yet the defamation

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of others was not long after it. After God had curſed Adam and Eve in Paradiſe, the huſband and wife excuſed themſelves, by laying the blame on one another; and gave a beginning to thoſe conjugal dialogues in proſe, which the poets have perfected in verſe. The third chapter of Job is one of the firſt inſtances of this poem in holy ſcripture: unleſs we will take it higher; from the latter end of the ſecond; where his wife adviſes him to curſe his Maker.

The original, I confeſs, is not much to the honour of ſatire; but here it was nature, and that depraved! When it became an art, it bore better fruit. Only we have learnt thus much already, that ſcoffs and revilings are of the growth of all nations; and conſequently that neither the Greek poets borrowed from other people their art of railing, neither needed the Romans to take it from them. But conſidering ſatire as a ſpecies of poetry, here the war begins amongſt the criticks. Scaliger the father will have it deſcend from Greece to Rome; and derives the word ſatire from Satyrus, that mixt kind of animal, or as the ancients thought him, rural god, made up betwixt a man and a goat; with a human head, hooked noſe, powting lips, a bunch or ſtruma under the chin, pricked ears, and upright horns; the body ſhagged with hair, eſpecially from the waiſt, and ending in a goat, with the legs and feet of that creature. But Caſaubon, and his followers, with reaſon condemn this derivation; and prove that from Satyrus, the word *ſatira*, as it ſignifies a poem, cannot poſſibly deſcend. For *ſatira* is not properly a ſubſtantive, but an adjective; to which the word *lanx*, in Engliſh a charger, or large platter, is underſtood: ſo that the Greek poem made according to the manner of a ſatire, and expreſſing his qualities, muſt properly be called ſatyrical, and not ſatire. And thus far it is allowed that the Grecians had ſuch poems; but that they were wholly different in ſpecie,

ſpecie, from that to which the Romans gave the name of ſatire.

Ariſtotle divides all poetry, in relation to the progreſs of it, into nature without art, art begun, and art compleated. Mankind, even the moſt barbarous, have the ſeeds of poetry implanted in them. The firſt ſpecimen of it was certainly ſhewn in the praiſes of the Deity, and prayers to him: and as they are of natural obligation, ſo they are likewiſe of divine inſtitution. Which Milton obſerving, introduces Adam and Eve every morning adoring God in hymns and prayers. The firſt poetry was thus begun, in the wild notes of natural poetry, before the invention of feet, and meaſures. The Grecians and Romans had no other original of their poetry. Feſtivals and holidays ſoon ſucceeded to private worſhip, and we need not doubt but they were enjoined by the true God to his own people; as they were afterwards imitated by the heathens; who by the light of reaſon knew they were to invoke ſome ſuperior Being in their neceſſities, and to thank him for his benefits. Thus the Grecian holidays were celebrated with offerings to Bacchus and Ceres, and other deities, to whoſe bounty they ſuppoſed they were owing for their corn and wine, and other helps of life. And the ancient Romans, Horace tells us, paid their thanks to mother Earth, or Veſta, to Silvanus, and their genius, in the ſame manner. But as all feſtivals have a double reaſon of their inſtitution; the firſt of religion, the other of recreation, for the unbending of our minds: ſo both the Grecians and Romans agreed, after their ſacrifices were performed, to ſpend the remainder of the day in ſports and merriments; amongſt which ſongs and dances, and that which they called wit (for want of knowing better) were the chiefeſt entertainments. The Grecians had a notion of ſatires, whom I have already deſcribed; and taking them, and the Sileni, that is, the young ſatires and the old, for the tutors, attendants, and humble companions of their Bacchus, habited

habited themſelves like thoſe rural deities, and imitated them in their ruſtic dances, to which they joined ſongs, with ſome ſort of rude harmony, but without certain numbers; and to theſe they added a kind of chorus.

The Romans alſo (as nature is the ſame in all places) though they knew nothing of thoſe Grecian demi-gods, nor had any communication with Greece, yet had certainly young men, who at their feſtivals danced and ſung after their uncouth manner, to a certain kind of verſe, which they called ſaturnian: what it was, we have no certain light from antiquity to diſcover; but we may conclude, that, like the Grecian, it was void of art, or at leaſt with very feeble beginnings of it. Thoſe ancient Romans, at theſe holidays, which were a mixture of devotion and debauchery, had a cuſtom of reproaching each other with their faults, in a ſort of extempore poetry, or rather of tunable hobling verſe; and they anſwered in the ſame kind of groſs raillery; their wit and their muſic being of a piece. The Grecians, ſays Caſaubon, had formerly done the ſame, in the perſons of their petulant ſatires: but I am afraid he miſtakes the matter, and confounds the ſinging and dancing of the ſatires, with the ruſtical entertainments of the firſt Romans. The reaſon of my opinion is this; that Caſaubon finding little light from antiquity, of theſe beginnings of poetry, amongſt the Grecians, but only theſe repreſentatious of ſatires, who carried caniſters and cornucopias full of ſeveral fruits in their hands, and danced with them at their public feaſts: and afterwards reading Horace, who makes mention of his homely Romans jeſting at one another in the ſame kind of ſolemnities, might ſuppoſe thoſe wanton ſatires did the ſame. And eſpecially becauſe Horace poſſibly might ſeem to him, to have ſhewn the original of all poetry in general, including the Grecians as well as Romans. Though it is plainly otherwiſe, that he only deſcribed the beginning, and firſt rudiments of poetry in his own country. The verſes are

theſe, which he cites from the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which was written to Auguſtus.

Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris, & conjuge fidâ,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus & vino Genium memorem brevis ævi:
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit.

Our brawny clowns of old, who turn'd the ſoil,
Content with little, and inur'd to toil,
At harveſt-home, with mirth and country cheer
Reſtor'd their bodies for another year;
Refreſh'd their ſpirits, and renew'd their hope
Of ſuch a future feaſt, and future crop.
Then with their fellow joggers of the ploughs,
Their little children, and their faithful ſpouſe;
A ſow they ſlew to Veſta's deity;
And kindly milk, Silvanus, pour'd to thee.
With flow'rs, and wine, their genius they ador'd;
A ſhort life, and a merry, was the word.
From flowing cups, defaming rhimes enſue,
And at each other homely taunts they threw.

Yet ſince it is a hard conjecture, that ſo great a man as Caſaubon ſhould miſapply what Horace writ concerning ancient Rome, to the ceremonies and manners of ancient Greece, I will not inſiſt on this opinion, but rather judge in general, that ſince all poetry had its original from religion, that of the Grecians and Romans had the ſame beginning: both were invented at feſtivals of thankſgiving; and both were proſecuted with mirth and raillery, and rudiments of verſe: amongſt the Greeks, by thoſe who repreſented ſatires; and amongſt the Romans, by real clowns.

For,

For, indeed, when I am reading Caſaubon on theſe two ſubjects, methinks I hear the ſame ſtory told twice over with very little alteration. Of which Dacier taking notice, in his interpretation of the Latin verſes which I have tranſlated, ſays plainly, that the beginning of poetry was the ſame, with a ſmall variety, in both countries: and that the mother of it, in all nations, was devotion. But what is yet more wonderful, that moſt learned critic takes notice alſo, in his illuſtrations on the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, that as the poetry of the Romans, and that of the Grecians, had the ſame beginning, at feaſts of thankſgiving, as it has been obſerved; and the old comedy of the Greeks which was invective, and the ſatire of the Romans which was of the ſame nature, were begun on the very ſame occaſion, ſo the fortune of both in proceſs of time was juſt the ſame; the old comedy of the Grecians was forbidden, for its too much licence in expoſing of particular perſons, and the rude ſatire of the Romans was alſo puniſhed by a law of the Decemviri, as Horace tells us in theſe words:

Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cœpit jocus; & per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax: doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti; fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: quinetiam lex,
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollit carmine quemquam
Deſcribi, vertere modum formidine fuſtis;
Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti.

The law of the Decemviri was this; *Siquis occentaſſit malum carmen, ſive condidiſit, quod infamiam faxit, flagitiumve alteri, capital eſto.* A ſtrange likeneſs, and barely poſſible: but the critics being all of the ſame opinion, it becomes me to be ſilent, and to ſubmit to better judgments than my own.

But

But to return to the Grecians, from whoſe ſatirick dramas, the elder Scaliger and Heinſius will have the Roman ſatire to proceed, I am to take a view of them firſt, and ſee if there be any ſuch deſcent from them as thoſe authors have pretended.

Theſpis, or whoſoever he were that invented tragedy, (for authors differ) mingled with them a chorus and dancers of ſatyrs, which had before been uſed in the celebration of their feſtivals; and there they were ever afterwards retained. The character of them was alſo kept, which was mirth and wantonneſs: and this was given, I ſuppoſe, to the folly of the common audience, who ſoon grew weary of good ſenſe; and as we daily ſee, in our own age, and country, are apt to forſake poetry, and ſtill ready to return to buffoonry and farce. From hence it came, that in the Olympick Games, where the poets contended for four prizes, the ſatirick tragedy was the laſt of them; for in the reſt, the ſatyrs were excluded from the chorus. Among the plays of Euripides, which are yet remaining, there is one of theſe ſatiricks, which is called the Cyclops; in which we may ſee the nature of thoſe poems, and from thence conclude, what likeneſs they have to the Roman ſatyr.

The ſtory of this Cyclops, whoſe name was Polyphemus, ſo famous in the Grecian fables, was, that Ulyſſes, who with his company was driven on the coaſt of Sicily, where thoſe Cyclops inhabited, coming to aſk relief from Silenus, and the ſatyrs, who were herdſmen to that one-eyed giant, was kindly received by them, and entertained; till being perceived by Polyphemus, they were made priſoners againſt the rites of hoſpitality, for which Ulyſſes eloquently pleaded, were afterwards put down in the den, and ſome of them devoured; after which Ulyſſes having made him drunk, when he was aſleep, thruſt a great firebrand into his eye; and ſo revenging his dead followers, eſcaped with the remaining party of the living: and Silenus, and

the ſatyrs, were freed from their ſervitude under Polyphemus, and remitted to their firſt liberty of attending and accompanying their patron Bacchus.

This was the ſubject of the tragedy, which being one of thoſe that end with a happy event, is therefore by Ariſtotle judged below the other ſort, whoſe ſucceſs is unfortunate. Notwithſtanding which, the ſatyrs, who were part of the *dramatis perſonæ*, as well as the whole chorus, were properly introduced into the nature of the poem, which is mixed of farce and tragedy. The adventure of Ulyſſes was to entertain the judging part of the audience, and the uncouth perſons of Silenus, and the ſatyrs, to divert the common people with their groſs railleries.

Your lordſhip has perceived by this time, that this ſatirick tragedy, and the Roman ſatire, have little reſemblances in any other features. The very kinds are different; for what has a paſtoral tragedy to do with a paper of verſes ſatirically written? The character and raillery of the ſatyrs, is the only thing that could pretend to a likeneſs: were Scaliger and Heinſius alive to maintain their opinion. And the firſt farces of the Romans which were the rudiments of their poetry, were written before they had any communication with the Greeks; or, indeed, any knowledge of that people.

And here it will be proper to give the definition of the Greek ſatirick poem from Caſaubon, before I leave this ſubject. The ſatirick, ſays he, is a dramatick poem, annexed to a tragedy; having a chorus, which conſiſts of ſatyrs: the perſons repreſented in it, are illuſtrious men: the action of it is great; the ſtyle is partly ſerious, and partly jocular; and the event of the action moſt commonly is happy.

The Grecians, beſides theſe ſatirick tragedies, had another kind of poem, which they called Silli; which were more of kin to the Roman ſatire: thoſe ſilli were indeed invective poems, but of a different ſpecies from the Roman poems of Ennius, Pacuvius, Lucilius, Horace, and the reſt of their ſucceſſors.

They

They were ſo called, ſays Caſaubon in one place, from Silenus, the foſter-father to Bacchus; but in another place, bethinking himſelf better, he derives their name απο τῦ σιλλαίνειν, from their ſcoffing and petulancy. From ſome fragments of the ſilli, written by Timon, we may find, that they were ſatirick poems, full of parodies; that is, of verſes patched up from great poets, and turned into another ſenſe than their author intended them. Such among the Romans is the famous Cento of Auſonius, where the words are Virgil's: but by applying them to another ſenſe, they are made the relation of a wedding-night; and the act of conſummation fulſomely deſcribed in the very words of the moſt modeſt amongſt all poets. Of the ſame manner are our ſongs, which are turned into burleſque, and the ſerious words of the author perverted into a ridiculous meaning. Thus in Timon's Silli the words are generally thoſe of Homer, and the tragick poets; but he applies them ſatirically, to ſome cuſtoms and kinds of philoſophy, which he arraigns. But the Romans not uſing any of theſe parodies in their ſatires; ſometimes, indeed, repeating verſes of other men, as Perſius cites ſome of Nero's; but not turning them into another meaning, the Silli cannot be ſuppoſed to be the original of Roman ſatire. To theſe Silli, conſiſting of parodies, we may properly add the ſatires which were written againſt particular perſons; ſuch as were the iambicks of Archilochus againſt Lycambes, which Horace undoubtedly imitated in ſome of his odes and epodes, whoſe titles bear a ſufficient witneſs of it: I might alſo name the invective of Ovid againſt Ibis; and many others: but theſe are the underwood of ſatire, rather than the timber-tree: they are not a general extenſion, as reaching only to ſome individual perſon. And Horace ſeems to have purged himſelf from thoſe ſplenetic reflections in thoſe odes and epodes, before he undertook the noble work of ſatires, which were properly ſo called.

Thus, my lord, I have at length diſengaged myſelf from thoſe antiquities of Greece; and have proved, I hope, from the beſt criticks, that the Roman ſatire was not borrowed from thence, but of their own manufacture: I am now almoſt gotten into my depth; at leaſt by the help of Dacier I am ſwimming towards it. Not that I will promiſe always to follow him, any more than he follows Caſauban; but to keep him in my eye, as my beſt and trueſt guide; and where I think he may poſſibly miſlead me, there to have recourſe to my own lights, as I expect that others ſhould do by me.

Quintilian ſays, in plain words, *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt*: and Horace has ſaid the ſame thing before him, ſpeaking of his predeceſſor in that ſort of poetry, *Et Græcis intacti carminis author*. Nothing can be clearer than the opinion of the poet, and the orator, both the beſt criticks of the two beſt ages of the Roman empire, than that ſatire was wholly of Latin growth, and not tranſplanted from Athens to Rome. Yet, as I have ſaid, Scaliger the father, according to his cuſtom, that is, inſolently enough, contradicts them both; and gives no better reaſon, than the derivation of Satirus from σαθυ, *ſalacitas*; and ſo from the lechery of thoſe fauns, thinks he has ſufficiently proved, that ſatire is derived from them. As if wantonneſs and lubricity were eſſential to that ſort of poem, which ought to be avoided in it. His other allegation, which I have already mentioned, is as pitiful: that the ſatyrs carried platters and caniſters full of fruit, in their hands. If they had entered empty-handed, had they been ever the leſs ſatyrs? Or were the fruits and flowers, which they offered, any thing of kin to ſatire? Or any argument that this poem was originally Grecian? Caſaubon judged better, and his opinion is grounded on ſure authority, that ſatire was derived from *ſatura*, a Roman word, which ſignifies full, and abundant, and full alſo of variety, in which nothing is wanting in its due perfection. It is thus, ſays Dacier, that

we

we lay a full colour, when the wool has taken the whole tincture, and drunk in as much of the dye as it can receive. According to this derivation from *ſatur* comes *ſatura*, or *ſatyra*, according to the new ſpelling; as *optumus* and *maxumus* are now ſpelled *optimus* and *maximus*. *Satura*, as I have formerly noted, is an adjective, and relates to the word *lanx*, which is underſtood. And this *lanx*, in Engliſh a charger, or large platter, was yearly filled with all ſorts of fruits, which were offered to the Gods at their feſtivals, as the premices, or firſt-gatherings. Theſe offerings of ſeveral ſorts thus mingled, it is true, were not known to the Grecians, who called them παναρπὸν θυσίαν, a ſacrifice of all ſorts of fruits; and παντοφόρον, when they offered all kinds of grain. Virgil has mentioned theſe ſacrifices in his Georgicks.

Lancibus & pandis fumantia reddimus exta. And in another place, *lanceſque & liba feremus:* that is, we offer the ſmoaking entrails in great platters, and we will offer the chargers and the cakes.

This word *ſatura* has been afterwards applied to many other ſorts of mixtures; as Feſtus calls it a kind of olla, or hotch-potch, made of ſeveral ſorts of meats. Laws were alſo called *leges ſaturæ*, when they were of ſeveral heads and titles; like our tacked bills of parliament. And *per ſaturam legem ferre*, in the Roman ſenate, was to carry a law without telling the ſenators, or counting voices, when they were in haſte. Salluſt uſes the word *per ſaturam ſententias exquirere*; when the majority was viſibly on one ſide. From hence it might probably be conjectured, that the diſcourſes or ſatires of Ennius Lucilius, and Horace, as we now call them, took their name; becauſe they are full of various matters, and are alſo written on various ſubjects, as Porphyrius ſays. But Dacier affirms, that it is not immediately from thence that theſe ſatires are ſo called: for that name had been uſed formerly for other things, which bore a nearer reſemblance to thoſe diſcourſes of Horace. In explaining of which, (continues Dacier) a me-

thod is to be purſued, of which Caſaubon himſelf has never thought, and which will put all things into ſo clear a light, that no farther room will be left for the leaſt diſpute.

During the ſpace of almoſt four hundred years, ſince the building of their city, the Romans had never known any entertainments of the ſtate: chance and jollity firſt found out thoſe verſes which they called Saturnian, and Feſcennine: or rather human nature, which is inclined to poetry, firſt produced them, rude and barbarous, and unpoliſhed, as all other operations of the ſoul are in their beginnings, before they are cultivated with art and ſtudy. However, in occaſions of merriment they were firſt practiſed; and this rough caſt unhewn poetry, was inſtead of ſtage-plays, for the ſpace of one hundred and twenty years together. They were made *extempore*, and were, as the French call them, *impromptus*; for which the Tarſians of old were much renowned; and we ſee the daily examples of them in the Italian farces of Harlequin and Scaramouchies. Such was the poetry of that ſavage people, before it was turned into numbers, and the harmony of verſe. Little of the Saturnian verſes is now remaining; we only know from authors, that they were nearer proſe than poetry, without feet, or meaſure. They were ἐῤῥυθμοι, but not ἔμμετροι: perhaps they might be uſed in the ſolemn part of their ceremonies; and the Feſcennine, which were invented after them, in their afternoons debauchery, becauſe they were ſcoffing and obſcene.

The Feſcennine and Saturnian were the ſame; for as they were called Saturnian from their ancientneſs, when Saturn reigned in Italy; they were alſo called Feſcennine, from Feſcennina, a town in the ſame country, where they were firſt practiſed. The actors, with a groſs and ruſtic kind of raillery, reproached each other with their failing; and at the ſame time were nothing ſparing of it to their audience. Somewhat of this cuſtom was afterwards retained in their Saturnalia, or feaſts of Saturn, celebrated

lebrated in December; at leaſt all kind of freedom in ſpeech was then allowed to ſlaves, even againſt their maſters; and we are not without ſome imitation of it in our Chriſtmas gambols. Soldiers alſo uſed thoſe Feſcennine verſes, after meaſure and numbers had been added to them, at the triumph of their generals: of which we have an example, in the triumph of Julius Cæſar over Gaul, in theſe expreſſions: *Cæſar Gallias ſubegit, Nicomedes Cæſarem: ecce Cæſar nunc triumphat, qui ſubegit Gallias; Nicomedes non triumphat, qui ſubegit Cæſarem.* The vapours of wine made the firſt ſatirical poets amongſt the Romans; which, ſays Dacier, we cannot better repreſent, than by imagining a company of clowns on a holiday, dancing lubberly, and upbraiding one another in *extempore* doggrel, with their defects and vices, and the ſtories that were told of them in bake-houſes and barbers-ſhops.

When they began to be ſomewhat better bred, and were entering, as I may ſay, into the firſt rudiments of civil converſation, they left theſe hedge-notes, for another ſort of poem, ſomewhat poliſhed, which was alſo full of pleaſant raillery, but without any mixture of obſcenity. This ſort of poetry appeared under the name of ſatire, becauſe of its variety: and this ſatire was adorned with compoſitions of muſic, and with dances; but laſcivious poſtures were baniſhed from it. In the Tuſcan language, ſays Livy, the word *hiſter* ſignifies a player: and therefore thoſe actors, which were firſt brought from Etrùria to Rome, on occaſion of a peſtilence; when the Romans were admoniſhed to avert the anger of the Gods by plays, in the year *ab Urbe Condita* CCCXC: thoſe actors, I ſay, were therefore called *hiſtriones*: and that name has ſince remained, not only to actors Roman born, but to all others of every nation. They played not the former *extempore* ſtuff of Feſcennine verſes, or clowniſh jeſts; but what they acted was a kind of civil cleanly farce, with muſic and dances, and motions that were proper to the ſubject.

In this condition Livius Andronicus found the ſtage, when he attempted firſt, inſtead of farces, to ſupply it with a nobler entertainment of tragedies and comedies. This man was a Grecian born, and being made a ſlave by Livius Salinator, and brought to Rome, had the education of his patron's children committed to him. Which truſt he diſcharged ſo much to the ſatisfaction of his maſter, that he gave him his liberty.

Andronicus thus become a freeman of Rome, added to his own name that of Livius his maſter; and, as I obſerved, was the firſt author of a regular play in that commonwealth. Being already inſtructed, in his native country, in the manners and decencies of the Athenian theatre, and converſant in the *Archæa comœdia*, or old comedy of Ariſtophanes, and the reſt of the Grecian poets; he took from that model his own deſigning of plays for the Roman ſtage. The firſt of which was repreſented in the year CCCCCXIV ſince the building of Rome, as Tully, from the commentaries of Atticus, has aſſured us: it was after the end of the firſt Punic war, the year before Ennius was born. Dacier has not carried the matter altogether thus far; he only ſays, that one Livius Andronicus was the firſt ſtage-poet at Rome: but I will adventure on this hint, to advance another propoſition, which I hope the learned will approve. And though we have not any thing of Andronicus remaining to juſtify my conjecture, yet it is exceeding probable, that having read the works of thoſe Grecian wits, his country-men, he imitated not only the ground-work, but alſo the manner of their writing. And how grave ſoever his tragedies might be, yet in his comedies he expreſſed the way of Ariſtophanes, Eupolis, and the reſt, which was to call ſome perſons by their own names, and to expoſe their defects to the laughter of the people. The examples of which we have in the forementioned Ariſtophanes, who turned the wiſe Socrates into ridicule; and is alſo very free with the management

ment of Cleon, Alcibiades, and other miniſters of the Athenian government. Now if this be granted, we may eaſily ſuppoſe, that the firſt hint of ſatirical plays on the Roman ſtage, was given by the Greeks. Not from the Satirica, for that has been reaſonably exploded in the former part of this diſcourſe: but from their old comedy, which was imitated firſt by Livius Andronicus. And then Quintillian and Horace muſt be cautiouſly interpreted, where they affirm, that ſatire is wholly Roman; and a ſort of verſe, which was not touched on by the Grecians. The reconcilement of my opinion to the ſtandard of their judgment, is not, however, very difficult, ſince they ſpake of ſatire, not as in its firſt elements, but as it was formed into a ſeparate work; begun by Ennius; purſued by Lucilius, and compleated afterwards by Horace. The proof depends only on this poſtulatum, that the comedies of Andronicus, which were imitations of the Greek, were alſo imitations of their railleries, and reflections on particular perſons. For if this be granted me, which is a moſt probable ſuppoſition, it is eaſy to infer, that the firſt light that was given to the Roman theatrical ſatire, was from the plays of Livius Andronicus. Which will be more manifeſtly diſcovered, when I come to ſpeak of Ennius. In the mean time I will return to Dacier.

The people, ſays he, ran in crowds to theſe new entertainments of Andronicus, as to pieces which were more noble in their kind, and more perfect than their former ſatires, which for ſome time they neglected and abandoned. But not long after, they took them up again, and then they joined them to their comedies: playing them at the end of every drama; as the French continue at this day to act their farces; in the nature of a ſeparate entertainment from their tragedies. But more particularly they were joined to the Attellane fables, ſays Caſaubon; which were plays invented by the Oſci. Thoſe fables, ſays Valerius Maximus, out of Livy, were tempered

tempered with the Italian ſeverity, and free from any note of infamy or obſceneneſs; and as an old commentator on Juvenal affirms, the exodiarii, which were ſingers and dancers, entered to entertain the people with light ſongs, and mimical geſtures, that they might not go away oppreſſed with melancholy, from thoſe ſerious pieces of the theatre. So that the ancient ſatire of the Romans was in extemporary reproaches: the next was farce, which was brought from Tuſcany: to that ſucceeded the plays of Andronicus, from the old comedy of the Grecians: and out of all theſe, ſprung two ſeveral branches of new Roman ſatire: like different cyons from the ſame root. Which I ſhall prove with as much brevity as the ſubject will allow.

A year after Andronicus had opened the Roman ſtage with his new drama's, Ennius was born; who, when he was grown to man's eſtate, having ſeriouſly conſidered the genius of the people, and how eagerly they followed the firſt ſatires, thought it would be worth his pains to refine upon the project, and to write ſatires, not to be acted on the theatre, but read. He preſerved the ground-work of their pleaſantry, their venom, and their raillery on particular perſons, and general vices: and by this means, avoiding the danger of any ill ſucceſs, in a public repreſentation, he hoped to be as well received in the cabinet, as Andronicus had been upon the ſtage. The event was anſwerable to his expectation. He made diſcourſes in ſeveral ſorts of verſe, varied often in the ſame paper; retaining ſtill in the title their original name of ſatire. Both in relation to the ſubjects, and the variety of matters contained in them, the ſatires of Horace are entirely like them; only Ennius, as I ſaid, confines not himſelf to one ſort of verſe, as Horace does; but taking example from the Greeks, and even from Homer himſelf in his Margites, which is a kind of ſatire, as Scaliger obſerves, gives himſelf the licence, when one ſort of numbers comes not eaſily, to run into another, as

his fancy dictates. For he makes no difficulty to mingle hexameter with iambick trimeters; or with trochaick tetrameters; as appears by thoſe fragments which are yet remaining of him: Horace has thought him worthy to be copied; inſerting many things of his into his own ſatires, as Virgil has done into his Æneid.

Here we have Dacier making out that Ennius was the firſt ſatiriſt in that way of writing, which was of his invention; that is, ſatire abſtracted from the ſtage, and new modelled into papers of verſes, on ſeveral ſubjects. But he will have Ennius take the ground work of ſatire from the firſt farces of the Romans, rather than from the formed plays of Livius Andronicus, which were copied from the Grecian comedies. It may poſſibly be ſo; but Dacier knows no more of it than I do. And it ſeems to me the more probable opinion, that he rather imitated the fine railleries of the Greeks, which he ſaw in the pieces of Andronicus, than the coarſeneſs of his old countrymen, in their clowniſh extemporary way of jeering.

But beſides this, it is univerſally granted, that Ennius, though an Italian, was excellently learned in the Greek language. His verſes were ſtuffed with fragments of it, even to a fault: and he himſelf believed, according to the Pythagorean opinion, that the ſoul of Homer was transfuſed into him: which Perſius obſerves, in his ſixth ſatire: *poſtquam deſtertuit eſſe Mæonides*. But this being only the private opinion of ſo inconſiderable a man as I am, I leave it to the farther diſquiſition of the critics, if they think it worth their notice. Moſt evident it is, that whether he imitated the Roman farce, or the Greek comedies, he is to be acknowledged for the firſt author of Roman ſatire, as it is properly ſo called, and diſtinguiſhed from any ſort of ſtage-play.

Of Pacuvius, who ſucceeded him, there is little to be ſaid, becauſe there is ſo little remaining of him: only that he is taken to be the nephew of Ennius, his

his ſiſter's ſon; that in probability he was inſtructed by his uncle, in his way of ſatire, which we are told he has copied; but what advances he made we know not.

Lucilius came into the world, when Pacuvius flouriſhed moſt; he alſo made ſatires after the manner of Ennius, but he gave them a more graceful turn; and endeavoured to imitate more cloſely the *vetus comœdia* of the Greeks: of the which the old original Roman ſatire had no idea, till the time of Livius Andronicus. And though Horace ſeems to have made Lucilius the firſt author of ſatire in verſe amongſt the Romans, in theſe words, *Quid cum eſt Lucilius auſus primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem:* he is only thus to be underſtood, that Lucilius had given a more graceful turn to the ſatire of Ennius and Pacuvius; not that he invented a new ſatire of his own: and Quintilian ſeems to explain this paſſage of Horace in theſe words: *Satira quidem tota noſtra eſt, in qua primus inſignem laudem adeptus eſt Lucilius.*

Thus, both Horace and Quintilian give a kind of primacy of honour to Lucilius, amongſt the Latin ſatiriſts. For as the Roman language grew more refined, ſo much more capable it was of receiving the Grecian beauties in his time: Horace and Quintilian could mean no more, than that Lucilius writ better than Ennius and Pacuvius: and on the ſame account we prefer Horace to Lucilius: both of them imitated the old Greek comedy; and ſo did Ennius and Pacuvius before them. The poliſhing of the Latin tongue, in the ſucceſſion of times, made the only difference. And Horace himſelf, in two of his ſatires, written purpoſely on this ſubject, thinks the Romans of his age were too partial in their commendations of Lucilius; who writ not only looſely, and muddily, with little art, and much leſs care, but alſo in a time when the Latin tongue was not yet ſufficiently purged from the dregs of barbariſm; and many ſignificant and ſounding words, which the

the Romans wanted, were not admitted even in the times of Lucretius and Cicero, of which both complain.

But to proceed, Dacier juſtly taxes Caſaubon, ſaying, that the ſatires of Lucilius were wholly different in ſpecie, from thoſe of Ennius and Pacuvius. Caſaubon was led into that miſtake by Diomedes the grammarian, who in effect ſays this: ſatire among the Romans, but not among the Greeks, was a biting invective poem, made after the model of the ancient comedy, for the reprehenſion of vices: ſuch as were the poems of Lucilius, of Horace, and of Perſius. But in former times, the name of ſatire was given to poems, which were compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſes; ſuch as were made by Ennius and Pacuvius; more fully expreſſing the etymology of the word ſatire, from *ſatura*, which we have obſerved. Here it is manifeſt, that Diomedes makes a ſpecifical diſtinction betwixt the ſatires of Ennius and thoſe of Lucilius. But this, as we ſay in Engliſh, is only a diſtinction without a difference; for the reaſon of it is ridiculous, and abſolutely falſe. This was that which cozened honeſt Caſaubon, who relying on Diomedes, had not ſufficiently examined the origin and nature of thoſe two ſatires: which were entirely the ſame, both in the matter and the form. For all that Lucilius performed beyond his predeceſſors, Ennius and Pacuvius, was only the adding of more politeneſs, and more ſalt; without any change in the ſubſtance of the poem: and though Lucilius put not together in the ſame ſatire ſeveral ſorts of verſes, as Ennius did; yet he compoſed ſeveral ſatires, of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, and mingled them with Greek verſes: one poem conſiſted only of hexameters; and another was entirely of iambicks; a third of trochaicks; as is viſible by the fragments yet remaining of his works. In ſhort, if the ſatires of Lucilius are therefore ſaid to be wholly different from thoſe of Ennius, becauſe he added much more of beauty and poliſhing to his own poems, than are to be found in thoſe before

fore him; it will follow from hence, that the ſatires of Horace are wholly different from thoſe of Lucilius, becauſe Horace has not leſs ſurpaſſed Lucilius in the elegancy of his writing, than Lucilius ſurpaſſed Ennius in the turn and ornament of his. This paſſage of Diomedes has alſo drawn Douſa, the ſon, into the ſame error of Caſaubon, which I ſay, not to expoſe the little failings of thoſe judicious men, but only to make it appear, with how much diffidence and caution we are to read their works; when they treat a ſubject of ſo much obſcurity, and ſo very ancient, as is this of ſatire.

Having thus brought down the hiſtory of ſatire from its original to the times of Horace, and ſhewn the ſeveral changes of it; I ſhould here diſcover ſome of thoſe graces which Horace added to it, but that I think it will be more proper to defer that undertaking, till I make the compariſon betwixt him and Juvenal. In the mean while, following the order of time, it will be neceſſary to ſay ſomewhat of another kind of ſatire, which alſo was deſcended from the ancients: it is that which we call the Varronian ſatire, but which Varro himſelf calls the Menippean; becauſe Varro, the moſt learned of the Romans, was the firſt author of it, who imitated, in his works, the manner of Menippus the Gadarenian, who profeſſed the philoſphy of the Cynics.

This ſort of ſatire was not only compoſed of ſeveral ſorts of verſe, like thoſe of Ennius, but was alſo mixed with proſe; and Greek was ſprinkled amongſt the Latin. Quintillian, after he had ſpoken of the ſatire of Lucilius, adds what follows; "There "is another and former kind of ſatire, compoſed "by Terentius Varro, the moſt learned of the Ro- "mans: in which he was not ſatisfied alone with "mingling in it ſeveral ſorts of verſe." The only difficulty of this paſſage is, that Quintilian tells us, that this ſatire of Varro was of a former kind. For how can we poſſibly imagine this to be, ſince Varro who was contemporary to Cicero, but muſt conſe-

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quently be after Lucilius? Quintilian meant not, that the ſatire of Varro was in order of time before Lucilius; he would only give us to underſtand, that the Varronian ſatire, with mixture of ſeveral ſorts of verſes, was more after the manner of Ennius and Pacuvius, than that of Lucilius, who was more ſevere and more correct; and gave himſelf leſs liberty in the mixture of his verſes, in the ſame poem.

We have nothing remaining of thoſe Varronian ſatires, excepting ſome inconſiderable fragments, and thoſe for the moſt part much corrupted. The titles of many of them are indeed preſerved, and they are generally double: from whence, at leaſt, we may underſtand, how many various ſubjects were treated by that author. Tully, in his Academics, introduces Varro himſelf giving us ſome light concerning the ſcope and deſign of thoſe works. Wherein, after he had ſhewn his reaſons why he did not *ex profeſſo* write of philoſophy, he adds what follows. Notwithſtanding, ſays he, that thoſe pieces of mine, wherein I have imitated Menippus, though I have not tranſlated him, are ſprinkled with a kind of mirth and gaiety: yet many things are there inſerted which are drawn from the very intrails of philoſophy, and many things ſeverely argued: which I have mingled with pleaſantries on purpoſe, that they may more eaſily go down with the common ſort of unlearned readers. The reſt of the ſentence is ſo lame, that we can only make thus much out of it; that in the compoſition of his ſatires, he ſo tempered philology with philoſophy, that his work was a mixture of them both. And Tully himſelf confirms us in this opinion; when a little after he addreſſes himſelf to Varro in theſe words. "And you your-"ſelf have compoſed a moſt elegant and compleat "poem; you have begun philoſophy in many places: "ſufficient to incite us, though too little to inſtruct "us." Thus it appears, that Varro was one of thoſe writers whom they called σπουδογελοῖοι, ſtudious of laughter; and that, as learned as he was, his buſi-

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neſs was more to divert his reader than to teach him. And he intitled his own ſatires Menippean: not that Menippus had written any ſatires (for his were either dialogues or epiſtles,) but that Varro imitated his ſtyle, his manner, his facetiouſneſs. All that we know farther of Menippus and his writings, which are wholly loſt, is, that by ſome he is eſteemed, as, amongſt the reſt, by Varro; by others he is noted of Cynical impudence, and obſcenity: that he was much given to thoſe parodies, which I have already mentioned; that is, he often quoted the verſes of Homer and the tragic poets, and turned their ſerious meaning into ſomething that was ridiculous; whereas Varro's ſatires are by Tully called abſolute, and moſt elegant, and various poems. Lucian, who was emulous of this Menippus, ſeems to have imitated both his manners and his ſtile in many of his dialogues; where Menippus himſelf is often introduced as a ſpeaker in them, and as a perpetual buffoon: particularly his character is expreſſed in the beginning of that dialogue, which is called Νεκυομαντία. But Varro, in imitating him, avoids his impudence and filthineſs, and only expreſſes his witty pleaſantry.

This we may believe for certain, that as his ſubjects were various, ſo moſt of them were tales or ſtories of his own invention. Which is alſo manifeſt from antiquity, by thoſe authors who are acknowledged to have written Varronian ſatires, in imitation of his: of whom the chief is Petronius Arbiter, whoſe ſatire, they ſay, is now printed in Holland, wholly recovered, and made compleat: when it is made public, it will eaſily be ſeen by any one ſentence, whether it be ſuppoſititious, or genuine. Many of Lucian's dialogues may alſo properly be called Varronian ſatires; particularly his True Hiſtory: and conſequently the Golden Aſs of Apuleius, which is taken from him. Of the ſame ſtamp is the Mock Deification of Claudius, by Seneca: and the Symposium, or Cæſars of Julian the Emperor. Amongſt

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the moderns we may reckon the Encomium Moriæ of Eraſmus, Barclay's Euphormio, and a volume of German authors, which my ingenious friend Mr. Charles Killigrew once lent me. In the Engliſh I remember none, which are mixed with proſe, as Varro's were: but of the ſame kind is Mother Hubbard's Tale in Spencer; and (if it be not too vain to mention any thing of my own) the poems of Abſalom and Mac Flecno.

This is what I have to ſay in general of ſatire: only as Dacier has obſerved before me, we may take notice, that the word ſatire is of a more general ſignification in Latin, than in French, or Engliſh. For amongſt the Romans it was not only uſed for thoſe diſcourſes which decried vice, or expoſed folly; but for others alſo, where virtue was recommended. But in our modern languages we apply it only to the invective poems, where the very name of ſatire is formidable to thoſe perſons, who would appear to the world, what they are not in themſelves. For in Engliſh, to ſay ſatire, is to mean reflection, as we uſe that word in the worſt ſenſe; or as the French call it, more properly, Mediſance. In the criticiſm of ſpelling, it ought to be with *i*, and not with *y*, to diſtinguiſh its true derivation from *ſatura*, not from *Satyrus*. And if this be ſo, then it is falſe ſpelled throughout this book; for here it is written ſatyr. Which having not conſidered at the firſt, I thought it not worth correcting afterwards. But the French are more nice, and never ſpell it any other way than ſatire.

I am now arrived at the moſt difficult part of my undertaking, which is, to compare Horace with Juvenal and Perſius. It is obſerved by Rigaltius, in his preface before Juvenal, written to Thuanus, that theſe three poets have all their particular partiſans, and favourers: every commentator, as he has taken pains with any of them, thinks himſelf obliged to prefer his author to the other two: to find out their failings, and decry them, that he may make room

for his own darling. Such is the partiality of mankind, to ſet up that intereſt which they have once eſpouſed, though it be to the prejudice of truth, morality, and common juſtice: and eſpecially in the productions of the brain. As authors generally think themſelves the beſt poets, becauſe they cannot go out of themſelves to judge ſincerely of their betters; ſo it is with critics, who, having firſt taken a liking to one of theſe poets, proceed to comment on him, and to illuſtrate him: after which, they fall in love with their own labours, to that degree of blind fondneſs, that at length they defend and exalt their author, not ſo much for his ſake as for their own. It is a folly of the ſame nature, with that of the Romans themſelves, in their games of the Circus; the ſpectators were divided in their factions, betwixt the Veneti and the Prafini: ſome were for the charioteer in blue, and ſome for him in green. The colours themſelves were but a fancy; but when once a man had taken pains to ſet out thoſe of his party, and had been at the trouble of procuring voices for them, the caſe was altered: he was concerned for his own labour; and that ſo earneſtly, that diſputes and quarrels, animoſities, commotions, and bloodſhed, often happened; and in the declenſion of the Grecian empire, the very ſovereigns themſelves engaged in it, even when the barbarians were at their doors; and ſtickled for the preference of colours, when the ſafety of their people was in queſtion. I am now, myſelf on the brink of the ſame precipice; I have ſpent ſome time on the tranſlation of Juvenal and Perſius; and it behoves me to be wary, leſt for that reaſon, I ſhould be partial to them, or take a prejudice againſt Horace. Yet, on the other ſide, I would not be like ſome of our judges, who would give the cauſe for a poor man, right or wrong: for though that be an error on the better hand, yet it is ſtill a partiality: and a rich man unheard, cannot be concluded an oppreſſor. I remember a ſaying of king Charles II. on Sir Matthew Hales, (who was doubtleſs

doubtleſs an uncorrupt and upright man) That his ſervants were ſure to be caſt on a trial, which was heard before him: not that he thought the judge was poſſible to be bribed; but that his integrity might be too ſcrupulous: and that the cauſes of the crown were always ſuſpicious, when the privileges of ſubjects were concerned.

It had been much fairer, if the modern critics, who have embarked in the quarrels of their favourite authors, had rather given to each his proper due; without taking from another's heap, to raiſe their own. There is praiſe enough for each of them in particular, without encroaching on his fellows, and detracting from them, or enriching themſelves with the ſpoils of others. But to come to particulars: Heinſius and Dacier are the moſt principal of thoſe, who raiſe Horace above Juvenal and Perſius. Scaliger the father, Rigaltius, and many others, debaſe Horace, that they may ſet up Juvenal: and Caſaubon, who is almoſt ſingle, throws dirt on Juvenal and Horace, that he may exalt Perſius, whom he underſtood particularly well, and better than any of the former commentators; even Stelluti, who ſucceeded him. I will begin with him, who, in my opinion, defends the weakeſt cauſe, which is that of Perſius; and labouring, as Tacitus profeſſes of his own writings, to diveſt myſelf of partiality, or prejudice, conſider Perſius, not as a poet whom I have wholly tranſlated, and who has coſt me more labour and time than Juvenal; but according to what I judge to be his own merit; which I think not equal in the main, to that of Juvenal or Horace; and yet in ſome things to be preferred to both of them.

Firſt, then, for the verſe, neither Caſaubon himſelf nor any for him, can defend either his numbers, or the purity of his Latin. Caſaubon gives this point for loſt; and pretends not to juſtify either the meaſures, or the words of Perſius: he is evidently beneath Horace and Juvenal, in both.

Then, as his verſe is ſcabrous, and hobbling, and his words not every where well choſen, the purity of Latin being more corrupted, than in the time of Juvenal, and conſequently of Horace, who writ when the language was in the height of its perfection; ſo his diction is hard; his figures are generally too bold and daring; and his tropes, particularly his metaphors, inſufferably ſtrained.

In the third place, notwithſtanding all the diligence of Caſaubon, Stelluti, and a Scotch gentleman (whom I have heard extreamly commended for his illuſtrations of him;) yet he is ſtill obſcure: whether he affected not to be underſtood, but with difficulty; or whether the fear of his ſafety under Nero, compelled him to this darkneſs in ſome places; or that it was occaſioned by his cloſe way of thinking, and the brevity of his ſtyle, and crowding of his figures; or laſtly, whether after ſo long a time, many of his words have been corrupted, and many cuſtoms, and ſtories relating to them, loſt to us; whether ſome of theſe reaſons, or all, concurred to render him ſo cloudy; we may be bold to affirm, that the beſt of commentators can but gueſs at his meaning, in many paſſages: and none can be certain that he has divined rightly.

After all, he was a young man, like his friend and contemporary Lucan: both of them men of extraordinary parts, and great acquired knowledge, conſidering their youth. But neither of them had arrived to that maturity of judgment, which is neceſſary to the accompliſhing of a formed poet. And this conſideration, as on the one hand it lays ſome imperfections to their charge: ſo on the other ſide, it is a candid excuſe for thoſe failings, which are incident to youth and inexperience; and we have more reaſon to wonder how they, who died before the thirtieth year of their age, could write ſo well, and think ſo ſtrongly; than to accuſe them of thoſe faults, from which human nature, and more eſpecially in youth, can never poſſibly be exempted.

To

To conſider Perſius yet more cloſely: he rather inſulted over vice and folly, than expoſed them, like Juvenal and Horace. And as chaſte and modeſt as he is eſteemed, it cannot be denied, but that in ſome places he is broad and fulſom, as the latter verſes of the fourth ſatire, and of the ſixth, ſufficiently witneſſed. And it is to be believed that he who commits the ſame crime often, and without neceſſity, cannot but do it with ſome kind of pleaſure.

To come to a concluſion, he is manifeſtly below Horace; becauſe he borrows moſt of his greateſt beauties from him; and Caſaubon is ſo far from denying this, that he has written a treatiſe purpoſely concerning it; wherein he ſhews a multitude of his tranſlations from Horace, and his imitations of him, for the credit of his author, which he calls *Imitatio Horatiana*.

To theſe defects, which I caſually obſerved, while I was tranſlating this author. Scaliger has added others; he calls him, in plain terms, a ſilly writer, and a trifler; full of oſtentation of learning; and after all, unworthy to come into competition with Juvenal and Horace.

After ſuch terrible accuſations, it is time to hear what his patron Caſaubon can alledge in his defence. Inſtead of anſwering, he excuſes for the moſt part; and when he cannot, accuſes others of the ſame crimes. He deals with Scaliger, as a modeſt ſcholar with a maſter. He compliments him with ſo much reverence, that one would ſwear he feared him as much at leaſt as he reſpected him. Scaliger will not allow Perſius to have any wit; Caſaubon interprets this in the mildeſt ſenſe; and confeſſes his author was not good at turning things into a pleaſant ridicule; or in other words, that he was not a laughable writer. That he was *ineptus*, indeed, but that he was *non aptiſſimus ad jocandum*. But that he was oſtentatious of his learning, that, by Scaliger's good favour, he denies. Perſius ſhewed his learning, but was no boaſter of it; he did *oſtendere*, but not *oſtentare*;

ture; and ſo, he ſays, did Scaliger: where, methinks, Caſaubon turns it handſomely upon that ſupercilious critick, and ſilently inſinuates that he himſelf was ſufficiently vain-glorious, and a boaſter of his own knowledge. All the writings of this venerable cenſor, continues Caſaubon, which are χρυσοῦ χρυσότερα, more golden than gold itſelf, are every where ſmelling of thyme, which, like a bee, he has gathered from ancient authors: but far be oſtentation and vain-glory from a gentleman, ſo well born, and ſo nobly educated as Scaliger. But, ſays Scaliger, he is ſo obſcure, that he has got himſelf the name of Scotinus, a dark writer: now, ſays Caſaubon, it is a wonder to me that any thing could be obſcure to the divine wit of Scaliger; from which nothing could be hidden. This is indeed a ſtrong compliment, but no defence. And Caſaubon, who could not but be ſenſible of his author's blind ſide, thinks it time to abandon a poſt that was untenable. He acknowledges that Perſius is obſcure in ſome places: but ſo is Plato, ſo is Thucydides, ſo are Pindar, Theocritus, and Ariſtophanes, amongſt the Greek poets; and even Horace and Juvenal, he might have added, amongſt the Romans. The truth is, Perſius is not ſometimes, but generally obſcure: and therefore Caſaubon, at laſt, is forced to excuſe him, by alledging that it was *ſe defendendo*, for fear of Nero; and that he was commanded to write ſo cloudily by Cornutus, in virtue of holy obedience to his maſter. I cannot help my own opinion; I think Cornutus needed not to have read many lectures to him on that ſubject. Perſius was an apt ſcholar; and when he was bidden to be obſcure in ſome places, where his life and ſafety were in queſtion, took the ſame counſel for all his books; and never afterwards wrote ten lines together clearly. Caſaubon, being upon this chapter, has not failed, we may be ſure, of making a compliment to his own dear comment. If Perſius, ſays he, be in himſelf obſcure, yet my interpretation has made him intelligible.

telligible. There is no queſtion but he deſerves that praiſe, which he has given to himſelf: but the nature of the thing, as Lucretius ſays, will not admit of a perfect explanation. Beſides many examples which I could urge, the very laſt verſe of his laſt ſatire, upon which he particularly values himſelf in his preface, is not yet ſufficiently explicated. It is true, Holiday has endeavoured to juſtify his conſtruction; but Stelluti is againſt it: and, for my part, I can have but a very dark notion of it. As for the chaſtity of his thoughts, Caſaubon denies not but that one particular paſſage, in the fourth ſatire, *At ſi unctus ceſſes*, &c. is not only the moſt obſcure, but the moſt obſcene of all his works: I underſtood it; but for that reaſon turned it over. In defence of his boiſterous metaphors, he quotes Longinus, who accounts them as inſtruments of the ſublime; fit to move and ſtir up the affections, particularly in narration. To which it may be replied, that where the trope is far fetched and hard, it is fit for nothing but to puzzle the underſtanding; and may be reckoned amongſt theſe things of Demoſthenes which Æſchines called θαύματα, not ῥήματα, that is Prodigies, not Words. It muſt be granted to Caſaubon, that the knowledge of many things is loſt in our modern ages which were of familiar notice to the ancients; and that ſatire is a poem of a difficult nature in itſelf, and is not written to vulgar readers. And through the relation which it has to comedy, the frequent change of perſons makes the ſenſe perplexed; when we can but divine who it is that ſpeaks: whether Perſius himſelf, or his friend and monitor; or, in ſome places, a third perſon. But Caſaubon comes back always to himſelf, and concludes, that if Perſius had not been obſcure, there had been no need of him for an interpreter. Yet when he had once enjoined himſelf ſo hard a taſk, he then conſidered the Greek proverb, that he muſt χελώνης φαγεῖν ἢ μὴ φαγεῖν· either eat the whole ſnail, or let it quite alone; and ſo he went through

with his laborious task, as I have done with my difficult translation.

Thus far, my lord, you see it has gone very hard with Persius: I think he cannot be allowed to stand in competition either with Juvenal or Horace. Yet for once I will venture to be so vain, as to affirm, that none of his hard metaphors, or forced expressions, are in my translation: but more of this in its proper place, where I shall say somewhat in particular, of our general performance, in making these two authors English. In the mean time, I think myself obliged to give Persius his undoubted due, and to acquaint the world, with Casaubon, in what he has equalled, and in what excelled his two competitors.

A man who is resolved to praise an author, with any appearance of justice, must be sure to take him on the strongest side, and where he is least liable to exceptions. He is therefore obliged to chuse his mediums accordingly; Casaubon, who saw that Persius could not laugh with a becoming grace, that he was not made for jesting, and that a merry conceit was not his talent, turned his feather, like an Indian, to another light, that he might give it the better gloss. Moral doctrine, says he, and urbanity, or well mannered wit, are the two things which constitute the Roman satire. But of the two, that which is most essential to this poem, and is, as it were, the very soul which animates it, is the scourging of vice, and exhortation to virtue. Thus wit, for a good reason, is already almost out of doors; and allowed only for an instrument, a kind of tool, or a weapon, as he calls it, of which the satirist makes use, in the compassing of his design. The end and aim of our three rivals, is consequently the same. By what methods they have prosecuted their intention, is farther to be considered. Satire is of the nature of moral philosophy, as being instructive: he, therefore, who instructs most usefully, will carry the palm from his two antagonists. The philosophy in which Persius was educated, and which he professes

feſſes through his whole book, is the ſtoick: the moſt noble, moſt generous, moſt beneficial to human kind, amongſt all the ſects, who have given us the rules of ethicks, thereby to form a ſevere virtue in the ſoul; to raiſe in us an undaunted courage, againſt the aſſaults of fortune; to eſteem as nothing the things that are without us, becauſe they are not in our power; not to value riches, beauty, honours, fame, or health, any farther than as conveniencies, and ſo many helps to living as we ought, and doing good in our generation. In ſhort, to be any ways happy, while we poſſeſs our minds, with a good conſcience, are free from the ſlavery of vices, and conform our actions and converſations to the rules of right reaſon. See here, my lord, an epitome of Epictetus; the doctrine of Zeno, and the education of our Perſius. And this he expreſſed, not only in all his ſatires, but in the manner of his life. I will not leſſen this commendation of the ſtoick philoſophy, by giving you an account of ſome abſurdities in their doctrine, and ſome perhaps impieties, if we conſider them by the ſtandard of chriſtian faith: Perſius has fallen into none of them; and therefore is free from thoſe imputations. What he teaches might be taught from pulpits, with more profit to the audience, than all the nice ſpeculations of divinity, and controverſies concerning faith; which are more for the profit of the ſhepherd, than for the edification of the flock. Paſſion, intereſt, ambition, and all their bloody conſequences of diſcord, and of war, are baniſhed from this doctrine. Here is nothing propoſed but the quiet and tranquility of the mind; virtue lodged at home, and afterwards diffuſed in her general effects, to the improvement and good of human kind. And therefore I wonder not that the preſent biſhop of Saliſbury has recommended this our author, and the tenth ſatire of Juvenal, in his Paſtoral Letter, to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the divines in his dioceſs, as the beſt common-places for their ſermons, as the ſtore-houſes and magazines of moral virtues, from

from whence they may draw out, as they have occaſion, all manner of aſſiſtance for the accompliſhment of a virtuous life, which the Stoicks have aſſigned for the great end and perfection of mankind. Herein then it is, that Perſius has excelled both Juvenal and Horace. He ſticks to his own philoſophy: he ſhifts not ſides, like Horace, who is ſometimes an Epicurean, ſometimes a Stoick, ſometimes an Eclectick, as his preſent humour leads him; nor declaims like Juvenal againſt vices, more like an orator, than a philoſopher. Perſius is every where the ſame; true to the dogmas of his maſter. What he has learnt, he teaches vehemently; and what he teaches, that he practiſes himſelf. There is a ſpirit of ſincerity in all he ſays: you may eaſily diſcern that he is in earneſt, and is perſuaded of that truth which he inculcates. In this I am of opinion, that he excels Horace, who is commonly in jeſt, and laughs while he inſtructs: and is equal to Juvenal, who was as honeſt and ſerious as Perſius, and more he could not be.

Hitherto I have followed Caſaubon, and enlarged upon him; becauſe I am ſatisfied that he ſays no more than truth; the reſt is almoſt all frivolous. For he ſays that Horace, being the ſon of a taxgatherer, or a collector, as we call it, ſmells every where of the meanneſs of his birth and education; his conceits are vulgar, like the ſubjects of his ſatires; that he does *plebeium ſapere*; and writes not with that elevation, which becomes a ſatirift: that Perſius being nobly born, and of an opulent family, had likewiſe the advantage of a better maſter; Cornutus being the moſt learned of his time, a man of the moſt holy life, the chief of the ſtoick ſect at Rome; and not only a great philoſopher, but a poet himſelf; and in probability a coadjutor of Perſius. That, as for Juvenal, he was long a declaimer, came late to poetry, and has not been much converſant in philoſophy.

It is granted that the father of Horace was Libertinus, that is, one degree removed from his grandfather,

father, who had been once a ſlave: but Horace, ſpeaking of him, gives him the beſt character of a father, which I ever read in hiſtory; and I wiſh a witty friend of mine now living had ſuch another. He bred him in the beſt ſchool, and with the beſt company of young noblemen. And Horace by his gratitude to his memory, gives a certain teſtimony that his education was ingenuous. After this, he formed himſelf abroad, by the converſation of great men. Brutus found him at Athens, and was ſo pleaſed with him, that he took him thence into the army, and made him *tribunus militum*, a colonel in a legion, which was the preferment of an old ſoldier. All this was before his acquaintance with Mecænas, and his introduction into the court of Auguſtus, and the familiarity of that great emperor; which, had he not been well-bred before, had been enough to civilize his converſation, and render him accompliſhed and knowing in all the arts of complacency and good behaviour; and, in ſhort, an agreeable companion for the retired hours and privacies of a favourite, who was firſt miniſter. So that, upon the whole matter, Perſius may be acknowledged to be equal with him, in thoſe reſpects, though better born, and Juvenal inferior to both. If the advantage be any where, it is on the ſide of Horace; as much as the court of Auguſtus Cæſar was ſuperior to that of Nero. As for the ſubjects which they treated, it will appear hereafter, that Horace writ not vulgarly on vulgar ſubjects, nor always choſe them. His ſtile is conſtantly accommodated to his ſubject, either high or low: if his fault be too much lowneſs, that of Perſius is the fault of the hardneſs of his metaphors, and obſcurity: and ſo they are equal in the failings of their ſtile; where Juvenal manifeſtly triumphs over both of them.

The compariſon betwixt Horace and Juvenal is more difficult; becauſe their forces were more equal: a diſpute has always been, and ever will continue, betwixt the favourers of the two poets. *Non noſtrum*

eſt

eſt tantas componere lites. I ſhall only venture to give my opinion, and leave it for better judges to determine. If it be only argued in general, which of them was the better poet, the victory is already gained on the ſide of Horace. Virgil himſelf muſt yield to him in the delicacy of his turns, his choice of words, and perhaps the purity of his Latin. He who ſays that Pindar is inimitable, is himſelf inimitable in his odes. But the contention betwixt theſe two great maſters, is for the prize of ſatire: in which controverſy, all the odes and epodes of Horace are to ſtand excluded. I ſay this, becauſe Horace has written many of them ſatirically, againſt his private enemies: yet theſe, if juſtly conſidered, are ſomewhat of the nature of the Greek ſilli, which were invectives againſt particular ſects and perſons. But Horace has purged himſelf of this choler, before he entered on thoſe diſcourſes, which are more properly called the Roman ſatire: he has not now to do with a Lyce, a Canidia, a Caſſius Severus, or a Menas; but is to correct the vices and the follies of his time, and to give the rules of a happy and virtuous life. In a word, that former ſort of ſatire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous ſort of weapon, and for the moſt part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot reſtore to them. There are only two reaſons, for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promiſe that they can always juſtify us: the firſt is revenge, when we have been affronted in the ſame nature, or have been any ways notoriouſly abuſed, and can make ourſelves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in chriſtian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for thoſe which we daily commit againſt Almighty God. And this conſideration has often made me tremble when I was ſaying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveneſs which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us: for which

reaſon

reaſon I have many times avoided the commiſſion of that fault, even when I have been notoriouſly provoked. Let not this, my lord, paſs for vanity in me; for it is truth. More libels have been written againſt me, than almoſt any man now living: and I had reaſon on my ſide, to have defended my own innocence: I ſpeak not on my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the criticks; let them uſe it as they pleaſe; poſterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me: for intereſt and paſſion will lie buried in another age; and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I ſpeak of my morals, which have been ſufficiently aſperſed; that any ſort of reputation ought to be dear to every honeſt man, and is to me. But let the world witneſs for me, that I have been often wanting to myſelf in that particular; I have ſeldom anſwered any ſcurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have expoſed my enemies: and being naturally vindicative, have ſuffered in ſilence, and poſſeſſed my ſoul in quiet.

Any thing, though never ſo little, which a man ſpeaks of himſelf, in my opinion, is ſtill too much; and therefore I will wave this ſubject, and proceed to give the ſecond reaſon, which may juſtify a poet, when he writes againſt a particular perſon: and that is, when he is become a publick nuiſance. And thoſe, whom Horace in his ſatires, and Perſius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly ſuch. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies: both for their own amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into thoſe enormities, which they ſee are ſo ſeverely puniſhed, in the perſons of others. The firſt reaſon was only an excuſe for revenge; but this ſecond is abſolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are there now living, who are capable of this duty! When they come in my way, it is impoſſible ſometimes to avoid

avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are in common juſtice, from the choice of ſuch perſons as are the proper ſubjects of ſatire! And how little wit they bring, for the ſupport of their injuſtice! The weaker ſex is their moſt ordinary theme; and the beſt and faireſt are ſure to be the moſt ſeverely handled. Amongſt men, thoſe who are proſperouſly unjuſt, are intitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is inſolently ſtabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is conſidered, no fulſomeneſs omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulneſs can ſupply it: for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenneſs of good ſenſe and entertainment. The neglect of the readers, will ſoon put an end to this ſort of ſcribbling. There can be no pleaſantry where there is no wit: no impreſſion can be made, where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude, they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural ſeaſon: the corn which held up its head, is ſpoiled with rankneſs; but the greater part of the harveſt is laid along, and little of good income and wholſome nouriſhment is received into the barns. This is almoſt a digreſſion, I confeſs to your lordſhip; but a juſt indignation forced it from me. Now I have removed this rubbiſh, I will return to the compariſon of Juvenal and Horace.

I would willingly divide the palm betwixt them, upon the two heads of profit and delight, which are the two ends of poetry in general. It muſt be granted by the favourers of Juvenal, that Horace is the more copious and profitable in his inſtructions of human life; but in my particular opinion, which I ſet not up for a ſtandard to better judgments, Juvenal is the more delightful author. I am profited by both, I am pleaſed with both; but I owe more to Horace, for my inſtruction; and more to Juvenal, for my pleaſure. This, as I ſaid, is my particular taſte of theſe two authors: they who will have either of them to excel the other in both qualities, can ſcarce give better reaſons for their opinion, than I for mine:

but

but all unbiaſſed readers will conclude, that my moderation is not to be condemned: to ſuch impartial men I muſt appeal: for they who have already former their judgment, may juſtly ſtand ſuſpected of prejudice; and though all who are my readers, will ſet up to be my judges, I enter my *caveat* againſt them, that they ought not ſo much as to be of my jury: or, if they be admitted, it is but reaſon that they ſhould firſt hear what I have to urge in the defence of my opinion.

That Horace is ſomewhat the better inſtructor of the two, is proved from hence, that his inſtructions are more general: Juvenal's more limited. So that, granting, that the counſels which they give, are equally good for moral uſe; Horace, who gives the moſt various advice, and moſt applicable to all occaſions which can occur to us in the courſe of our lives; as including in his diſcourſes not only all the rules of morality, but alſo of civil converſation; is, undoubtedly, to be preferred to him, who is more circumſcribed in his inſtructions, makes them to fewer people, and on fewer occaſions, than the other. I may be pardoned for uſing an old ſaying, ſince it is true, and to the purpoſe, *Bonum quo communis, eo melius.* Juvenal, excepting only his firſt ſatire, is in all the reſt confined, to the expoſing of ſome particular vice; that he laſhes, and there he ſticks. His ſentences are truly ſhining and inſtructive: but they are ſprinkled here and there. Horace is teaching us in every line, and is perpetually moral; he had found out the ſkill of Virgil, to hide his ſentences: to give you the virtue of them, without ſhewing them in their full extent: which is the oſtentation of a poet, and not his art: and this Petronius charges on the authors of his time, as a vice of writing, which was then growing on the age. *Ne ſententiæ extra corpus orationis emineant:* he would have them weaved into the body of the work, and not appear emboſſed upon it, and ſtriking directly on the reader's view. Folly was the proper quarry

of Horace, and not vice: and, as there are but few notoriouſly wicked men, in compariſon with a ſhoal of fools and ſops; ſo it is a harder thing to make a man wiſe, than to make him honeſt: for the will is only to be reclaimed in the one; but the underſtanding is to be informed in the other. There are blind ſides and follies, even in the profeſſors of moral philoſophy; and there is not any one ſect of them that Horace has not expoſed. Which, as it was not the deſign of Juvenal, who was wholly employed in laſhing vices, ſome of them the moſt enormous that can be imagined; ſo perhaps, it was not ſo much his talent. *Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico, tangit, & admiſſus circum præcordia ludit.* This was the commendation which Perſius gave him; where by *vitium*, he means thoſe little vices which we call follies, the defects of human underſtanding, or at moſt the peccadillos of life, rather than the tragical vices, to which men are hurried by their unruly paſſions and exorbitant deſires. But in the word *omne*, which is *univerſal*, he concludes with me, that the divine wit of Horace left nothing untouched; that he entered into the inmoſt receſſes of nature; found out the imperfections even of the moſt wiſe and grave, as well as of the common people; diſcovering, even in the great Trebatius, to whom he addreſſes the firſt ſatire, his hunting after buſineſs, and following the court, as well as in the perſecutor Criſpinus, his impertinence and importunity. It is true, he expoſes Criſpinus openly, as a common nuiſance: but he rallies the other as a friend, more finely. The exhortations of Perſius are confined to noblemen: and the ſtoick philoſophy is that alone which he recommends to them: Juvenal exhorts to particular virtues, as they are oppoſed to thoſe vices againſt which he declaims: but Horace laughs to ſhame all follies, and inſinuates virtue, rather by familiar examples, than by the ſeverity of precepts.

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This laſt conſideration ſeems to incline the balance on the ſide of Horace, and to give him the preference to Juvenal; not only in profit, but in pleaſure. But, after all, I muſt confeſs that the delight which Horace gives me, is but languiſhing. Be pleaſed ſtill to underſtand, that I ſpeak of my own taſte only: he may raviſh other men; but I am too ſtupid and inſenſible to be tickled. Where he barely grins himſelf, and, as Scaliger ſays, only ſhews his white teeth, he cannot provoke me to any laughter. His urbanity, that is, his good manners, are to be commended, but his wit is faint; and his ſalt, if I may dare to ſay ſo, almoſt inſipid. Juvenal is of a more vigorous and maſculine wit; he gives me as much pleaſure as I can bear: he fully ſatisfies my expectation; he treats his ſubject home: his ſpleen is raiſed, and he raiſes mine: I have the pleaſure of concernment in all he ſays; he drives his reader along with him; and when he is at the end of his way, I willingly ſtop with him. If he went another ſtage, it would be too far, it would make a journey of a progreſs, and turn delight into fatigue. When he gives over, it is a ſign the ſubject is exhauſted, and the wit of man can carry it no farther. If a fault can juſtly be found in him, it is that he is ſometimes too luxuriant, too redundant; ſays more than he needs, like my friend the Plain-Dealer, but never more than pleaſes. Add to this, that his thoughts are as juſt as thoſe of Horace, and much more elevated. His expreſſions are ſonorous and more noble; his verſe more numerous, and his words are ſuitable to his thoughts, ſublime and lofty. All theſe contribute to the pleaſure of the reader: and the greater the ſoul of him who reads, his tranſports are the greater. Horace is always on the amble, Juvenal on the gallop; but his way is perpetually on carpet-ground. He goes with more impetuoſity than Horace, but as ſecurely; and the ſwiftneſs adds a more lively agitation to the ſpirits. The low ſtile of Horace is according to his ſubject, that is generally

gravely: I queſtion not but he could have raiſed it for the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond book, which he writes to Auguſtus, (a moſt inſtructive ſatire concerning poetry,) is of ſo much dignity in the words, and of ſo much elegancy in the numbers, that the author plainly ſhews, the *ſermo pedeſtris*, in his other ſatires, was rather his choice than his neceſſity. He was a rival to Lucilius his predeceſſor, and was reſolved to ſurpaſs him in his own manner. Lucilius, as we ſee by his remaining fragments, minded neither his ſtyle nor his numbers, nor his purity of words, nor his run of verſe: Horace therefore copes with him in that humble way of ſatire, writes under his own force, and carries a dead weight, that he may match his competitor in the race. This I imagine was the chief reaſon, why he minded only the clearneſs of his ſatire, and the cleanneſs of expreſſion, without aſcending to thoſe heights, to which his own vigour might have carried him. But limiting his deſires only to the conqueſt of Lucilius, he had the ends of his rival, who lived before him; but made way for a new conqueſt over himſelf, by Juvenal his ſucceſſor. He could not give an equal pleaſure to his reader, becauſe he uſed not equal inſtruments. The fault was in the tools, and not in the workman. But verſifications and numbers are the greateſt pleaſures of poetry: Virgil knew it, and practiſed both ſo happily, that for ought I know, his greateſt excellency is in his diction. In all other parts of poetry, is faultleſs; but in this he placed his chief perfection. And give me leave, my lord, ſince I have here an apt occaſion, to ſay, that Virgil could have written ſharper ſatires, than either Horace or Juvenal, if he would have employed his talent that way. I will produce a verſe and half of his, in one of his eclogues, to juſtify my opinion; and with comma's after every word, to ſhew, that he has given almoſt as many laſhes, as he has written ſyllables; it is againſt a bad poet, whoſe ill verſes he deſcribes: *Non tu, in triviis indocte, ſolebas, ſtridenti, miſerum, ſtipula,*

ſtipula, diſperdere, carmen? But to return to my purpoſe, when there is any thing deficient in numbers, and ſound, the reader is uneaſy and unſatisfied; he wants ſomething of his complement, deſires ſomewhat which he finds not: and this being the manifeſt defect of Horace, it is no wonder, that finding it ſupplied in Juvenal, we are more delighted with him. And beſides this, the ſauce of Juvenal is more poignant, to create in us an appetite of reading him. The meat of Horace is more nouriſhing; but the cookery of Juvenal more exquiſite; ſo that granting Horace to be the more general philoſopher, we cannot deny that Juvenal was the greater poet, I mean in ſatire. His thoughts are ſharper, his indignation againſt vice is more vehement; his ſpirit has more of the commonwealth genius; he treats tyranny, and all the vices attending it, as they deſerve, with the utmoſt rigour: and conſequently a noble ſoul is better pleaſed with a zealous vindicator of Roman liberty than with a temporizing poet, a well-mannered court-ſlave, and a man who is often afraid of laughing in the right place; who is ever decent, becauſe he is naturally ſervile. After all, Horace had the diſadvantage of the times in which he lived; they were better for the man, but worſe for the ſatiriſt. It is generally ſaid, that thoſe enormous vices which were practiſed under the reign of Domitian, were not known in the time of Auguſtus Cæſar: that therefore Juvenal had a larger field than Horace. Little follies were out of doors, when oppreſſion was to be ſcourged inſtead of avarice; it was no longer time to turn into ridicule the falſe opinions of philoſophers, when the Roman liberty was to be aſſerted. There was more need of a Brutus in Domitian's days, to redeem or mend, than of a Horace, if he had then been living, to laugh at a fly-catcher. This reflection at the ſame time excuſes Horace, but exalts Juvenal. I have ended, before I was aware, the compariſon of Horace and Juvenal, upon the topics of pleaſure and

delight; and, indeed, I may ſafely here conclude that common-place; for if we make Horace our miniſter of ſtate in ſatire, and Juvenal of our private pleaſures; I think the latter has no ill-bargain of it. Let profit have the preheminence of honour, in the end of poetry. Pleaſure, though but the ſecond in degree, is the firſt in favour. And who would not chooſe to be loved better, rather than to be more eſteemed? But I am entered already upon another topic; which concerns the particular merits of theſe two ſatiriſts. However, I will purſue my buſineſs where I left it; and carry it farther than that common obſervation of the ſeveral ages in which theſe authors flouriſhed. When Horace writ his ſatires, the monarchy of his Cæſar was in its newneſs, and the government but juſt made eaſy to the conquered people. They could not poſſibly have forgotten the uſurpation of that prince upon their freedom, nor the violent methods which he had uſed, in the compaſſing that vaſt deſign; they yet remembered his proſcriptions, and the ſlaughter of ſo many noble Romans their defenders. Amongſt the reſt, that horrible action of his, when he forced Livia from the arms of her huſband, who was conſtrained to ſee her married, as Dion relates the ſtory, and, big with child as ſhe was, conveyed to the bed of his inſulting rival. The ſame Dion Caſſius gives us another inſtance of the crime before mentioned: that Cornelius Siſenna, being reproached in full ſenate, with the licentious conduct of his wife, returned this anſwer; That he had married her by the counſel of Auguſtus: intimating, ſays my author, that Auguſtus had obliged him to that marriage, that he might, under that covert, have the more free acceſs unto her. His adulteries were ſtill before their eyes, but they muſt be patient, where they had not power. In other things that emperor was moderate enough: property was generally ſecured; and the people entertained with public ſhows, and donatives, to make them more eaſily digeſt their

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loſt liberty. But Auguſtus, who was conſcious to himſelf, of ſo many crimes which he had committed, thought in the firſt place to provide for his own reputation, by making an edict againſt lampoons and ſatires, and the authors of thoſe defamatory writings, which my author Tacitus, from the law-term, calls *famoſos libellos*.

In the firſt book of his Annals, he gives the following account of it, in theſe words: *Primus Auguſtus cognitionem de famoſis libellis ſpecie legis ejus, tractavit; commotus Caſſii Severi libidine, quâ viros fœminaſque illuſtres, procacibus ſcriptis diffamaverat.* Thus in Engliſh: "Auguſtus was the firſt, who under the "colour of that law took cogniſance of lampoons; "being provoked to it, by the petulancy of Caſſius "Severus, who had defamed many illuſtrious per-"ſons of both ſexes, in his writings." The law to which Tacitus refers, was *Lex læſæ Majeſtatis*; commonly called, for the ſake of brevity, *Majeſtas*; or, as we ſay, high treaſon: he means not that this law had not been enacted formerly: for it had been made by the Decemviri, and was inſcribed amongſt the reſt in the twelve tables; to prevent the aſperſion of the Roman majeſty, either of the people themſelves, or their religion, or their magiſtrates: and the infringement of it was capital; that is, the offender was whipt to death, with the *faſces*, which were born before their chief officers of Rome. But Auguſtus was the firſt, who reſtored that intermitted law: by the words, *under colour of that law*, he inſinuates that Auguſtus cauſed it to be executed, on pretence of thoſe libels, which were written by Caſſius Severus, againſt the nobility; but, in truth, to ſave himſelf from ſuch defamatory verſes. Suetonius likewiſe makes mention of it thus: *Sparſos de ſe in Curiâ famoſos libellos, nec expavit, & magnâ curâ redarguit. Ac ne requiſitis quidem auctoribus, id modo cenſuit, cognoſcendum poſt hac, de iis qui libellos aut carmina ad infamiam cujuſpiam ſub alieno nomine edant.* Auguſtus was not afraid of libels, ſays that author: yet he

took all care imaginable to have them answered; and then decreed, that for the time to come, the authors of them should be punished. But Aurelius makes it yet more clear, according to my sense, that this emperor for his own sake durst not permit them: *Fecit id Augustus in speciem, & quasi gratificaretur populo Romano, & primoribus urbis; sed revera ut sibi consuleret: nam habuit in animo, comprimere nimiam quorundam procacitatem in loquendo, à quâ nec ipse exemptus fuit. Nam suo nomine compescere erat invidiosum, sub alieno facile & utile. Ergò specie legis tractavit, quasi populi Romani Majestas infamaretur.* This, I think, is a sufficient comment on that passage of Tacitus; I will add only by the way, that the whole family of the Cæsars, and all their relations, were included in the law; because the Majesty of the Romans, in the time of the empire, was wholly in that house; *omnia Cæsar erat:* they were all accounted sacred who belonged to him. As for Cassius Severus, he was contemporary with Horace; and was the same poet against whom he writes in his Epodes, under this title, *In Cassium Severum maledicum poetam*; perhaps intending to kill two crows, according to our proverb, with one stone, and revenge both himself and his emperor together.

From hence I may reasonably conclude, that Augustus, who was not altogether so good as he was wise, had some by-respect in the enacting of this law: for to do any thing for nothing, was not his maxim. Horace, as he was a courtier, complied with the interest of his master; and avoiding the lashing of greater crimes, confined himself to the ridiculing of petty vices and common follies; excepting only some reserved cases, in his Odes and Epodes, of his own particular quarrels, which either with permission of the magistrate, or without it, every man will revenge, though I say not that he should; for *prior læsit*, is a good excuse in the civil law, if christianity had not taught us to forgive. However, he was not the proper man to arraign great

great vices, at leaſt if the ſtories which we hear of him are true, that he practiſed ſome, which I will not here mention, out of honour to him. It was not for a Clodius to accuſe adulterers, eſpecially when Auguſtus was of that number: ſo that though his age was not exempted from the worſt of villanies, there was no freedom left to reprehend them, by reaſon of the edict. And our poet was not fit to repreſent them in an odious character, becauſe himſelf was dipt in the ſame actions. Upon this account, without farther inſiſting on the different tempers of Juvenal and Horace, I conclude, that the ſubjects which Horace choſe for ſatire, are of a lower nature than thoſe of which Juvenal has written.

Thus I have treated, in a new method, the compariſon betwixt Horace, Juvenal, and Perſius; ſomewhat of their particular manner belonging to all of them is yet remaining to be conſidered. Perſius was grave, and particularly oppoſed his gravity to lewdneſs, which was the predominant vice in Nero's court, at the time when he publiſhed his ſatires, which was before that emperor fell into the exceſs of cruelty. Horace was a mild admoniſher, a court-ſatiriſt, fit for the gentle times of Auguſtus, and more fit, for the reaſons which I have already given. Juvenal was as proper for his times, as they for theirs: his was an age that deſerved a more ſevere chaſtiſement; vices were more groſs and open, more flagitious, more encouraged by the example of a tyrant, and more protected by his authority. Therefore, whereſoever Juvenal mentions Nero, he means Domitian, whom he dares not attack in his own perſon, but ſcourges him by proxy. Heinſius urges in praiſe of Horace, that according to the ancient art and law of ſatire, it ſhould be nearer to comedy than tragedy; not declaiming againſt vice, but only laughing at it. Neither Perſius nor Juvenal were ignorant of this, for they had both ſtudied Horace. And the thing itſelf is plainly true. But as they had read Horace, they had likewiſe read Lucilius,

of whom Perſius ſays, *fecuit Urbem*; & *genuinum fregit in iltis*; meaning Mutius and Lupus: and Juvenal alſo mentions him in theſe words: *Enſe velut ſtricto, quoties Lucilius ardens infremuit*, &c. So that they thought the imitation of Lucilius was more proper to their purpoſe than that of Horace. They changed ſatire, ſays Holiday; but they changed it for the better: for the buſineſs being to reform great vices, chaſtiſement goes farther than admonition; whereas a perpetual grin, like that of Horace, does rather anger than amend a man.

Thus far that learned critic, Barten Holiday, whoſe interpretation and illuſtrations of Juvenal are as excellent, as the verſe of his tranſlation and his Engliſh are lame and pitiful. For it is not enough to give us the meaning of a poet, which I acknowledge him to have performed moſt faithfully, but he muſt alſo imitate his genius, and his numbers, as far as the Engliſh will come up to the elegance of the original. In few words, it is only for a poet to tranſlate a poet. Holiday and Stapylton had not enough conſidered this, when they attempted Juvenal: but I forbear reflections; only I beg leave to take notice of this ſentence, where Holiday ſays, "a perpetual "grin, like that of Horace, rather angers than "amends a man." I cannot give him up the manner of Horace in low ſatire ſo eaſily: let the chaſtiſement of Juvenal be never ſo neceſſary for his new kind of ſatire; let him declaim as wittily and ſharply as he pleaſes, yet ſtill the niceſt and moſt delicate touches of ſatire conſiſt in fine raillery. This, my lord, is your particular talent, to which even Juvenal could not arrive. It is not reading, it is not imitation of an author, which can produce his fineneſs: it muſt be inborn, it muſt proceed from a genius, and particular way of thinking, which is not to be taught; and therefore not to be imitated by him who has it not from nature: how eaſy is it to call rogue and villain, and that wittily! But how hard to make a man appear a fool, a blockhead, or a knave, without

out uſing any of thoſe opprobrious terms! To ſpare the groſſneſs of the names, and to do the thing yet more ſeverely, is to draw a full face, and to make the noſe and cheeks ſtand out, and yet not to employ any depth of ſhadowing. This is the myſtery of that noble trade, which yet no maſter can teach to his apprentice: he may give the rules, but the ſcholar is never the nearer in his practice. Neither is it true, that this fineneſs of raillery is offenſive. A witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner; and a fool feels it not. The occaſion of an offence may poſſibly be given, but he cannot take it. If it be granted, that in effect this way does more miſchief; that a man is ſecretly wounded, and though he be not ſenſible himſelf, yet the malicious world will find it out for him: yet there is ſtill a vaſt difference betwixt the ſlovenly butchering of a man, and the fineneſs of a ſtroke that ſeparates the head from the body, and leaves it ſtanding in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife ſaid of his ſervant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die ſweetly, was only belonging to her huſband. I wiſh I could apply it to myſelf; if the reader would be kind enough to think it belongs to me. The character of Zimri in my Abſalom, is, in my opinion, worth the whole poem: it is not bloody, but it is ridiculous enough: and he for whom it was intended, was too witty to reſent it as an injury. If I had railed, I might have ſuffered for it juſtly; but I managed mine own works more happily, perhaps more dextrouſly. I avoided the mention of great crimes, and applied myſelf to the repreſenting of blind-ſides, and little extravagancies: to which, the wittier a man is, he is generally the more obnoxious. It ſucceeded as I wiſhed; the jeſt went round, and he was laughed at in his turn who began the frolick.

And thus, my lord, you ſee I have preferred the manner of Horace, and of your lordſhip, in this kind of ſatire, to that of Juvenal; and I think reaſonably.

ſonably. Holiday ought not to have arraigned ſo great an author, for that which was his excellency and his merit: or if he did, on ſuch a palpable miſtake, he might expect that ſome one might poſſibly ariſe, either in his own time, or after him, to rectify his error, and reſtore to Horace that commendation, of which he has ſo unjuſtly robbed him. And let the manes of Juvenal forgive me, if I ſay, that this way of Horace was the beſt for amending manners, as it is the moſt difficult. His was, an *enſe reſcindendum*; but that of Horace was a pleaſant cure, with all the limbs preſerved entirely; and, as our mountebanks tell us in their bills, without keeping the patient within doors for a day. What they promiſe only, Horace has effectually performed: yet I contradict not the propoſition which I formerly advanced: Juvenal's times required a more painful kind of operation: but if he had lived in the age of Horace, I muſt needs affirm, that he had it not about him. He took the method which was preſcribed him by his own genius; which was ſharp and eager; he could not rally, but he could declaim; and as his provocations were great, he has revenged them tragically. This notwithſtanding, I am to ſay another word, which, as true as it is, will yet diſpleaſe the partial admirers of our Horace. I have hinted it before; but it is time for me now to ſpeak more plainly.

This manner of Horace is indeed the beſt; but Horace has not executed it altogether ſo happily, at leaſt not often. The manner of Juvenal is confeſſed to be inferior to the former; but Juvenal has excelled him in his performance. Juvenal has railed more wittily than Horace has rallied. Horace meant to make his reader laugh; but he is not ſure of his experiment. Juvenal always intends to move your indignation; and he always brings about his purpoſe. Horace, for ought I know, might have tickled the people of his age; but amongſt the moderns he is not ſo ſucceſsful. They who ſay he entertains ſo

pleaſantly, may perhaps value themſelves on the quickneſs of their own underſtandings, that they can ſee a jeſt farther off than other men: they may find occaſion of laughter in the wit-battle of the two buffoons, Sarmentus and Cicerrus; and hold their ſides for fear of burſting, when Rupilius and Perſius are ſcolding. For my own part, I can only like the characters of all four, which are judiciouſly given: but for my heart I cannot ſo much as ſmile at their inſipid raillery. I ſee not why Perſius ſhould call upon Brutus to revenge him on his adverſary; and that becauſe he had killed Julius Cæſar for endeavouring to be a king; therefore he ſhould be deſired to murder Rupilius, only becauſe his name was Mr. King. A miſerable clench, in my opinion, for Horace to record: I have heard honeſt Mr. Swan make many a better, and yet have had the grace to hold my countenance. But it may be punns were then in faſhion, as they were wit in the ſermons of the laſt age, and in the court of king Charles II. I am ſorry to ſay it, for the ſake of Horace; but certain it is, he has no fine palate who can feed ſo heartily on garbage.

But I have already wearied myſelf, and doubt not but I have tired your lordſhip's patience, with this long, rambling, and I fear trivial diſcourſe. Upon the one half of the merits, that is pleaſure, I cannot but conclude that Juvenal was the better ſatiriſt: they who will deſcend into his particular praiſes, may find them at large in the diſſertation of the learned Rigaltius to Thuanus. As for Perſius, I have given the reaſons why I think him inferior to both of them: yet I have one thing to add on that ſubject.

Barten Holiday, who tranſlated both Juvenal and Perſius, has made this diſtinction betwixt them, which is no leſs true than witty; That, in Perſius, the difficulty is to find a meaning; in Juvenal to chuſe a meaning: ſo crabbed is Perſius, and ſo copious is Juvenal: ſo much the underſtanding is employed in one, and ſo much the judgment in the other.

other. So difficult it is to find any ſenſe in the former, and the beſt ſenſe of the latter.

If, on the other ſide, any one ſuppoſe I have commended Horace below his merit, when I have allowed him but the ſecond place, I deſire him to conſider, if Juvenal, a man of excellent natural endowments, beſides the advantages of diligence and ſtudy, and coming after him, and building upon his foundations, might not probably, with all theſe helps, ſurpaſs him? And whether it be any diſhonour to Horace to be thus ſurpaſſed; ſince no art, or ſcience, is at once begun and perfected, but that it muſt paſs firſt through many hands, and even through ſeveral ages? If Lucilius could add to Ennius, and Horace to Lucilius, why, without any diminution to the fame of Horace, might not Juvenal give the laſt perfection to that work? or rather, what diſreputation is it to Horace, that Juvenal excels in the tragical ſatire, as Horace does in the comical? I have read over attentively both Heinſius and Dacier, in their commendations of Horace; but I can find no more in either of them, for the preference of him to Juvenal, than the inſtructive part; the part of wiſdom, and not that of pleaſure; which therefore is here allowed him, notwithſtanding what Scaliger and Rigaltius have pleaded to the contrary for Juvenal. And to ſhew that I am impartial, I will here tranſlate what Dacier has ſaid on that ſubject.

I cannot give a more juſt idea of the two books of ſatires made by Horace, than by comparing them to the ſtatues of the *Sileni*, to which Alcibiades compares Socrates, in the *Sympoſium*. They were figures which had nothing of agreeable, nothing of beauty on their out-ſide: but when any one took the pains to open them, and ſearch into them, he there found the figures of all the deities. So, in the ſhape that Horace preſents himſelf to us, in his ſatires, we ſee nothing at the firſt view which deſerves our attention. It ſeems that he is rather an amuſement for children, than

than for the ſerious conſideration of men: but when we take away his cruſt, and that which hides him from our ſight, when we diſcover him to the bottom, then we find all the divinities in a full aſſembly: that is to ſay, all the virtues which ought to be the continual exerciſe of thoſe, who ſeriouſly endeavour to correct their vices.

It is eaſy to obſerve, that Dacier, in this noble ſimilitude, has confined the praiſe of his author wholly to the inſtructive part: the commendation turns on this, and ſo does that which follows.

In theſe two books of ſatire, it is the buſineſs of Horace to inſtruct us how to combat our vices, to regulate our paſſions, to follow nature, to give bounds to our deſires, to diſtinguiſh betwixt truth and falſhood, and betwixt our conceptions of things, and things themſelves: to come back from our prejudicate opinions, to underſtand exactly the principles and motives of all our actions; and to avoid the ridicule, into which all men neceſſarily fall, who are intoxicated with thoſe notions which they have received from their maſters; and which they obſtinately retain, without examining whether or no they be founded on right reaſon.

In a word, he labours to render us happy in relation to ourſelves, agreeable and faithful to our friends, and diſcreet, ſerviceable, and well-bred in relation to thoſe with whom we are obliged to live, and to converſe. To make his figures intelligible, to conduct his readers through the labyrinth of ſome perplexed ſentence, or obſcure parentheſis, is no great matter: And as Epictetus ſays, there is nothing of beauty in all this, or what is worthy of a prudent man. The principal buſineſs, and which is of moſt importance to us, is to ſhew the uſe, the reaſon, and the proof of his precepts.

They who endeavour not to correct themſelves, according to ſo exact a model, are juſt like the patients, who have open before them a book of admirable receipts for their diſeaſes, and pleaſe themſelves

ſelves with reading it, without comprehending the nature of the remedies, or how to apply them to their cure.

Let Horace go off with theſe encomiums, which he has ſo well deſerved.

To conclude the contention betwixt our three poets, I will uſe the words of Virgil, in his fifth Æneid, where Æneas propoſes the rewards of the foot-race, to the three firſt who ſhould reach the goal. *Tres præmia primi accipient, flavaque caput nectentur olivâ:* Let theſe three ancients be preferred to all the moderns; as firſt arriving at the goal: let them all be crowned as victors, with the wreath that properly belongs to ſatire. But after that, with this diſtinction amongſt themſelves, *Primus equum phaleris inſignem victor habeto.* Let Juvenal ride firſt in triumph. *Alter amazoniam pharetram, plenamque ſagittis threiciis, lato quam circumplectitur auro balteus, & tereti ſubnectit fibula gemma.* Let Horace, who is the ſecond, and but juſt the ſecond, carry off the quivers and the arrows, as the badges of his ſatire; and the golden belt, and the diamond button. *Tertius, Argolico hoc Clypeo contentus abito.* And let Perſius, the laſt of the firſt three worthies, be contented with this Grecian ſhield, and with victory, not only over all the Grecians, who were ignorant of the Roman ſatire, but over all the moderns in ſucceeding ages; excepting Boileau and your lordſhip.

And thus I have given the hiſtory of ſatire, and derived it from Ennius, to your lordſhip; that is, from its firſt rudiments of barbarity, to its laſt poliſhing and perfection: which is, with Virgil, in his addreſs to Auguſtus,

——*nomen famâ tot ferre per annos,*
Tithoni primâ quot abeſt ab origine Cæſar.

I ſaid only from Ennius; but I may ſafely carry it higher, as far as Livius Andronicus; who, as I have ſaid formerly, taught the firſt play at Rome, in the year *ab Urbe conditâ* CCCCCXIV. I have

ſince

ſince deſired my learned friend, Mr. Maidwell, to compute the difference of times, betwixt Ariſtophanes and Livius Andronicus; and he aſſures me from the beſt chronologers, that Plutus, the laſt of Ariſtophanes's plays, was repreſented at Athens, in the year of the 97th olympiad; which agrees with the year *Urbis conditæ* CCCLXIV. So that the difference of years betwixt Ariſtophanes and Andronicus is 150; from whence I have probably deduced, that Livius Andronicus, who was a Grecian, had read the plays of the old comedy, which were ſatirical, and alſo of the new; for Menander was fifty years before him, which muſt needs be a great light to him, in his own plays, that were of the ſatirical nature. That the Romans had farces before this, it is true; but then they had no communication with Greece: ſo that Andronicus was the firſt who wrote after the manner of the old comedy, in his plays; he was imitated by Ennius, about thirty years afterwards. Though the former writ fables; the latter, ſpeaking properly, began the Roman ſatire. According to that deſcription, which Juvenal gives of it in his firſt; *quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas, gaudia, diſcurſus noſtri eſt farrago libelli.* This is that in which I have made bold to differ from Caſaubon, Rigaltius, Dacier, and indeed from all the modern criticks, that not Ennius, but Andronicus was the firſt, who by the *Archæa Comœdia* of the Greeks, added many beauties to the firſt rude and barbarous Roman ſatire: which ſort of poem, though we had not derived from Rome, yet nature teaches it mankind, in all ages, and in every country.

It is but neceſſary, that after ſo much has been ſaid of ſatire, ſome definition of it ſhould be given Heinſius, in his diſſertations on Horace, makes it for me, in theſe words; "Satire is a kind of poetry "without a ſeries of action, invented for the purg-"ing of our minds; in which human vices, igno-"rance, and errors, and all things beſides, which are

"pro-

" produced from them, in every man, are ſeverely " reprehended; partly dramatically, partly ſimply, " and ſometimes in both kinds of ſpeaking; but " for the moſt part figuratively, and occultly; con- " ſiſting in a low familiar way, chiefly in a ſharp " and pungent manner of ſpeech; but partly, alſo, " in a facetious and civil way of jeſting; by which " either hatred, or laughter, or indignation is moved." —Where I cannot but obſerve, that this obſcure and perplexed definition, or rather deſcription of ſatire, is wholly accommodated to the Horatian way; and excluding the works of Juvenal and Perſius, as foreign from that kind of poem: the clauſe in the beginning of it (" without a ſeries of action") diſtinguiſhes ſatire properly from ſtage-plays, which are all of one action, and one continued ſeries of action. The end or ſcopé of ſatire is to purge the paſſions; ſo far it is common to the ſatires of Juvenal and Perſius: the reſt which follows, is alſo generally belonging to all three; till he comes upon us, with the excluding clauſe " conſiſting in a low familiar " way of ſpeech," which is the proper character of Horace; and from which, the other two, for their honour be it ſpoken, are far diſtant: but how come lowneſs of ſtyle, and the familiarity of words to be ſo much the propriety of ſatire, that without them, a poet can be no more a ſatiriſt, than without riſibility he can be a man? Is the fault of Horace to be made the virtue and ſtanding rule of this poem? Is the *grande ſophos* of Perſius, and the ſublimity of Juvenal to be circumſcribed, with the meanneſs of words and vulgarity of expreſſion? If Horace refuſed the pains of numbers, and the loftineſs of figures, are they bound to follow ſo ill a precedent? Let him walk a-foot with his pad in his hand, for his own pleaſure; but let not them be accounted no poets, who chooſe to mount, and ſhew their horſemanſhip. Holiday is not afraid to ſay, that there never was ſuch a fall, as from his odes to his ſatires, and that he, injuriouſly to himſelf, untuned his harp.

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The majeſtick way of Perſius and Juvenal was new when they began it, but it is old to us; and what poems have not, with time, received an alteration in their faſhion? Which alteration, ſays Holiday, is to after-times, as good a warrant as the firſt. Has not Virgil changed the manners of Homer's heroes in his Æneid? certainly he has, and for the better. For Virgil's age was more civilized, and better bred; and he writ according to the politeneſs of Rome, under the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; not to the rudeneſs of Agamemnon's age, or the times of Homer. Why ſhould we offer to confine free ſpirits to one form, when we cannot ſo much as confine our bodies to one faſhion of apparel? Would not Donn's ſatires, which abound with ſo much wit, appear more charming, if he had taken care of his words, and of his numbers? But he followed Horace ſo very cloſe, that of neceſſity he muſt fall with him: and I may ſafely ſay it of this preſent age, that if we are not ſo great wits as Donn, yet, certainly, we are better poets.

But I have ſaid enough, and it may be too much, on this ſubject. Will your lordſhip be pleaſed to prolong my audience, only ſo far, till I tell you my own trivial thoughts, how a modern ſatire ſhould be made. I will not deviate in the leaſt from the precepts and examples of the ancients, who were always our beſt maſters. I will only illuſtrate them, and diſcover ſome of the hidden beauties in their deſigns, that we thereby may form our own in imitation of them. Will you pleaſe but to obſerve, that Perſius, the leaſt in dignity of all the three, has notwithſtanding been the firſt, who has diſcovered to us this important ſecret, in the deſigning of a perfect ſatire, that it ought only to treat of one ſubject; to be confined to one particular theme; or, at leaſt, to one principally. If other vices occur in the management of the chief, they ſhould only be tranſiently laſhed, and not be inſiſted on, ſo as to make the deſign double. As in a play of the En-

gliſh faſhion, which we call a tragi-comedy, there is to be but one main deſign: and though there be an underplot, or ſecond walk of comical characters and adventures, yet they are ſubſervient to the chief fable, carried along under it, and helping to it; ſo that the drama may not ſeem a monſter with two heads. Thus the Copernican ſyſtem of the planets makes the moon to be moved by the motion of the earth, and carried about her orb, as dependent of hers. Maſcardi, in his diſcourſe of the *Doppia favola*, or double tale in plays, gives an inſtance of it, in the famous paſtoral of Guarini, called *Il Paſtor Fido*; where Coriſca and the ſatyr are the under-parts: yet we may obſerve, that Coriſca is brought into the body of the plot, and made ſubſervient to it. It is certain, that the divine wit of Horace was not ignorant of this rule, that a play, though it conſiſts of many parts, muſt yet be one in the action, and muſt drive on the accompliſhment of one deſign; for he gives this very precept, *Sit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum*; yet he ſeems not much to mind it in his ſatires, many of them conſiſting of more arguments than one; and the ſecond without dependance on the firſt. Caſaubon has obſerved this before me, in his preference of Perſius to Horace: and will have his own beloved author to be the firſt, who found out, and introduced this method of confining himſelf to one ſubject. I know it may be urged in defence of Horace, that this unity is not neceſſary; becauſe the very word *ſatura* ſignifies a diſh plentifully ſtored with all variety of fruit and grains. Yet Juvenal, who calls his poems a *farrago*, which is a word of the ſame ſignification with *ſatura*, has choſen to follow the ſame method of Perſius, and not of Horace. And Boileau, whoſe example alone is a ſufficient authority, has wholly confined himſelf, in all his ſatires, to this unity of deſign. That variety which is not to be found in any one ſatire, is, at leaſt, in many, written on ſeveral occaſions. And if variety be of abſolute neceſſity in every one of them, according

cording to the etymology of the word; yet it may ariſe naturally from one ſubject, as it is diverſly treated, in the ſeveral ſubordinate branches of it; all relating to the chief. It may be illuſtrated accordingly with variety of examples in the ſubdiviſions of it; and with as many precepts as there are members of it; which altogether may complete that *olla*, or hotch-potch, which is properly a ſatire.

Under this unity of theme, or ſubject, is comprehended another rule for perfecting the deſign of true ſatire. The poet is bound, and that *ex officio*, to give his reader ſome one precept of moral virtue; and to caution him againſt ſome one particular vice or folly. Other virtues, ſubordinate to the firſt, may be recommended, under that chief head; and other vices or follies may be ſcourged, beſides that which he principally intends. But he is chiefly to inculcate one virtue, and inſiſt on that. Thus Juvenal in every ſatire, excepting the firſt, ties himſelf to one principal inſtructive point, or to the ſhunning of moral evil. Even in the ſixth, which ſeems only an arraignment of the whole ſex of womankind, there is a latent admonition to avoid ill women, by ſhewing how very few, who are virtuous and good, are to be found amongſt them. But this, though the wittieſt of all his ſatires, has yet the leaſt of truth or inſtruction in it. He has run himſelf into his old declamatory way, and almoſt forgotten that he was now ſetting up for a moral poet.

Perſius is never wanting to us in ſome profitable doctrine, and in expoſing the oppoſite vices to it. His kind of philoſophy is one, which is the ſtoick; and every ſatire is a comment on one particular dogma of that ſect; unleſs we will except the firſt, which is againſt bad writers; and yet even there he forgets not the precepts of the porch. In general, all virtues are every where to be praiſed and recommended to practice; and all vices to be reprehended and made either odious or ridiculous; or elſe there is a fundamental error in the whole deſign.

I have already declared who are the only perſons that are the adequate object of private ſatire, and who they are that may properly be expoſed by name for public examples of vices and follies: and therefore I will trouble your lordſhip no farther with them. Of the beſt and fineſt manner of ſatire, I have ſaid enough in the compariſon betwixt Juvenal and Horace: it is that ſharp, well-mannered way of laughing a folly out of countenance, of which your lordſhip is the beſt maſter in this age. I will proceed to the verſification, which is moſt proper for it, and add ſomewhat to what I have ſaid already on that ſubject. The ſort of verſe which is called burleſque, conſiſting of eight ſyllables, or four feet, is that which our excellent Hudibras has choſen. I ought to have mentioned him before, when I ſpake of Donn; but by a ſlip of an old man's memory he was forgotten. The worth of his poem is too well known to need any commendation, and he is above my cenſure: his ſatire is of the Varronian kind, though unmixed with proſe. The choice of his numbers is ſuitable enough to his deſign, as he has managed it: but in any other hand, the ſhortneſs of his verſe, and the quick returns of rhyme, had debaſed the dignity of ſtyle. And beſides, the double rhyme, (a neceſſary companion of burleſque writing) is not ſo proper for manly ſatire, for it turns earneſt too much to jeſt, and gives us a boyiſh kind of pleaſure. It tickles aukwardly with a kind of pain to the beſt ſort of readers; we are pleaſed ungratefully, and if I may ſay ſo, againſt our liking. We thank him not for giving us that unſeaſonable delight, when we know he could have given us a better, and more ſolid. He might have left that taſk to others, who not being able to put in thought, can only make us grin with the excreſcence of a word of two or three ſyllables in the cloſe. It is, indeed, below ſo great a maſter to make uſe of ſuch a little inſtrument. But his good ſenſe is perpetually ſhining through all he writes; it affords us not the time

time of finding faults. We paſs through the levity of his rhyme, and are immediately carried into ſome admirable uſeful thought. After all, he has choſen this kind of verſe; and has written the beſt in it: and had he taken another, he would always have excelled. As we ſay of a court-favourite, that whatſoever his office be, he ſtill makes it uppermoſt, and moſt beneficial to himſelf.

The quickneſs of your imagination, my lord, has already prevented me; and you know beforehand, that I would prefer the verſe of ten ſyllables, which we call the Engliſh heroick, to that of eight. This is truly my opinion; for this ſort of number is more roomy: the thought can turn itſelf with greater eaſe in a larger compaſs. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it ſtraitens the expreſſion; we are thinking of the cloſe, when we ſhould be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a ſpace too narrow for his imagination; he loſes many beauties, without gaining one advantage. For a burleſque rhyme, I have already concluded to be none; or if it were, it is more eaſily purchaſed in ten ſyllables than in eight: in both occaſions it is as in a tennis-court, when the ſtroaks of greater force are given, when we ſtrike out and play at length. Taſſone and Boileau have left us the beſt examples of this way, in the Secchia Rapita, and the Lutrin. And next them Merlin Coccajus in his Baldus. I will ſpeak only of the two former, becauſe the laſt is written in Latin verſe. The Secchia Rapita is an Italian poem, a ſatire of the Varronian kind. It is written in the ſtanza of eight, which is their meaſure for heroick verſe. The words are ſtately, the numbers ſmooth, the turn both of thoughts and words is happy. The firſt ſix lines of the ſtanza ſeem majeſtical and ſevere; but the two laſt turn them all into a pleaſant ridicule. Boileau, if I am not much deceived, has modelled from hence his famous Lutrin. He had read the burleſque poetry of Scarron, with ſome kind of indignation,

as witty as it was, and found nothing in France that was worthy of his imitation. But he copied the Italian ſo well, that his own may paſs for an original. He writes it in the French heroick verſe, and calls it an heroick poem: his ſubject is trivial, but his verſe is noble. I doubt not but he had Virgil in his eye, for we find many admirable imitations of him, and ſome parodies; as particularly this paſſage in the fourth of the Æneids.

Nec tibi Diva parens; generis nec Dardanus auctor,
Perfide; ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucaſus; Hyrcanæque admorûnt ubera tigres.

Which he thus tranſlates, keeping to the words, but altering the ſenſe:

Non, ton Pere a Paris, ne fut point Boulanger:
Et tu n'es point du ſang de Gervais Horloger:
Ta Mere ne fut point la Maitreſſe d'un Coche;
Caucaſe dans ſes flancs, te forma d'une Roche:
Une Tigreſſe affreuſe, en quelque Antre écarté,
Te fit, avec ſon laict, ſuccer ſa Cruauté.

And, as Virgil in his fourth Georgick of the Bees, perpetually raiſes the lowneſs of his ſubject, by the loftineſs of his words; and enobles it by compariſons drawn from empires, and from monarchs.

Admiranda tibi levium ſpectacula rerum,
Magnanimoſque Duces, totiuſque ordine gentis
Mores & ſtudia, & populos, & prælia dicam.

And again:

Sed Genuus immortale manet; multoſque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.

We ſee Boileau purſuing him in the ſame flights; and ſcarcely yielding to his maſter. This, I think, my lord, to be the moſt beautiful, and moſt noble kind of ſatire. Here is the majeſty of the heroick, finely mixed with the venom of the other; and raiſing the delight which otherwiſe would be flat and vulgar,

vulgar, by the ſublimity of the expreſſion. I could ſay ſomewhat more of the delicacy of this and ſome other of his ſatires; but it might turn to his prejudice, if it were carried back to France.

I have given your lordſhip but this bare hint, in what manner this ſort of ſatire may beſt be managed. Had I time, I could enlarge on the beautiful turns of words and thoughts; which are as requiſite in this, as in heroick poetry itſelf; of which the ſatire is undoubtedly a ſpecies. With theſe beautiful turns I confeſs myſelf to have been unacquainted, till about twenty years ago, in a converſation which I had with that noble wit of Scotland, Sir George Mackenzie: he aſked me why I did not imitate in my verſes the turns of Mr. Waller and Sir John Denham; of which, he repeated many to me. I had often read with pleaſure, and with ſome profit, thoſe two fathers of our Engliſh poetry; but had not ſeriouſly enough conſidered thoſe beauties which give the laſt perfection to their works. Some ſprinklings of this kind I had alſo formerly in my plays; but they were caſual and not deſigned. But this hint, thus ſeaſonably given me, firſt made me ſenſible of my own wants, and brought me afterwards to ſeek for the ſupply of them in other Engliſh authors. I looked over the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley; there I found, inſtead of them, the points of wit, and quirks of epigram, even in the Davideis, an heroic poem, which is of an oppoſite nature to thoſe puerilities; but no elegant turns either on the word or on the thought. Then I conſulted a greater genius (without offence to the manes of that noble author) I mean Milton; but as he endeavours every where to expreſs Homer, whoſe age had not arrived to that fineneſs, I found in him a true ſublimity, lofty thoughts, which were cloathed with admirable Greciſms, and ancient words, which he had been digging from the mines of Chaucer and Spencer, and which, with all their ruſticity, had ſomewhat of venerable in them. But I found not there neither

that for which I looked. At laſt I had recourſe to his maſter, Spencer, the author of that immortal poem called the Fairy Queen; and there I met with that which I had been looking for ſo long in vain. Spencer had ſtudied Virgil to as much advantage as Milton had done Homer; and amongſt the reſt of his excellencies had copied that. Looking farther into the Italian, I found Taſſo had done the ſame; nay more, that all the ſonnets in that language, are on the turn of the firſt thought; which Mr. Walſh, in his late ingenious preface to his poems, has obſerved. In ſhort, Virgil and Ovid are the two principal fountains of them in Latin poem. And the French at this day are ſo fond of them, that they judge them to be the firſt beauties. *Delicat & bien tourné*, are the higheſt commendations, which they beſtow, on ſomewhat which they think a maſter-piece.

An example of the turn on words, amongſt a thouſand others, is that in the laſt book of Ovid's Metamorphoſes:

Heu quantum ſcelus eſt, in viſcera, viſcera condi!
Congeſtoque avidum pingueſcere corpore, corpus;
Alteriuſque animantem animantis vivere lèto!

An example on the turn both of thoughts and words, is to be found in Catullus; in the complaint of Ariadne, when ſhe was left by Theſeus:

Jam jam nulla viro juranti femina credat;
Nulla viri ſperet ſermones eſſe fideles:
Qui dum aliquid cupiens animus prægeſtit apiſci,
Nil metuunt jurare; nihil promittere parcunt.
Sed ſimul ac cupidæ mentis ſatiata libido eſt,
Dicta nihil metuere; nihil perjuria curant.

An extraordinary turn upon the words, is that in Ovid's Epiſtolæ Heroidum, of Sappho to Phaon:

Si niſi quæ formâ poterit te digna videri,
Nulla futura tua eſt; nulla futura tua eſt.

Laſtly,

Laſtly, a turn which I cannot ſay is abſolutely on words, for the thought turns with them, is in the Georgick of Virgil; where Orpheus is to receive his wife from hell, on expreſs condition not to look on her, till ſhe was come on earth:

Cùm ſubita incautum dementia cepit Amantem;
Ignoſcenda quidem, ſcirent ſi ignoſcere manes.

I will not burden your lordſhip with more of them; for I write to a maſter, who underſtands them better than myſelf. But I may ſafely conclude them to be great beauties: I might deſcend alſo to the mechanic beauties of heroic verſe; but we have yet no Engliſh proſodia, not ſo much as a tolerable dictionary, or a grammar; ſo that our language is in a manner barbarous; and what government will encourage any one, or more, who are capable of refining it, I know not: but nothing under a public expence can go through with it. And I rather fear a declination of the language, than hope an advancement of it in the preſent age.

I am ſtill ſpeaking to you, my lord: though, in all probability, you are already out of hearing. Nothing, which my meanneſs can produce, is worthy of this long attention. But I am come to the laſt petition of Abraham: if there be ten righteous lines, in this vaſt preface, ſpare it for their ſake; and alſo ſpare the next city, becauſe it is but a little one.

I would excuſe the performance of this tranſlation, if it were all my own; but the better, though not the greater part being the work of ſome gentlemen, who have ſucceeded very happily in their undertaking; let their excellencies atone for my imperfections, and thoſe of my ſons. I have peruſed ſome of the ſatires, which are done by other hands; and they ſeem to me as perfect in their kind, as any thing I have ſeen in Engliſh verſe. The common way which we have taken, is not a literal tranſlation, but

but a kind of paraphraſe; or ſomewhat which is yet more looſe, betwixt a paraphraſe and imitation. It was not poſſible for us, or any men, to have made it pleaſant any other way. If rendering the exact ſenſe of thoſe authors, almoſt line for line, had been our buſineſs, Barten Holiday had done it already to our hands: and, by the help of his learned notes and illuſtrations, not only Juvenal and Perſius, but what yet is more obſcure, his own verſes, might be underſtood.

But he wrote for fame, and wrote to ſcholars: we write only for the pleaſure and entertainment of thoſe gentlemen and ladies, who though they are not ſcholars, are not ignorant: perſons of underſtanding and good ſenſe; who not having been converſant in the original, or at leaſt not having made Latin verſe ſo much their buſineſs, as to be critics in it, would be glad to find, if the wit of our two great authors be anſwerable to their fame and reputation in the world. We have therefore endeavoured to give the public all the ſatisfaction we are able in this kind.

And if we are not altogether ſo faithful to our author, as our predeceſſors Holiday and Stapylton; yet we may challenge to ourſelves this praiſe, that we ſhall be far more pleaſing to our readers. We have followed our authors at greater diſtance, though not ſtep by ſtep, as they have done. For oftentimes they have gone ſo cloſe, that they have trod on the heels of Juvenal and Perſius, and hurt them by their too near approach. A noble author would not be purſued too cloſe by a tranſlator. We loſe his ſpirit, when we think to take his body. The groſſer part remains with us, but the ſoul is flown away, in ſome noble expreſſion, or ſome delicate turn of words, or thought. Thus Holiday, who made this way his choice, ſeized the meaning of Juvenal; but the poetry has always ſcaped him.

They who will not grant me, that pleaſure is one of the ends of poetry, but that it is only a means of compaſſing

compaſſing the only end, which is inſtruction; muſt yet allow, that without the means of pleaſure, the inſtruction is but a bare and dry philoſophy; a crude preparation of morals, which we may have from Ariſtotle and Epictetus, with more profit than from any poet: neither Holiday nor Stapylton have imitated Juvenal, in the poetical part of him, his diction and his elocution. Nor had they been poets, as neither of them were; yet in the way took, it was impoſſible for them to have ſucceeded in the poetick part.

The Engliſh verſe which we call heroick, conſiſts of no more than ten ſyllables; the Latin hexameter ſometimes riſes to ſeventeen; as for example, this verſe in Virgil:

Pulverulenta putrem ſonitu quatit ungula campum.

Here is the difference of no leſs than ſeven ſyllables in a line, betwixt the Engliſh and the Latin. Now the medium of theſe, is about fourteen ſyllables; becauſe the dactyle is a more frequent foot in hexameters than the ſpondee.

But Holiday, without conſidering that he writ with the diſadvantage of four ſyllables leſs in every verſe, endeavours to make one of his lines to comprehend the ſenſe of one of Juvenal's. According to the falſity of the propoſition was the ſucceſs. He was forced to crowd his verſe with ill-ſounding monoſyllables, of which our barbarous language affords him a wild plenty: and by that means he arrived at his pedantic end, which was to make a literal tranſlation: his verſes have nothing of verſe in them, but only the worſt part of it, the rhyme; and that into the bargain, is far from good. But, which is more intolerable, by cramming his ill-choſen, and worſe-ſounding monoſyllables ſo cloſe together; the very ſenſe which he endeavours to explain, is become more obſcure than that of his author. So that Holiday

liday himſelf cannot be underſtood, without as large a commentary, as that which he makes on his two authors. For my own part, I can make a ſhift to find the meaning of Juvenal without his notes: but his tranſlation is more difficult than his author. And I find beauties in the Latin to recompenſe my pains; but in Holiday and Stapylton, my ears, in the firſt place are mortally offended; and then their ſenſe is ſo perplexed, that I return to the original, as the more pleaſing taſk, as well as the more eaſy.

This muſt be ſaid for our tranſlation, that if we give not the whole ſenſe of Juvenal, yet we give the moſt conſiderable part of it: we give it, in general, ſo clearly, that few notes are ſufficient to make us intelligible. We make our author at leaſt appear in a poetick dreſs. We have actually made him more ſounding, and more elegant, than he was before in Engliſh: and have endeavoured to make him ſpeak that kind of Engliſh, which he would have ſpoken had he lived in England, and had written to this age. If ſometimes any of us (and it is but ſeldom) make him expreſs the cuſtoms and manners of our native country, rather than of Rome, it is either when there is ſome kind of analogy, betwixt their cuſtoms and ours; or when, to make him more eaſy to vulgar underſtandings, we give him thoſe manners which are familiar to us. But I defend not this innovation, it is enough if I can excuſe it. For to ſpeak ſincerely, the manners of nations and ages are not to be confounded: we ſhould either make them Engliſh, or leave them Roman. If this can neither be defended, nor excuſed, let it be pardoned, at leaſt, becauſe it is acknowledged; and ſo much the more eaſily, as being a fault which is never committed without ſome pleaſure to the reader.

Thus, my lord, having troubled you with a tedious viſit, the beſt manners will be ſhewn in the leaſt ceremony. I will ſlip away while your back

is turned, and while you are otherwiſe employed: with great confuſion, for having entertained you ſo long with this diſcourſe; and for having no other recompence to make you, than the worthy labours of my fellow-undertakers in this work, and the thankful acknowledgments, prayers, and perpetual good wiſhes of,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt obliged, moſt humble,

and moſt obedient Servant,

Aug. 18, 1692.

John Dryden.

THE FIRST SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet gives us firſt a kind of humorous reaſon for his writing: that being provoked by hearing ſo many ill poets rehearſe their works, he does himſelf juſtice on them, by giving them as bad as they bring. But ſince no man will rank himſelf with all writers, it is eaſy to conclude, that if ſuch wretches could draw an audience, he thought it no hard matter to excel them, and gain a greater eſteem with the public. Next he informs us more openly, why he rather addicts himſelf to ſatire, than any other kind of poetry. And here he diſcovers that it is not ſo much his indignation to ill poets, as to ill men, which has prompted him to write. He therefore gives us a ſummary and general view of the vices and follies raigning in his time. So that this firſt ſatire is the natural ground-work of all the reſt. Herein he confines himſelf to no one ſubject, but ſtrikes indifferently at all men in his way: in every following ſatire he has choſen ſome particular moral which he would inculcate; and laſhes ſome particular vice or folly, (an art with which our lampooners are not much acquainted.) But our poet being deſirous to reform his own age, but not daring to attempt it by an overt-act of naming living perſons, inveighs only againſt thoſe who were infamous in the times immediately preceding his, whereby he not only gives a fair warning to great men, that their memory lies at the mercy of future poets and hiſtorians, but alſo with a finer ſtroke of his pen, brands even the living, and perſonates them under dead men's names.

I have

I have avoided as much as I could poſſibly the borrowed learning of marginal notes and illuſtrations, and for that reaſon have tranſlated this ſatire ſomewhat largely. And freely own (if it be a fault) that I have likewiſe omitted moſt of the proper names, becauſe I thought they would not much edify the reader. To conclude, if in two or three places I have deſerted all the commentators, it is becauſe they firſt deſerted my author, or at leaſt have left him in ſo much obſcurity, that too much room is left for gueſſing.

STILL ſhall I hear, and never quit the ſcore,
Stunn'd with hoarſe [1] Codrus' Theſeid, o'er and o'er?
Shall this man's elegies and t'other's play
Unpuniſh'd murder a long ſummer's day?
Huge [2] Telephus, a formidable page,
Cries vengeance; and [3] Oreſtes' bulky rage
Unſatisfy'd with margins cloſely writ,
Foams o'er the covers, and not finiſh'd yet.
No man can take a more familiar note
Of his own home, than I of Vulcan's grott,
Or Mars his grove [4], or hollow winds that blow
From Ætna's top, or tortur'd ghoſts below.
I know by rote the fam'd exploits of Greece;
The Centaurs fury, and the golden fleece;
Thro' the thick ſhades th' eternal ſcribler bauls,
And ſhades the ſtatues on their pedeſtals.
The beſt and worſt [5] on the ſame theme employs
His muſe, and plagues us with an equal noiſe.

1 *Codrus*, or it may be *Cordus*, a bad poet, who wrote the life and actions of *Theſeus*.

2 *Telephus*, the name of a tragedy.

3 *Oreſtes*, another tragedy.

4 *Mars his grove*. Some commentators take this grove to be a place where poets were uſed to repeat their works to the people; but more probably, both this and Vulcan's grott, or cave, and the reſt of the places and names here mentioned, are only meant for the common-places of Homer, in his Iliad, and Odyſſey.

5 *The beſt and worſt*; that is, the beſt and the worſt poets.

Provok'd

Provok'd by theſe incorrigible fools,
I left declaiming in pedantic ſchools;
Where, with men-boys, I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla [6] to a private gown.
But, ſince the world with writing is poſſeſt,
I'll verſify in ſpite; and do my beſt,
To make as much waſte paper as the reſt.
But why I lift aloft the ſatire's rod,
And tread the path which fam'd Lucilius [7] trod,
Attend the cauſes which my Muſe have led:
When ſapleſs eunuchs mount the marriage-bed,
When manniſh Mevia [8], that two-handed whore,
Aſtride on horſe-back hunts the Tuſcan boar,
When all our lords are by his wealth outvy'd,
Whoſe razor [9] on my callow beard was try'd;
When I behold the ſpawn of conquer'd Nile,
Criſpinus [1], both in birth and manners vile,
Pacing in pomp, with cloak of Tyrian dye,
Chang'd oft a-day for needleſs luxury;
And finding oft occaſion to be fan'd,
Ambitious to produce his lady-hand;
Charg'd with light ſummer-rings [2] his fingers ſweat,
Unable to ſupport a gem of weight:
Such fulſom objects meeting every where,
'Tis hard to write, but harder to forbear.
To view ſo lewd a town, and to refrain,
What hoops of iron could my ſpleen contain!

6 *Adviſing Sylla*, &c. This was one of the themes given in the ſchools of rhetoricians, in the deliberative kind; whether Sylla ſhould lay down the ſupreme power of dictatorſhip, or ſtill keep it.

7 *Lucilius*, the firſt ſatiriſt of the Romans, who wrote long before Horace.

8 *Mevia*, a name put for any impudent or manniſh woman.

9 *Whoſe razor*, &c. Juvenal's barber now grown wealthy.

1 *Criſpinus*, an Egyptian ſlave; now by his riches transformed into a nobleman.

2 *Charg'd with light ſummer rings*, &c. The Romans were grown ſo effeminate in Juvenal's time, that they wore light rings in the ſummer, and heavier in the winter.

When

When pleading Matho 3, borne abroad for air,
With his fat paunch fills his new-faſhion'd chair,
And after him the wretch in pomp convey'd,
Whoſe evidence his lord and friend betray'd,
And but the wiſh'd occaſion does attend
From the poor nobles the laſt ſpoils to rend,
Whom ev'n ſpies dread as their ſuperiour fiend,
And bribe with preſents; or, when preſents fail,
They ſend their proſtituted wives for bail:
When night-performance holds the place of merit,
And brawn and back the next of kin diſherit;
For ſuch good parts are in preferment's way,
The rich old madam never fails to pay
Her legacies, by nature's ſtandard giv'n,
One gains an ounce, another gains eleven:
A dear-bought bargain, all things duly weigh'd,
For which their thrice concocted blood is paid.
With looks as wan, as he who in the brake
At unawares has trode upon a ſnake;
Or play'd at Lyons 4 a declaiming prize,
For which the vanquiſh'd rhetorician dies.
What indignation boils within my veins,
When perjur'd guardians, proud with impious gains,
Choak up the ſtreets, too narrow for their trains!
Whoſe wards by want betray'd, to crimes are led
Too foul to name, too fulſome to be read!
When he who pill'd his province ſcapes the laws,
And keeps his money, though he loſt his cauſe:
His fine begg'd off, contemns his infamy,
Can riſe at twelve and get him drunk ere three:

3 *Matho*, a famous lawyer, mentioned in other places by Juvenal and Martial.

4 At Lyons; a city in France, where annual ſacrifices and games were made in honour of Auguſtus Cæſar.

Enjoys his exile, and, condemn'd in vain,
Leaves thee, prevailing province [5], to complain?
Such villanies rous'd Horace [6] into wrath:
And 'tis more noble to purſue his path,
Than an old tale of Diomede repeat,
Or lab'ring after Hercules to ſweat,
Or wand'ring in the winding maze of Crete;
Or with the winged ſmith aloft to fly,
Or flutt'ring periſh with his fooliſh boy.
With what impatience muſt the Muſe behold
The wife, by her procuring huſband ſold?
For tho' the law makes null th' adulterer's deed
Of lands to her, the cuckold may ſucceed;
Who his taught eyes up to the cieling throws,
And ſleeps all over but his wakeful noſe.
When he dares hope a colonel's command,
Whoſe coarſers kept, ran out his father's land;
Who yet a ſtripling, Nero's chariot drove,
Whirl'd o'er the ſtreets, while his vain maſter ſtrove
With boaſted art to pleaſe his eunuch love [7].
Would it not make a modeſt author dare
To draw his table-book within the ſquare,
And fill with notes, when lolling at his eaſe,
Mecenas-like [8], the happy rogue he ſees
Borne by ſix weary'd ſlaves in open view,
Who cancell'd an old will, and forg'd a new:

5 *Prevailing province*, &c. Here the poet complains, that the governors of provinces being accus'd for their unjuſt exactions, though they were condemned at their tryals, yet got off by bribery.

6 *Horace*, who wrote ſatires: 'tis more noble, ſays our author, to imitate him in that way, than to write the labours of Hercules, the ſufferings of Diomedes and his followers, or the flight of Dedalus who made the labyrinth, and the death of his ſon Icarus.

7 *His eunuch-love.* Nero married Sporus an Eunuch; though it may be the poet meant Nero's miſtreſs in man's apparel.

8 *Mecenas*-like. Mecenas is often tax'd by Seneca and others, for his effeminacy.

Made wealthy at the ſmall expence of ſigning
With a wet ſeal, and a freſh interlining?
The lady, next, requires a laſhing line,
Who ſqueez'd a toad into her huſband's wine:
So well the faſhionable med'cine thrives,
That now 'tis practis'd ev'n by country wives:
Pois'ning, without regard of fame or fear:
And ſpotted corps are frequent on the bier.
Wouldſt thou to honours and preferments climb?
Be bold in miſchief, dare ſome mighty crime,
Which dungeons, death, or baniſhment deſerves:
For virtue is but drily prais'd, and ſtarves.
Great men, to great crimes, owe their plate emboſt,
Fair palaces, and furniture of coſt;
And high commands: a ſneaking ſin is loſt.
Who can behold that rank old lecher keep
His ſon's corrupted wife, and hope to ſleep[9]?
Or that male-harlot, or that unfledg'd boy,
Eager to ſin, before he can enjoy?
If nature could not, anger would indite
Such woful ſtuff as I or Shadwel write.

Count from the time, ſince old Deucalion's[1] boat,
Rais'd by the flood, did on Parnaſſus float;
And ſcarcely mooring on the cliff, implor'd
An oracle how man might be reſtor'd;
When ſoften'd ſtones and vital breath enſu'd,
And virgins naked were by lovers view'd;
What ever ſince that golden age was done,
What human kind deſires, and what they ſhun,
Rage, paſſions, pleaſures, impotence of will,
Shall this ſatirical collection fill.

9 *And hope to ſleep?* The meaning is, that the very conſideration of ſuch a crime will hinder a virtuous man from taking his repoſe.

1 *Deucalion* and Pyrrha, when the world was drown'd, eſcaped to the top of mount Parnaſſus; and were commanded to reſtore mankind by throwing ſtones over their heads: the ſtones he threw became men, and thoſe ſhe threw became women.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were the dice with more profuſion thrown?
The well-fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,
But gameſters for whole patrimonies play;
The ſteward brings the deeds which muſt convey
The loſt eſtate: what more than madneſs reigns,
When one ſhort ſitting many hundreds drains,
And not enough is left him to ſupply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?
What age ſo many ſummer-ſeats did ſee?
Or which of our forefathers far'd ſo well,
As on ſeven diſhes, at a private meal?
Clients of old were feaſted; now a poor
Divided dole is dealt at th' outward door;
Which by the hungry rout is ſoon diſpatch'd:
The paltry largeſs, too, ſeverely watch'd,
Ere given; and ev'ry face obſerv'd with care,
That no intruding gueſts uſurp a ſhare.
Known, you receive; the cryer calls aloud
Our old nobility of Trojan blood,
Who gape among the crowd for their precarious food.
The prætors, and the tribunes voice is heard;
The freedman juſtles and will be preferr'd;
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd, he cries; and I, in ſpight
Of your great lordſhips, will maintain my right.
Tho' born a ſlave, tho' my torn ears are bor'd[2],
'Tis not the birth, 'tis money makes the lord.
The rent of five fair houſes I receive;
What greater honours can the purple give?
The poor patrician[3] is reduced to keep,
In melancholy walks, a grazier's ſheep:

2 *Though my torn ears are bor'd*: The ears of all ſlaves were bored as a mark of their ſervitude; which cuſtom is ſtill uſual in the Eaſt-Indies, and in other parts, even for whole nations; who bore prodigious holes in their ears, and wear vaſt weights at them.

3 *The poor Patrician*; the poor nobleman.

Not

Not Pallus nor Licinius 4 had my treaſure;
Then let the ſacred tribunes wait my leiſure.
Once a poor rogue, 'tis true, I trod the ſtreet,
And trudg'd to Rome upon my naked feet:
Gold is the greateſt God; though yet we ſee
No temples rais'd to money's majeſty,
No altars fuming to her pow'r divine,
Such as to valour, peace, and virtue ſhine,
And faith, and concord: where the ſtork on high 5
Seems to ſalute her infant progeny:
Preſaging pious love with her auſpicious cry.
But ſince our knights and ſenators account,
To what their ſordid begging vails amount,
Judge what a wretched ſhare the poor attends,
Whoſe whole ſubſiſtence on thoſe alms depends!
Their houſhold fire, their raiment, and their food,
Prevented by thoſe harpies 6; when a wood
Of litters thick beſiege the donor's gate,
And begging lords and teeming ladies wait
The promis'd dole: nay, ſome have learn'd the trick
To beg for abſent perſons; feign them ſick,
Cloſe mew'd in their ſedans, for fear of air:
And for their wives produce an empty chair.
This is my ſpouſe: diſpatch her with her ſhare.
'Tis 7 Galla: let her ladyſhip but peep:
No, Sir, 'tis pity to diſturb her ſleep.

Such

4 *Pallus*, or *Licinius*. Pallus, a ſlave freed by Claudius Cæſar, and raiſed by his favour to great riches. Licinius was another wealthy freedman, belonging to Auguſtus.

5 *Where the ſtork on high*, &c. Perhaps the ſtorks were uſed to build on the top of the temple dedicated to Concord.

6 *Prevented by thoſe Harpies*: He calls the Roman knights, &c. Harpies, or devourers: in thoſe days the rich made doles intended for the poor: but the great were either ſo covetous, or ſo needy, that they came in their litters to demand their ſhares of the largeſs; and thereby prevented, and conſequently ſtarved the poor.

7 *'Tis Galla*, &c. The meaning is, that noblemen would cauſe empty litters to be carried to the giver's door, pretending their wives

Such fine employments our whole days divide:
The ſalutations of the morning tide
Call up the ſun; thoſe ended, to the hall
We wait the patron, hear the lawyers baul;
Then [8] to the ſtatues; where amidſt the race
Of conq'ring Rome, ſome Arab ſhews his face,
Inſcrib'd with titles, and profanes the place;
Fit to be piſs'd againſt, and ſomewhat more.
The great man, home conducted, ſhuts his door;
Old clients, weary'd out with fruitleſs care,
Diſmiſs their hopes of eating, and deſpair.
Tho' much againſt the grain forc'd to retire,
Buy roots for ſupper, and provide a fire.
Mean time his lordſhip lolls within at eaſe,
Pamp'ring his paunch with foreign rarities;
Both ſea and land are ranſack'd for the feaſt;
And his own gut the ſole invited gueſt.
Such plate, ſuch tables, diſhes dreſt ſo well,
That whole eſtates are ſwallowed at a meal.
Ev'n paraſites are baniſh'd from his board:
(At once a ſordid and luxurious lord:)
Prodigious throat, for which whole boars are dreſt;
(A creature form'd to furniſh out a feaſt.)
But preſent puniſhment purſues his maw,
When ſurfeited and ſwell'd, the peacock raw

were within them: 'tis Galla, that is, my wife: the next words, Let her ladyſhip but peep, are of the ſervant who diſtributes the dole; let me ſee her, that I may be ſure ſhe is within the litter. The huſband anſwers, ſhe is aſleep, and to open the litter would diſturb her reſt.

[8] *Then to the ſtatues*, &c.. The poet here tells you how the idle paſſed their time; in going firſt to the levees of the great, then to the hall, that is to the temple of Apollo, to hear the lawyers plead; then to the market-place of Auguſtus, where the ſtatues of the famous Romans were ſet in ranks on pedeſtals: amongſt which ſtatues were ſeen thoſe of foreigners, ſuch as Arabs, &c. who, for no deſert, but only on the account of their wealth, or favour, were placed amongſt the nobleſt.

He

He bears into the bath; whence want of breath,
Repletion, apoplex, inteſtate death.
His fate makes table-talk, divulg'd with ſcorn,
And he, a jeſt, into his grave is borne.
No age can go beyond us; future times
Can add no farther to the preſent crimes.
Our ſons but the ſame things can wiſh and do;
Vice is at ſtand, and at the higheſt flow.
Then ſatire ſpread thy ſails; take all the winds can blow.
Some may, perhaps, demand what Muſe can yield
Sufficient ſtrength for ſuch a ſpacious field;
From whence can be deriv'd ſo large a vein,
Bold truth to ſpeak, and ſpoken to maintain?
When god-like freedom is ſo far bereft
The noble mind, that ſcarce the name is left?
Ere *ſcandalum magnatum* was begot,
No matter if the great forgave or not:
But if that honeſt licence now you take,
If into rogues omnipotent you rake,
Death is your doom, impail'd upon a ſtake;
Smear'd o'er with wax, and ſet on fire, to light
The ſtreets, and make a dreadful blaze by night.
Shall they who drench'd three uncles in a draught
Of pois'nous juice be then in triumph brought,
Make lanes among the people where they go
And, mounted high on downy chariots, throw
Diſdainful glances on the crowd below?
Be ſilent, and beware, if ſuch you ſee;
'Tis defamation but to ſay, That's he!
Againſt 9 bold Turnus the great Trojan arm,
Amidſt their ſtrokes the poet gets no harm:

9 *Againſt bold Turnus*, &c. A poet may ſafely write an heroick poem, ſuch as that of Virgil, who deſcribes the duel of Turnus and Æneas; or of Homer who writes of Achilles and Hector; or the death of Hylas the Catamite of Hercules; who ſtooping for water, dropt his pitcher, and fell into the well after it. But it is dangerous to write ſatire like Lucilius.

Achilles may in epic verſe be ſlain,
And none of all his myrmidons complain:
Hylas may drop his pitcher, none will cry;
Not if he drown himſelf for company:
But when Lucilius brandiſhes his pen,
And flaſhes in the face of guilty men,
A cold ſweat ſtands in drops on ev'ry part;
And rage ſucceeds to tears, revenge to ſmart:
Muſe, be advis'd; 'tis paſt conſidering time,
When enter'd once the dang'rous liſts of rhime:
Since none the living villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the perſons of the dead.

THE

THE

THIRD SATIRE

OF

JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ſtory of this ſatire ſpeaks itſelf. Umbritius, the ſuppoſed friend of Juvenal, and himſelf a poet, is leaving Rome, and retiring to Cumæ. Our author accompanies him out of town. Before they take leave of each other, Umbritius tells his friend the reaſons which oblige him to lead a private life, in an obſcure place. He complains that an honeſt man cannot get his bread at Rome. That none but flatterers make their fortunes there: that Grecians and other foreigners raiſe themſelves by thoſe ſordid arts which he deſcribes, and againſt which he bitterly inveighs. He reckons up the ſeveral inconveniencies which ariſe from a city life; and the many dangers which attend it. Upbraids the noblemen with covetouſneſs, for not rewarding good poets; and arraigns the government for ſtarving them. The great art of this ſatire is particularly ſhown in common places; and drawing in as many vices, as could naturally fall into the compaſs of it.

GRiev'd tho' I am an ancient friend to loſe,
I like the ſolitary ſeat he choſe:
In quiet [1] Cumæ fixing his repoſe:
Where, far from noiſy Rome ſecure he lives,
And one more citizen to Sybil gives.

1 *Cumæ*, a ſmall city in Campania, near Puteoli, or Puzzolo, as it is called. The habitation of the Cumæan Sybil.

The

The road to [2] Bajæ, and that ſoft receſs
Which all the Gods with all their bounty bleſs,
Tho' I in [3] Prochyta with greater eaſe
Could live, than in a ſtreet of palaces.
What ſcene ſo deſert, or ſo full of fright,
As tow'ring houſes tumbling in the night,
And Rome on fire beheld by its own blazing light?
But worſe than all the clatt'ring tiles; and worſe
Than thouſand padders, is the poet's curſe.
Rogues that [4] in dog-days cannot rhime forbear:
But without mercy read, and make you hear.
Now while my friend, juſt ready to depart,
Was packing all his goods in one poor cart;
He ſtopp'd a little at the Conduit-gate,
Where [5] Numa modell'd once the Roman ſtate,
In mighty councils with his [6] nymph retir'd:
Tho' now the ſacred ſhades and founts are hir'd
By baniſh'd Jews, who their whole wealth can lay
In a ſmall baſket, on a wiſp of hay;
Yet ſuch our av'rice is, that ev'ry tree
Pays for his head; nor ſleep itſelf is free:
Nor place, nor perſons, now are ſacred held,
From their own grove the Muſes are expell'd.
Into this lonely vale our ſteps we bend,
I and my ſullen diſcontented friend:
The marble caves, and aquæducts we view;
But how adult'rate now, and different from the true!

2 *Baiæ*; another little town in Campania, near the ſea: a pleaſant place.

3 *Procbyta*: A ſmall barren iſland belonging to the kingdom of Naples.

4 *In dog-days*, The poets in Juvenal's time, uſed to rehearſe their poetry in Auguſt.

5 *Numa*. The ſecond king of Rome; who made their laws and inſtituted their religion.

6 *Nymph Ægeria*, a nymph or goddeſs, with whom Numa feigned to converſe by night; and to be inſtructed by her in modelling his ſuperſtitions.

How

How much more beauteous had the fountain been
Embelliſh'd with her firſt created green,
Where chryſtal ſtreams thro' living turff had run,
Contented with an urn of native ſtone!
Then thus Umbritius (with an angry frown,
And looking back on this degen'rate town,)
Since noble arts in Rome have no ſupport,
And ragged virtue not a friend at court,
No profit riſes from th' ungrateful ſtage,
My poverty encreaſing with my age,
'Tis time to give my juſt diſdain a vent,
And, curſing, leave ſo baſe a government.
Where 7 Dedalus his borrow'd wings laid by,
To that obſcure retreat I chuſe to fly:
While yet few furrows on my face are ſeen,
While I walk upright, an old age is green,
And 8 Lacheſis has ſomewhat left to ſpin.
Now, now 'tis time to quit this curſed place,
And hide from villains my too honeſt face:
Here let 9 Arturius live, and ſuch as he;
Such manners will with ſuch a town agree.
Knaves who in full aſſemblies have the knack
Of turning truth to lies, and white to black;
Can hire large houſes, and oppreſs the poor
By farm'd exciſe; can cleanſe the common-ſhoar;
And rent the fiſhery; can bear the dead;
And teach their eyes diſſembled tears to ſhed,
All this for gain; for gain they ſell their very head.
Theſe fellows (ſee what fortune's power can do)
Were once the minſtrels of a country ſhow:
Follow'd the prizes thro' each paltry town,
By trumpet-cheeks and bloated faces known.

7 *Where Dedalus, &c.* Meaning at Cumæ.

8 *Lacheſis*; one of the three deſtinies, whoſe office was to ſpin the life of every man; as it was of Clotho to hold the diſtaff, and Atropos to cut the thread.

9 *Arturius.* Any debauched wicked fellow who gains by the times.

But

But now, grown rich, on drunken holidays,
At their own coſts exhibit public plays:
Where influenc'd by the rabble's bloody will,
With [1] thumbs bent back, they popularly kill.
From thence return'd, their ſordid avarice rakes
In excrements again, and hires the jakes.
Why hire they not the town, not ev'ry thing,
Since ſuch as they have fortune in a ſtring?
Who, for her pleaſure, can her fools advance;
And toſs 'em topmoſt on the wheel of chance.
What's Rome to me, what bus'neſs have I there,
I who can neither lie nor falſely ſwear?
Nor praiſe my pat'rons undeſerving rhimes,
Nor yet comply with him, nor with his times;
Unſkill'd in ſchemes by planets to foreſhow,
Like canting raſcals, how the wars will go:
I neither will, nor can prognoſticate
To the young gaping heir, his father's fate:
Nor in the entrails of a toad have pry'd,
Nor carry'd bawdy preſents to a bride:
For want of theſe town-virtues, thus, alone,
I go conducted on my way by none:
Like a dead member from the body rent;
Maim'd, and unuſeful to the government.
Who now is lov'd, but he who loves the times,
Conſcious of cloſe intrigues, and dipt in crimes;
Lab'ring with ſecrets which his boſom burn,
Yet never muſt to public light return;
They get reward alone who can betray:
For keeping honeſt counſels none will pay.

1 *With thumbs bent back.* In a prize of ſword-players, when one of the fencers had the other at his mercy, the vanquiſhed party implored the clemency of the ſpectators. If they thought he deſerved it not, they held up their thumbs, and bent them backwards, in ſign of death.

He

He who can [2] Verres when he will, accuſe,
The purſe of Verres may at pleaſure uſe:
But let not all the gold which [3] Tagus hides,
And pays the ſea in tributary tides,
Be bribe ſufficient to corrupt the breaſt;
Or violate with dreams thy peaceful reſt.
Great men with jealous eyes the friend behold,
Whoſe ſecrecy they purchaſe with their gold.
I haſte to tell thee, nor ſhall ſhame oppoſe
What confidence our wealthy Romans choſe:
And whom I moſt abhor: to ſpeak my mind,
I hate, in Rome, a Grecian town to find:
To ſee the ſcum of Greece tranſplanted here,
Receiv'd like Gods, is what I cannot bear.
Nor Greeks alone, but Syrians here abound,
Obſcene [4] Orontes diving under ground,
Conveys his wealth to [5] Tyber's hungry ſhores,
And fattens Italy with foreign whores:
Hither their crooked harps and cuſtoms come:
All find receipt in hoſpitable Rome.
The barbarous harlots crowd the publick place:
Go, fools, and purchaſe an unclean embrace;
The painted mitre court, and the more painted face.
Old [6] Romulus, and father Mars look down,
Your herdſman primitive, your homely clown
Is turn'd a beau in a looſe tawdry gown.
His once unkem'd, and horrid locks, behold
Stilling ſweet oil: his neck inchain'd with gold:

2 *Verres*, Prætor in Sicily, contemporary with Cicero; by whom accuſed of oppreſſing the province, he was condemned: his name is uſed here for any rich vicious man.

3 *Tagus*, a famous river in Spain, which diſcharges itſelf into the ocean near Liſbon in Portugal. It was held of old, to be full of golden ſands.

4 *Orontes*, the greateſt river of Syria: the poet here puts the river for the inhabitants of Syria.

5 *Tyber*; the river which runs by Rome.

6 *Romulus*; firſt king of Rome; ſon of Mars, as the poets feign. The firſt Romans were originally herdſmen.

Aping

Aping the foreigners in ev'ry dreſs;
Which, bought at greater coſt, becomes him leſs.
Mean time they wiſely leave their native land,
From Sycion, Samos, and from Alaband,
And Amydon, to Rome they ſwarm in ſhoals:
So ſweet and eaſy is the gain from fools.
Poor refugees at firſt, they purchaſe here:
And, ſoon as denizen'd, they domineer.
Grow to the great, a flatt'ring ſervile rout:
Work themſelves inward, and their patrons out.
Quick-witted, brazen-fac'd, with fluent tongues,
Patient of labours, and diſſembling wrongs.
Riddle me this, and gueſs him if you can,
Who bears a nation in a ſingle man?
A cook, a conjurer, a rhetorician,
A painter, pedant, a geometrician,
A dancer on the ropes, and a phyſician.
All things the hungry Greek exactly knows:
And bid him go to heav'n, to heav'n he goes.
In ſhort, no Scythian, Moor, or Thracian born,
But [7] in that town which arms and arts adorn,
Shall he be plac'd above me at the board,
In purple cloath'd, and lolling like a lord?
Shall he before me ſign, whom t'other day
A ſmall craft veſſel hither did convey;
Where ſtow'd with prunes, and rotten figs, he lay?
How little is the privilege become
Of being born a citizen of Rome!
The Greeks get all by fulſome flatteries;
A moſt peculiar ſtroke they have at lies.
They make a wit of their inſipid friend;
His blobber-lip, and beetle-brows commend;
His long crane-neck, and narrow ſhoulders praiſe;
You'd think they were deſcribing Hercules.

[7] *But in that town, &c.* He means Athens; of which, Pallas the goddeſs of arms and arts was patroneſs.

A creaking voice for a clear trebble goes;
Tho' harſher than a cock that treads and crows.
We can as groſly praiſe; but, to our grief,
No flatt'ry but from Grecians gains belief.
Beſides theſe qualities, we muſt agree
They mimic better on the ſtage than we:
The wife, the whore, the ſhepherdeſs they play,
In ſuch a free, and ſuch a graceful way,
That we believe a very woman ſhown,
And fancy ſomething underneath the gown.
But not [8] Antiochus, nor Stratocles,
Our ears and raviſh'd eyes can only pleaſe:
The nation is compos'd of ſuch as theſe.
All Greece is one comedian: laugh, and they
Return it louder than an aſs can bray:
Grieve, and they grieve; if you weep ſilently,
There ſeems a ſilent echo in their eye:
They cannot mourn like you, but they can cry.
Call for a fire, their winter cloaths they take:
Begin but you to ſhiver, and they ſhake:
In froſt and ſnow, if you complain of heat,
They rub th' unſweating brow, and ſwear they ſweat.
We live not on the ſquare with ſuch as theſe,
Such are our betters who can better pleaſe:
Who day and night are like a looking-glaſs;
Still ready to reflect their patron's face.
The panegyric hand, and lifted eye,
Prepar'd for ſome new piece of flattery.
Ev'n naſtineſs, occaſions will afford;
They praiſe a belching, or well-piſſing lord.
Beſides, there's nothing ſacred, nothing free
From bold attempts of their rank letchery.
Thro' the whole family their labours run;
The daughter is debauch'd, the wife is won:
Nor 'ſcapes the bridegroom, or the blooming ſon.

8 *Antiochus* and Stratocles, two famous Grecian mimicks, or actors, in the poet's time.

If

If none they find for their lewd purpoſe fit,
They with the walls and very floors commit.
They ſearch the ſecrets of the houſe, and ſo
Are worſhipp'd there, and fear'd for what they know.
And, now we talk of Grecians, caſt a view
On what, in ſchools, their men of morals do;
A rigid 9 ſtoick his own pupil ſlew:
A friend, againſt a friend of his own cloth,
Turn'd evidence, and murder'd on his oath.
What room is left for Romans in a town
Where Grecians rule, and cloaks controul the gown?
Some 1 Diphilus, or ſome Protogenes,
Look ſharply out, our ſenators to ſeize:
Engroſs 'em wholly, by their native art,
And fear'd no rivals in their bubbles heart:
One drop of poiſon in my patron's ear,
One ſlight ſuggeſtion of a ſenſeleſs fear,
Infus'd with cunning, ſerves to ruin me;
Diſgrac'd, and baniſh'd from the family.
In vain forgotten ſervices I boaſt;
My long dependance in an hour is loſt:
Look round the world, what country will appear,
Where friends are left with greater eaſe than here?
At Rome (nor think me partial to the poor)
All offices of ours are out of door:
In vain we riſe, and to the levees run;
My lord himſelf is up, before, and gone:
The prætor bids his lictors mend their pace,
Left his colleague outſtrip him in the race:
The childiſh matrons are, long ſince, awake;
And, for affronts, the tardy viſits take.
'Tis frequent, here, to ſee a free-born ſon
On the left-hand of a rich hireling run;

9 *A rigid ſtoick*, &c. Publius Ignatius, a ſtoick, falſly accuſed Bareas Sorenus, as Tacitus tells us.

1 *Diphilus*, and Protogenes, &c. were Grecians living in Rome.

Becauſe

Becauſe the wealthy rogue can throw away,
For half a brace of bouts, a tribune's pay:
But you, poor ſinner, though you love the vice,
And like the whore, demur upon the price:
And, frighted with the wicked ſum, forbear
To lend a hand, and help her from the chair.
Produce a witneſs of unblemiſh'd life,
Holy as Numa or as Numa's wife,
Or [2] him who bid th' unhallow'd flames retire,
And ſnatch'd the trembling Goddeſs from the fire!
The queſtion is not put how far extends
His piety, but what he yearly ſpends:
Quick to the bus'neſs; how he lives and eats;
How largely gives; how ſplendidly he treats:
How many thouſand acres feed his ſheep,
What are his rents? what ſervants does he keep,
Th' account is ſoon caſt up; the judges rate
Our credit in the court by our eſtate.
Swear by our Gods, or thoſe the Greeks adore,
Thou art as ſure forſworn, as thou art poor:
The poor muſt gain their bread by perjury;
And e'en the Gods, that other means deny
In conſcience muſt abſolve 'em, when they lye.
Add, that the rich have ſtill a gibe in ſtore;
And will be monſtrous witty on the poor:
For the torn ſurtout and the tatter'd veſt,
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jeſt:
The greaſy gown, ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good hint, to ſay, The man's in mourning;
Or if the ſhoe be ript, or patches put,
He's wounded! ſee the plaiſter on his foot.
Want is the ſcorn of ev'ry wealthy fool;
And wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule.

2 *Or him who bid*, &c. Lucius Metellus the high-prieſt; who when the temple of Veſta was on fire, ſaved the Palladium.

Pack hence, and from the cover'd benches riſe,
(The maſter of the ceremonies cries)
This is no place for you, whoſe ſmall eſtate
Is not the value of the ſettled rate:
The ſons of happy punks, the pandar's heir,
Are privileg'd to ſit in triumph there,
To clap the firſt, and rule the theatre.
Up to the galleries, for ſhame retreat;
For, by the 3 Roſcian law, the poor can claim no ſeat.
Who ever brought to his rich daughter's bed,
The man that poll'd but twelve pence for his head?
Who ever nam'd a poor man for his heir,
Or call'd him to aſſiſt the judging chair?
The poor were wiſe, who by the rich oppreſs'd,
Withdrew, and ſought a ſacred place of reſt.
Once they did well, to free themſelves from ſcorn;
But had done better never to return.
Rarely they riſe by virtue's aid, who lie
Plung'd in the depth of helpleſs poverty.
At Rome 'tis worſe; where houſe-rent by the year,
And ſervants bellies coſt ſo deviliſh dear;
And tavern-bills run high for hungry cheer.
To drink or eat in earthen-ware we ſcorn,
Which cheaply country-cupboards does adorn:
And coarſe blue hoods on holidays are worn.
Some diſtant parts of Italy are known,
Where 4 none but ony dead men wear a gown:
On theatres of turf, in homely ſtate,
Old plays they act, old feaſts they celebrate:
The ſame rude ſong returns upon the crowd,
And, by tradition, is for wit allow'd.

3 *For by the Roſcian law*, &c. Roſcius a tribune, who ordered the diſtinction of places in publick ſhows, betwixt the noblemen of Rome and the Plebeians.

4 *Where none but only dead men*, &c. The meaning is, that men in ſome parts of Italy never wore a gown (the uſual habit of the Romans) till they were buried in one.

The

The mimic yearly gives the ſame delights;
And in the mother's arms the clownish infant frights.
Their habits (undiſtinguiſh'd by degree)
Are plain, alike; the ſame ſimplicity,
Both on the ſtage, and in the pit, you ſee.
In his white cloak the magiſtrate appears;
The country bumpkin the ſame liv'ry wears.
But here, attir'd beyond our purſe we go,
For uſeleſs ornament and flaunting ſhow:
We take on truſt, in purple robes to ſhine;
And poor, are yet ambitious to be fine,
This is a common vice, though all things here
Are ſold, and ſold unconſcionably dear.
What will you give that 5 Coſſus may but view
Your face, and in the crowd diſtinguiſh you;
May take your incenſe like a gracious God,
And anſwer only with a civil nod?
To pleaſe our patrons, in this vicious age,
We make our entrance by the fav'rite page:
Shave his firſt down, and when he pulls his hair,
The conſecrated locks to temples bear:
Pay tributary cracknels, which he ſells,
And, with our off'rings, help to raiſe his vails.
Who fears in country-towns a houſe's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here;
Which buttreſſes and props but ſcarcely bear:
And 'tis the village-maſon's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling,
To cleanſe the gutters, and the chinks to cloſe;
And, for one night, ſecure his lord's repoſe.
At Cumæ we can ſleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.

5 *Coſſus* is here taken for any great man.

Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched ſtore
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third ſtory ſmokes, while thou, ſupine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigeſted wine.
For if the loweſt floors already burn,
Cock-lofts and garrets ſoon will take the turn.
Where 6 thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their neſts unſafe, are timely fled.
7 Codrus had but one bed, ſo ſhort to boot,
That his ſhort wife's ſhort legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head fix earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath 'em was his truſty tankard plac'd.
And, to ſupport this noble plate, there lay
A bending Chiron caſt from honeſt clay;
His few Greek books a rotten cheſt contain'd;
Whoſe covers much of mouldineſs complain'd:
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread;
And with heroick verſe luxuriouſly were fed.
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boaſt,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing loſt.
Begg'd naked thro' the ſtreets of wealthy Rome;
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their cloaths, the matrons mourn;
The city-prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear:
And look aghaſt, as if the Gauls were here.
While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and ſome to bring ſupplies:
One ſends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked ſtatues of the Parian ſtone,

6 *Where thy tame pigeons*, &c. The Romans uſed to breed their tame pigeons in their garrets.

7 *Codrus*, a learned man, very poor: by his books ſuppoſed to be a poet. For, in all probability, the heroick verſes here mentioned which rats and mice devoured, were Homer's works.

The

The work of Polyclete, that ſeem to live;
While others images for altars give;
One books and ſkreens, and Pallas to the breaſt;
Another bags of gold, and he gives beſt.
Childleſs Arturius, vaſtly rich before,
Thus by his loſſes multiplies his ſtore;
Suſpected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But, could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-houſe, and the players too:
Sweet country-ſeats are purchas'd every where,
With lands and gardens, at leſs price than here
You hire a darkſome doghole by the year,
A ſmall convenience decently prepar'd,
A ſhallow well that riſes in your yard,
That ſpreads his eaſy cryſtal ſtreams around,
And waters all the pretty ſpot of ground,
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends [8] a Pythagorean treat,
'Tis ſomewhat to be lord of ſome ſmall ground
In which a lizard may, at leaſt, turn round.
'Tis frequent, here, for want of ſleep to die;
Which fumes of undigeſted feaſts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid ſtomachs fry.
What houſe ſecure from noiſe the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can ſcarce afford to ſleep;
So dear it coſts to purchaſe reſt in Rome;
And hence the ſources of diſeaſes come.
The drover who his fellow-drover meets
In narrow paſſages of winding ſtreets;
The waggoners that curſe their ſtanding teams,
Would wake ev'n drouſy Druſius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But ſweep above our heads, and make their way;
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or ſleep at eaſe: the ſhutters make it night.

[8] *A Pythagorean treat:* He means herbs, roots, fruits, and ſallads.

Yet ſtill he reaches, firſt, the public place:
The preaſe before him ſtops the client's pace.
The crowd that follows cruſh his panting ſides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one juſtles in the ſhole:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole:
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And ſome rogue-ſoldier, with his hob-nail'd ſhoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what ſmoke our doles we celebrate:
A hundred gueſts, invited, walk in ſtate:
A hundred hungry ſlaves, with their Dutch kitchens wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their head muſt bear,
Which ſcarce 9 gigantic Corbulo could rear:
Yet they muſt walk upright beneath the load;
Nay, run, and running blow the ſparkling flames abroad.
Their coats, from botching newly brought, are torn.
Unwieldy timber-trees in waggons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie;
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For, ſhould their axel break, its overthrow
Would cruſh, and pound to duſt, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor fires their ſons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor careaſs would remain;
But a maſh'd heap, a hotchpotch of the ſlain.
One vaſt deſtruction; not the ſoul alone,
But bodies, like the ſoul, inviſibly are flown.
Mean time, unknowing of their fellows fate,
The ſervants waſh the platter, ſcour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing-ſheets diſplay:
And oil them firſt; and each is handy in his way.

9 *Gigantick Corbulo.* Corbulo was a famous general in Nero's time who conquered Armenia, and was afterwards put to death by that tyrant, when he was in Greece, in reward of his great ſervices. His ſtature was not only tall, above the ordinary ſize: but he was alſo proportionably ſtrong.

But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost, is wand'ring by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with [1] the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded pray'r:
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses dreadful height:
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down;
And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown:
Well may they break our heads, that mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late;
Unless thou first has settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
Bless the good Gods, and think thy chance is rare
To have a piss-pot only for thy share.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night.
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than [2] stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'Tis so ridic'lous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a braul:
Yet tho' his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach and six,
And on the laquies will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot.
But me, who must by moon-light homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,

1 *The ferryman's, &c.* Charon the ferry-man of hell, whose fare was a half-penny for every soul.

2 *Stern Achilles.* The friend of Achilles was Patroclus, who was slain by Hector.

Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He ſtands, and bids me ſtand: I muſt abide;
For he's the ſtronger, and is drunk beſide.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And ſhred the leeks that in your ſtomach riſe?
Whoſe windy beans have ſtuft your guts, and where
Have your black thumbs been dipt in vinegar?
With what companion-cobler have you fed,
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goats tougher head?
What, are you dumb? Quick, with your anſwer, quick,
Before my foot ſalutes you with a kick.
Say, in what naſty cellar under ground,
Or what church-porch, your rogueſhip may be found?
Anſwer, or anſwer not, 'tis all the ſame:
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon; happy to retreat
With ſome remaining teeth, to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retir'd, you think
To ſleep ſecurely; when the candles wink,
When ev'ry door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian robbers by no juſtice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat ſoldiers, are abroad,
Thoſe venal ſouls, who harden'd in each ill,
To ſave complaints and proſecution, kill,
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vaſt city, as their native home:
To live at eaſe, and ſafely ſkulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mines exhauſted and deſtroy'd
In ſhackles; for theſe villains ſcarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough-ſhares for the plough.
Oh

Oh happy ages of our anceſtors,
Beneath 3 the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals reſtrain;
Which now the walls of Rome can ſcarce contain.
More I could ſay, more cauſes I could ſhow
For my departure; but the ſun is low:
The waggoner grows weary of my ſtay;
And whips his horſes forwards on their way.
Farewel; and when like me o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own 4 Aquinum ſhall repair,
To take a mouthful of ſweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and ſend me word,
What joys your fountains and cool ſhades afford:
Then, to aſſiſt your ſatires, I will come;
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

3 *Beneath the kings*, &c. Rome was originally ruled by kings; till for the rape of Lucretia, Tarquin the Proud was expelled. After which it was governed by two conſuls, yearly choſen; but they oppreſſing the people, the commoners mutinied, and procured tribunes to be created, who defended their privileges, and often oppoſed the conſular authority, and the ſenate.

4 *Aquinum* was the birth-place of Juvenal.

THE

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire, of almoſt double length to any of the reſt, is a bitter invective againſt the fair ſex. 'Tis indeed, a common place, from whence all the moderns have notoriouſly ſtolen their ſharpeſt railleries. In his other ſatires, the poet has only glanced on ſome particular women, and generally ſcourged the men. But this he reſerved wholly for the ladies. How they had offended him I know not: but upon the whole matter he is not to be excuſed for imputing to all, the vices of ſome few amongſt them. Neither was it generouſly done of him, to attack the weakeſt as well as the faireſt part of the creation: neither do I know what moral he could reaſonably draw from it. It could not be to avoid the whole ſex, if all had been true which he alledges againſt them: for that had been to put an end to human kind. And to bid us beware of their artifices, is a kind of ſilent acknowledgment, that they have more wit than men: which turns the ſatire upon us, and particularly upon the poet; who thereby makes a compliment, where he meant a libel. If he intended only to exerciſe his wit, he has forfeited his judgment, by making the one half of his readers his mortal enemies: and amongſt the men, all the happy lovers, by their own experience, will diſprove his accuſations. The whole world muſt allow this to be the wittieſt of his ſatires; and truly he had need of all his parts, to maintain with ſo much violence, ſo unjuſt a charge. I am ſatisfied he will bring but few over to his opinion: and on that conſideration chiefly I ventured

to

to translate him. Though there wanted not another reason, which was, that no one else would undertake it: at least, Sir C. S. who could have done more right to the author, after a long delay, at length absolutely refused so ungrateful an employment: and every one will grant, that the work must have been imperfect and lame, if it had appeared without one of the principal members belonging to it. Let the poet therefore bear the blame of his own invention; and let me satisfy the world, that I am not of his opinion. Whatever his Roman ladies were, the English are free from all his imputations. They will read with wonder and abhorrence the vices of an age, which was the most infamous of any on record. They will bless themselves when they behold those examples, related of Domitian's time: they will give back to antiquity those monsters it produced: and believe with reason, that the species of those women is extinguished; or at least, that they were never here propagated. I may safely therefore proceed to the argument of a satire, which is no way relating to them: and first observe, that my author makes their lust the most heroic of their vices: the rest are in a manner but digression. He skims them over; but he dwells on this: when he seems to have taken his last leave of it, on the sudden he returns to it: it is one branch of it in Hippia, another in Messalina, but lust is the main body of the tree. He begins with this text in the first line, and takes it up with intermissions to the end of the chapter. Every vice is a loader, but that's a ten. The fillers, or intermediate parts, are their revenge; their contrivances of secret crimes; their arts to hide them; their wit to excuse them; and their impudence to own them, when they can no longer be kept secret. Then the persons to whom they are most addicted; and on whom they commonly bestow the last favours: as stage-players, fidlers, singing-boys, and fencers. Those who pass for chaste among st them, are not really so; but only for their vast dowries, are rather suffered, than loved by their own husbands. That they are imperious, domineering, scolding wives: set up for learning and criticism in poetry; but are false judges. Love to speak Greek (which was then the fashionable tongue, as French

is new with us.) That they plead cauſes at the bar, and play prizes at the bear-garden. That they are goſſips and news-mongers: wrangle with their neighbours abroad, and beat their ſervants at home. That they lie-in for new faces once a month, are ſluttiſh with their huſbands in private; and paint and dreſs in public for their lovers. That they deal with Jews, diviners, and fortune-tellers: learn the arts of miſcarrying, and barrenneſs. Buy children, and produce them for their own. Murder their huſbands ſons, if they ſtand in their way to his eſtate; and make their adulterers his heirs. From hence the poet proceeds to ſhew the occaſions of all theſes vices, their original, and how they were introduced in Rome, by peace, wealth, and luxury. In concluſion, if we will take the word of our malicious author, bad women are the general ſtanding rule; and the good, but ſome few exceptions to it.

IN [1] Saturn's reign, at Nature's early birth,
There was that thing call'd chaſtity on earth;
When in a narrow cave, their common ſhade,
The ſheep, the ſhepherds, and their Gods were laid;
When reeds and leaves, and hides of beaſts were ſpread
By mountain-houſewives for their homely bed,
And moſſy pillows rais'd, for the rude huſband's head.
Unlike the niceneſs of our modern dames,
(Affected nymphs with new-affected names:)
The Cynthia's and the Leſbia's of our years,
Who for a ſparrow's death diſſolve in tears.
Thoſe firſt unpoliſh'd matrons, big and bold,
Gave ſuck to infants of gigantic mold;
Rough as their ſavage lords, who rang'd the wood,
And [2] fat with acorns belch'd their windy food.
For when the world was buxſom, freſh and young,
Her ſons were undebauch'd, and therefore ſtrong;
And whether born in kindly beds of earth,
Or ſtruggling from the teeming oaks to birth,

1 In the golden age; when Saturn reigned.
2 Acorns were the bread of mankind, before corn was found.

Or

Or from what other atoms they begun,
No fires they had, or, if a fire the ſun.
Some thin remains of chaſtity appear'd,
Ev'n 3 under Jove, but Jove without a beard;
Before the ſervile Greeks had learnt to ſwear
By heads of kings; while yet the bounteous year
Her common fruits in open plains expos'd,
Ere thieves were fear'd, or gardens were inclos'd.
At length 4 uneaſy Juſtice upwards flew,
And both the ſiſters to the ſtars withdrew;
From that old æra whoring did begin,
So venerably ancient is the ſin.
Adult'rers next invade the nuptial ſtate,
And marriage-beds creak'd with a foreign weight;
All other ills did iron times adorn;
But whores and ſilver in one age were born.
Yet thou, they ſay, for marriage doſt provide:
Is this an age to buckle with a bride?
They ſay thy hair the curling art is taught,
The wedding-ring perhaps already bought:
A ſober man like thee to change his life!
What fury would poſſeſs thee with a wife?
Art thou of every other death bereft,
No knife, no ratſbane, no kind halter left?
(For every nooſe compar'd to her's is cheap)
Is there no city-bridge from whence to leap?
Would'ſt thou become her drudge, who doſt enjoy
A better ſort of bedfellow, thy boy?
He keeps thee not awake with nightly brawls,
Nor with a begg'd reward thy pleaſure palls;
Nor with inſatiate heavings calls for more,
When all thy ſpirits were drain'd out before.

3 When Jove had driven his father into baniſhment, the ſilver age began, according to the poets.

4 The poet makes Juſtice and Chaſtity ſiſters; and ſays, that they fled to heaven together, and left earth for ever.

But

But ſtill Urſidius courts the marriage-bait,
Longs for a ſon to ſettle his eſtate,
And takes no gifts, tho' every gaping heir
Would gladly greaſe the rich old batchelor.
What revolution can appear ſo ſtrange,
As ſuch a leacher, ſuch a life to change?
A rank, notorious whoremaſter, to chooſe
To thruſt his neck into the marriage-nooſe?
He who ſo often in a dreadful fright
Had in a coffer 'ſcap'd the jealous cuckold's ſight,
That he to wedlock dotingly betray'd,
Should hope in this lewd town to find a maid!
The man's grown mad; to eaſe his frantic pain,
Run for the ſurgeon; breathe the middle vein:
But let a heifer with gilt horns be led
To Juno, regent of the marriage-bed,
And let him every deity adore,
If his new bride prove not an arrant whore
In head and tail, and every other pore.
On 5 Ceres' feaſt, reſtrain'd from their delight,
Few matrons there, but curſe the tedious night:
Few whom their fathers dare ſalute, ſuch luſt
Their kiſſes have, and come with ſuch a guſt.
With ivy now adorn thy doors, and wed;
Such is thy bride, and ſuch thy genial bed.
Think'ſt thou one man is for one woman meant?
She, ſooner with one eye would be content.
And yet 'tis nois'd, a maid did once appear
In ſome ſmall village, though fame ſays not where:
'Tis poſſible; but ſure no man ſhe found;
'Twas deſart, all, about her father's ground:
And yet ſome luſtful God might there make bold,
Are 6 Jove and Mars grown impotent and old?

5 *Ceres' feaſt.* When the Roman women were forbidden to bed with their huſbands.

6 *Jove and Mars.* Of whom more fornicating ſtories are told than of any of the other gods.

Many

Many a nymph has in a cave been ſpread,
And much good love without a feather bed.
Whither would'ſt thou to chuſe a wife reſort,
The park, the mall, the play-houſe, or the court?
Which way ſoever thy adventures fall,
Secure alike of chaſtity in all.
One ſees a dancing-maſter cap'ring high,
And raves, and piſſes, with pure ecſtaſy:
Another does, with all his motions move,
And gapes, and grins as in the feat of love:
A third is charm'd with the new opera notes,
Admires the ſong, but on the ſinger dotes:
The country lady in the box appears,
Softly ſhe warbles over all ſhe hears;
And ſucks in paſſion, both at eyes and ears.
The reſt (when now the long vacation's come,
The noiſy hall and theatre's grown dumb)
Their mem'ries to refreſh, and chear their hearts,
In borrow'd breeches act the player's parts.
The poor, that ſcarce have wherewithal to eat,
Will pinch, to make the ſinging-boy a treat.
The rich, to buy him, will refuſe no price;
And ſtretch his quail-pipe, till they crack his voice.
Tragedians, acting love, for luſt are ſought:
(Tho' but the parrots of a poet's thought.)
The pleading lawyer, tho' for counſel us'd,
In chamber-practice often is refus'd.
Still thou wilt have a wife, and father heirs;
(The product of concurring theatres.)
Perhaps a fencer did thy brows adorn,
And a young ſword-man to thy lands is born.
Thus Hippia loath'd her old patrician lord,
And left him for a brother of the ſword:
To wond'ring 7 Pharos with her love ſhe fled,
To ſhew one monſter more than Africk bred:

7 She fled to Egypt; which wondered at the enormity of her crime.

Forgetting

Forgetting houſe and huſband, left behind
Ev'n children too; ſhe ſails before the wind;
Falſe to 'em all, but conſtant to her kind.
But, ſtranger yet, and harder to conceive,
She could the play-houſe and the players leave.
Born of rich parentage, and nicely bred,
She lodg'd on down, and in a damaſk bed;
Yet daring now the dangers of the deep,
On a hard mattreſs is content to ſleep.
Ere this, 'tis true, ſhe did her fame expoſe:
But that, great ladies with great eaſe can loſe.
The tender nymph could the rude ocean bear:
So much her luſt was ſtronger than her fear.
But had ſome honeſt cauſe her paſſage preſt,
The ſmalleſt hardſhip had diſturb'd her breaſt:
Each inconvenience makes their virtue cold;
But womankind, in ills, is ever bold.
Were ſhe to follow her own lord to ſea,
What doubts or ſcruples would ſhe raiſe to ſtay?
Her ſtomach ſick, and her head giddy grows;
The tar and pitch are nauſeous to her noſe.
But in love's voyage nothing can offend;
Women are never ſea-ſick with a friend.
Amidſt the crew, ſhe walks upon the board;
She eats, ſhe drinks, ſhe handles every cord:
And if ſhe ſpews, 'tis thinking of her lord.
Now aſk, for whom her friends and fame ſhe loſt?
What youth, what beauty could th' adult'rer boaſt?
What was the face, for which ſhe could ſuſtain
To be call'd miſtreſs to ſo baſe a man?
The gallant, of his days had known the beſt:
Deep ſcars were ſeen indented on his breaſt;
And all his batter'd limbs requir'd their needful reſt.
A promontory wen, with grieſly grace,
Stood high, upon the handle of his face:
His blear eyes ran in gutters to his chin:
His beard was ſtubble, and his cheeks were thin.

But 'twas his fencing did her fancy move:
'Tis arms and blood and cruelty they love.
But ſhould he quit his trade, and ſheath his ſword,
Her lover would begin to be her lord.
This was a private crime; but you ſhall hear
What fruits the ſacred bows of monarchs bear:
The [8] good old ſluggard but began to ſnore,
When from his ſide up roſe th' imperial whore:
She who preferr'd the pleaſures of the night
To pomps, that are but impotent delight:
Strode from the palace, with an eager pace,
To cope with a more maſculine embrace:
Muffled ſhe march'd, luke Juno in a cloud,
Of all her train but one poor wench allow'd,
One whom in ſecret ſervice ſhe could truſt;
The rival and companion of her luſt.
To the known brothel-houſe ſhe takes her way;
And for a naſty room gives double pay;
That room in which the rankeſt harlot lay.
Prepar'd for fight, expectingly ſhe lies,
With heaving breaſts and with deſiring eyes.
Still as one drops, another takes his place,
And baffled ſtill ſucceeds to like diſgrace.
At length when friendly darkneſs is expir'd,
And ev'ry ſtrumpet from her cell retir'd,
She lags behind, and ling'ring at the gate,
With a repining ſigh ſubmits to fate:
All filth without, and all a fire within,
Tir'd with the toil, unſated with the ſin.
Old Cæſar's bed the modeſt matron ſeeks;
The ſteam of lamps ſtill hanging on her cheeks,
In ropy ſmut: thus foul, and thus bedight,
She brings him back the product of the night.
Now ſhould I ſing what poiſons they provide;
With all their trumpery of charms beſide;

8 He tells the famous ſtory of Meſſalina, wife to the emperor Claudius.

And all their arts of death: it would be known
Luſt is the ſmalleſt ſin the ſex can own.
Ceſennia ſtill, they ſay, is guiltleſs found
Of ev'ry vice, by her own lord renown'd:
And well ſhe may, ſhe brought ten thouſand pound.
She brought him wherewithal to be call'd chaſte;
His tongue is ty'd in golden fetters faſt:
He ſighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour;
Who would not do as much for ſuch a dower?
She writes love-letters to the youth in grace;
Nay, tips the wink before the cuckold's face;
And might do more; her portion makes it good;
Wealth 9 has the privilege of widowhood.

Theſe truths with his example you diſprove,
Who with his wife is monſtrouſly in love:
But know him better; for I heard him ſwear,
'Tis not that ſhe's his wife, but that ſhe's fair.
Let her but have three wrinkles in her face,
Let her eyes leſſen, and her ſkin unbrace,
Soon you will hear the ſaucy ſteward ſay,
Pack up with all your trinkets, and away;
You grow offenſive both at bed and board:
Your betters muſt be had to pleaſe my lord.

Mean time ſhe's abſolute upon the throne:
And knowing time is precious, loſes none:
She muſt have flocks of ſheep, with wool more fine
Than ſilk and vineyards of the nobleſt wine:
Whole droves of pages for her train ſhe craves:
And ſweeps the priſons for attending ſlaves.
In ſhort, whatever in her eyes can come,
Or others have abroad, ſhe wants at home.
When winter ſhuts the ſeas, and fleecy ſnows
Make houſes white, ſhe to the merchant goes;

9 *Wealth has the privilege*, &c. His meaning is, that a wife who brings a large dowry may do what ſhe pleaſes, and has all the privileges of a widow.

Rich cryſtals of the rock ſhe takes up there,
Huge agat vaſes, and old China ware:
Then [1] Berenice's ring her finger proves,
More precious made by her inceſtuous loves:
And infamouſly dear: a brother's bribe,
Ev'n God's anointed, and of Juda's tribe:
Where barefoot they approach the ſacred ſhrine,
And think it only ſin to feed on ſwine.
But is none worthy to be made a wife
In all this town? Suppoſe her free from ſtrife,
Rich, fair, and fruitful, of unblemiſh'd life;
Chaſte as the Sabines, whoſe prevailing charms
Diſmiſs'd their huſbands, and their brothers arms:
Grant her, beſides of noble blood, that ran
In ancient veins ere heraldry began:
Suppoſe all theſe, and take a poet's word,
A black ſwan is not half ſo rare a bird.
A wife, ſo hung with virtues, ſuch a freight,
What mortal ſhoulders could ſupport the weight?
Some country-girl, ſcarce to a curt'ſey bred,
Would I much rather than [2] Cornelia wed:
If ſupercilious, haughty, proud, and vain,
She brought her father's triumphs in her train.
Away with all your Carthaginian ſtate,
Let vanquiſh'd Hannibal without-doors wait,
Too burly and too big to paſs my narrow gate.
O [3] Pæan, cries Amphion, bend thy bow
Againſt my wife, and let my children go:
But fallen Pæan ſhoots at ſons and mothers too.

1 A ring of great price, which Herod Agrippa gave to his ſiſter Berenice. He was the king of the Jews, but tributary to the Romans.

2 *Cornelia*, mother to the Gracchi, of the family of the Cornelii; from whence Scipio the African was deſcended, who triumphed over Hannibal.

3 He alludes to the known fable of Niobe in Ovid. Amphion was her huſband: Pæan is Apollo, who with his arrows killed her children, becauſe ſhe boaſted that ſhe was more fruitful than Latona, Apollo's mother.

His Niobe and all his boys he loſt;
Ev'n her, who did her num'rous offspring boaſt,
As fair and fruitful as the ſow that carry'd
The 4 thirty pigs at one large litter farrow'd.
What beauty or what chaſtity can bear
So great a price, if ſtately and ſevere
She ſtill inſults, and you muſt ſtill adore;
Grant that the honey's much, the gall is more.
Upbraided with the virtues ſhe diſplays,
Seven hours in twelve, you loath the wife you praiſe:
Some faults, tho' ſmall, intolerable grow;
For what ſo nauſeous and affected too,
As thoſe that think they due perfection want,
Who have not learnt to liſp the 5 Grecian cant?
In Greece, their whole accompliſhments they ſeek:
Their faſhion, breeding, language, muſt be Greek:
But raw, in all that does to Rome belong,
They ſcorn to cultivate their mother-tongue.
In Greek they flatter, all their fears they ſpeak,
Tell all their ſecrets; nay, they ſcold in Greek:
Ev'n in the feat of love, they uſe that tongue.
Such affectations may become the young;
But thou, old hag, of threeſcore years and three,
Is ſhewing of thy parts in Greek for thee?
Ζωὴ καὶ ψυχή! All thoſe tender words
The momentary trembling bliſs affords,
The kind ſoft murmurs of the private ſheets
Are bawdy, while thou ſpeak'ſt in public ſtreets.
Thoſe words have fingers; and their force is ſuch,
They raiſe the dead, and mount him with a touch.
But all provocatives from thee are vain:
No blandiſhment the ſlacken'd nerve can ſtrain.
If then thy lawful ſpouſe thou canſt not love,
What reaſon ſhould thy mind to marriage move?

4 He alludes to the white ſow in Virgil, who farrow'd thirty pigs.
5 Women then learnt Greek, as ours ſpeak French.

Why

Why all the charges of the nuptial feaſt,
Wine and deſerts, and ſweet-meats to digeſt?
Th' endowing gold that buys the dear delight,
Giv'n for their firſt and only happy night?
If thou art thus uxoriouſly inclin'd,
To bear thy bondage with a willing mind,
Prepare thy neck, and put it in the yoke:
But for no mercy from thy woman look.
For tho' perhaps, ſhe loves with equal fires,
To abſolute dominion ſhe aſpires;
Joys in the ſpoils, and triumphs o'er thy purſe;
The better huſband makes the wife the worſe.
Nothing is thine to give, or ſell, or buy,
All offices of ancient friendſhip die;
Nor haſt thou leave to make a legacy.
By 6 thy imperious wife thou art bereft;
A privilege, to pimps and panders left;
Thy teſtament's her will; where ſhe prefers
Her ruffians, drudges, and adulterers,
Adopting all thy rivals for thy heirs.
Go 7 drag that ſlave to death: 8 Your reaſon, why
Should the poor innocent be doom'd to die?
What proofs? For, when man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Call'ſt 9 thou that ſlave a man, the wife replies:
Prov'd, or unprov'd, the crime, the villain dies.
I have the ſovereign pow'r to ſave or kill;
And give no other reaſon but my will.
Thus the ſhe-tyrant reigns, till pleas'd with change,
Her wild affections to new empires range:
Another ſubject-huſband ſhe deſires;
Divorc'd from him, ſhe to the firſt retires,

6 All the Romans, even the moſt inferior, and moſt infamous ſort of them, had the power of making wills.
7 *Go drag that ſlave*, &c. Theſe are the words of the wife.
8 *Your reaſon why*, &c. The anſwer of the huſband.
9 *Call'ſt thou that ſlave a man?* The wife again.

While the laſt wedding-feaſt is ſcarcely o'er,
And garlands hang yet green upon the door.
So ſtill the rock'ning riſes; and appears
In total ſum, eight huſbands in five years.
The title for a tomb-ſtone might be fit;
But that it would too commonly be writ.
Her mother living, hope no quiet day;
She ſharpens her, inſtructs her how to flea
Her huſband bare, and then divides the prey.
She takes love-letters, with a crafty ſmile,
And, in her daughter's anſwer, mends the ſtyle.
In vain the huſband ſets his watchful ſpies;
She cheats their cunning, or ſhe bribes their eyes.
The doctor's call'd; the daughter, taught the trick,
Pretends to faint; and in full health is ſick.
The panting ſtallion, at the cloſet-door,
Hears the conſult, and wiſhes it were o'er.
Can'ſt thou, in reaſon, hope, a bawd ſo known,
Should teach her other manners than her own?
Her int'reſt is in all th' advice ſhe gives:
'Tis on the daughter's rents the mother lives.
No cauſe is try'd at the ditigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the proceſs, all the briefs they write;
The topics furniſh, and the pleas indite;
And teach the toothleſs lawyer how to bite.
They turn viragos too; the wreſtler's toil
They try, and ſmear their naked limbs with oil:
Againſt the poſt their wicker ſhields they cruſh,
Flouriſh the ſword, and at the ſtaſtron puſh.
Of ev'ry exerciſe the mannish crew
Fulfils the parts, and oft excels us too;
Prepar'd not only in feign'd fights t' engage,
But rout the gladiators on the ſtage.
What ſenſe of ſhame in ſuch a breaſt can lie,
Inur'd to arms, and her own ſex to fly?

Yet

Yet to be wholly man ſhe would diſclaim;
To quit her tenfold pleaſure at the game,
For frothy praiſes and an empty name.
Oh what a decent ſight 'tis to behold
All thy wife's magazine by auction ſold!
The belt, the creſted plume, the ſeveral ſuits
Of armour, and the Spaniſh leather boots!
Yet theſe are they, that cannot bear the heat
Of figur'd ſilks, and under ſarcenet ſweat.
Behold the ſtrutting Amazonian whore,
She ſtands in guard with her right foot before:
Her coats tuck'd up; and all her motions juſt,
She ſtamps, and then cries hah! at ev'ry thruſt:
But laugh to ſee her tir'd with many a bout,
Call for the pot, and like a man piſs out.
The ghoſts of ancient Romans, ſhould they riſe,
Would grin to ſee their daughters play a prize.
Beſides, what endleſs brawls by wives are bred:
The curtain-lecture makes a mournful bed.
Then, when ſhe has thee ſure within the ſheets,
Her cry begins, and the whole day repeats.
Conſcious of crimes herſelf, ſhe teizes firſt;
Thy ſervants are accus'd; thy whore is curſt;
She acts the jealous, and at will ſhe cries:
For women's tears are but the ſweat of eyes.
Poor cuckold-fool, thou think'ſt that love ſincere,
And ſuck'ſt between her lips the falling tear:
But ſearch her cabinet, and thou ſhalt find
Each tiller there with love-epiſtles lin'd.
Suppoſe her taken in a cloſe embrace,
This you would think ſo manifeſt a caſe,
No rhetoric could defend; no impudence out-face;
And yet even then ſhe cries the marriage-vow
A mental reſervation muſt allow;

And there's a ſilent bargain ſtill imply'd,
The parties ſhould be pleas'd on either ſide:
And both may for their private needs provide.
Tho' men yourſelves, and women us you call,
Yet *homò* is a common name for all.
There's nothing bolder than a woman caught;
Guilt gives them courage to maintain their fault.
You aſk from whence proceed theſe monſtrous crimes?
Once poor, and therefore chaſte, in former times,
Our matrons were: no luxury found room
In low-rooft houſes, and bare walls of lome;
Their hands with labour harden'd while 'twas light,
And frugal ſleep ſupply'd the quiet night,
While pinch'd with want, their hunger held 'em ſtraight;
When [1] Hannibal was hov'ring at the gate:
But wanton now and lolling at our eaſe,
We ſuffer all th' invet'rate ills of peace,
And waſteful riot; whoſe deſtructive charms
Revenge the vanquiſh'd world, of our victorious arms.
No crime, no luſtful poſtures are unknown;
Since Poverty, our guardian God, is gone:
Pride, lazineſs, and all luxurious arts,
Pour like a deluge in, from foreign parts:
Since gold obſcene, and ſilver found the way,
Strange faſhions with ſtrange bullion to convey,
And our plain ſimple manners to betray.
What care our drunken dames to whom they ſpread?
Wine no diſtinction makes of tail or head.
Who lewdly dancing at a midnight ball,
For hot eringoes and fat oyſters call:
Full brimmers to their fuddled noſes thruſt;
Brimmers, the laſt provocatives of luſt.
When vapours to their ſwimming brains advance,
And double tapers on the tables dance.

1 A famous Carthaginian captain, who was upon the point of conquering the Romans.

Now

Now think what bawdy dialogues they have,
What Tullia talks to her confiding ſlave,
At Modeſty's old ſtatue; when by night
They make a ſtand, and from their litters light;
The good man early to the levee goes,
And treads the naſty paddle of his ſpouſe.
The ſecrets of the [2] Goddeſs nam'd the Good,
Are ev'n by boys and barbers underſtood:
Where the rank matrons, dancing to the pipe,
Gig with their bums, and are for action ripe;
With muſic rais'd, they ſpread abroad their hair;
And toſs their heads like an enamour'd mare:
Laufella lays her garland by, and proves
The mimic letchery of manly loves.
Rank'd with the lady the cheap ſinner lies;
For here not blood, but virtue, gives the prize.
Nothing is feign'd in this venereal ſtrife;
'Tis downright luſt, and acted to the life.
So full, ſo fierce, ſo vig'rous, and ſo ſtrong,
That, looking on, would make old [3] Neſtor young.
Impatient of delay, a gen'ral ſound,
An univerſal groan of luſt goes round;
For then, and only then, the ſex ſincere is found.
Now is the time of action; Now begin,
They cry, and let the luſty lovers in.
The whoreſons are aſleep; then bring the ſlaves,
And watermen, a race of ſtrong-back'd knaves.
I wiſh, at leaſt, our ſacred writes were free
From thoſe pollutions of obſcenity:
But 'tis well known [4] what ſinger, how diſguis'd,
A lewd audacious action enterpriz'd;

2 *The Good Goddeſs.* At whoſe feaſts no men were to be preſent.
3 *Neſtor.* Who lived three hundred years.
4 He alludes to the ſtory of P. Clodius, who, diſguis'd in the habit of a ſinging woman, went into the houſe of Cæſar, where the feaſt of the Good Goddeſs was celebrated, to find an opportunity with Cæſar's wife Pompeia.

Into

Into the fair, with women mix'd, he went,
Arm'd with a huge two-handed inſtrument;
A grateful preſent to thoſe holy choirs,
Where the mouſe, guilty of his ſex, retires;
And ev'n male-pictures modeſtly are vail'd;
Yet no profaneneſs on that age prevail'd;
No ſcoffers at religious rites are found;
Tho' now, at ev'ry altar they abound.

I hear your cautious counſel, you would ſay,
Keep cloſe your women under lock and key:
But, who ſhall keep thoſe keepers? Women, nurſt
In craft: begin with thoſe, and bribe them firſt.
The ſex is turn'd all whore; they love the game:
And miſtreſſes and maids are both the ſame.

The poor Ogulnia, on the poet's day,
Will borrow clothes, and chair, to ſee the play:
She, who before had mortgag'd her eſtate,
And pawn'd the laſt remaining piece of plate.
Some are reduc'd their utmoſt ſhifts to try:
But women have no ſhame of poverty.
They live beyond their ſtint; as if their ſtore
The more exhauſted, would encreaſe the more:
Some men, inſtructed by the lab'ring ant,
Provide againſt th' extremities of want;
But womankind, that never knows a mean,
Down to the dregs their ſinking fortune drain:
Hourly they give, and ſpend, and waſte, and wear:
And think no pleaſure can be bought too dear.

There are who in ſoft eunuchs place their bliſs;
To ſhun the ſcrubbing of a bearded kiſs;
And 'ſcape abortion; but their ſolid joy
Is 5 when the page, already paſt a boy,
Is capon'd late; and to the guelder ſhown,
With his two pounders to perfection grown.

5 He taxes women with their loving eunuchs, who can get no children; but adds, that they only love ſuch eunuchs as are geſtled when they are already at the age of manhood.

When all the navel-ſtring could give, appears;
All but the beard, and that's the barber's loſs, not theirs.
Seen from afar, and famous for his ware,
He ſtruts into the bath, among the fair:
Th' admiring crew to their devotions fall;
And, kneeling, on their new 6 Priapus call.
Kerv'd for his lady's uſe, and with her lies;
And let him drudge for her, if thou art wiſe,
Rather than truſt him with thy fav'rite boy;
He proffers death, in proffering to enjoy.
If ſongs they love, the ſinger's voice they force
Beyond his compaſs 'till his quail-pipe's hoarſe;
His lute and lyre, with their embrace is worn;
With knots they trim it, and with gems adorn:
Run over all the ſtrings, and kiſs the caſe;
And make love to it, in the maſter's place.
A certain lady once of high degree,
To Janus vow'd, and Veſta's deity,
That 7 Pollio might, in ſinging, win the prize;
Pollio the dear, the darling of her eyes:
She pray'd, and brib'd; what could ſhe more have done
For a ſick huſband, or an only ſon?
With her face veil'd, and heaving up her hands,
The ſhameleſs ſuppliant at the altar ſtands;
The forms of pray'r ſhe ſolemnly purſues;
And, pale with fear, the offer'd entrails views,
Anſwer, ye Pow'rs: for, if you heard her vow,
Your Godſhips, ſure, had little elſe to do.
This is not all; for 8 actors, they implore:
An impudence not known to heav'n before.
Th' 9 Aruſpex, tir'd with this religious rout,
Is forc'd to ſtand ſo long, he gets the gout.

6 The god of luſt.
7 A famous ſinging boy.
8 That ſuch an actor whom they love might win the prize.
9 He who inſpects the entrails of the ſacrifice, and from theſe foretels the ſucceſs.

But

But ſuffer not thy wife abroad to roam,
If ſhe loves ſinging, let her ſing at home;
Not ſtrut in ſtreets, with Amazonian pace;
For that's to cuckold thee before thy face.
Their endleſs itch of news comes next in play;
They vent their own, and hear what others ſay.
Know what in Thrace, or what in France is done;
Th' intrigues betwixt the ſtepdam, and the ſon.
Tell who loves who, what favours ſome partake:
And who is jilted for another's ſake.
What pregnant widow in what month was made;
How oft ſhe did, and doing, what ſhe ſaid.
She, firſt, beholds the raging comet riſe:
Knows whom it threatens, and what land deſtroys,
Still for the freſheſt news ſhe lies in wait;
And takes reports juſt ent'ring at the gate.
Wrecks, floods, and fires; whatever ſhe can meet,
She ſpreads; and is the fame of ev'ry ſtreet.
This is a grievance; but the next is worſe;
A very judgment, and her neighbours curſe:
For, if their barking dog diſturb her eaſe,
No pray'r can bind her, no excuſe appeaſe.
Th' unmanner'd malefactor is arraign'd;
But firſt the maſter, who the curr maintain'd,
Muſt feel the ſcourge: by night ſhe leaves her bed.
By night her bathing equipage is led,
That marching armies a leſs noiſe create;
She moves in tumult, and ſhe ſweats in ſtate.
Mean while, her gueſts their appetites muſt keep;
Some gape for hunger, and ſome gaſp for ſleep.
At length ſhe comes, all fluſh'd; but ere ſhe ſup,
Swallows a ſwinging preparation-cup;
And then to clear her ſtomach, ſpews it up.
The deluge-vomit all the floor o'erflows,
And the ſour ſavour nauſeates ev'ry noſe.
She drinks again; again ſhe ſpews a lake;
Her wretched huſband ſees, and dares not ſpeak:

But mutters many a curſe againſt his wife;
And damns himſelf for chooſing ſuch a life.
But of all plagues, the greateſt is untold;
The book-learn'd wife in Greek and Latin bold.
The critic-dame, who at her table ſits:
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits;
And pities Dido's agonizing fits.
She has ſo far th' aſcendant of the board,
The prating pedant puts not in one word:
The man of law is non-pluſt, in his ſute;
Nay, every other female tongue is mute.
Hammers, and beating anvils, you would ſwear,
And [1] Vulcan with his whole militia there.
Tabors [2] and trumpets ceaſe; for ſhe alone
Is able to redeem the lab'ring moon.
Ev'n wit's a burden, when it talks too long:
But ſhe who has no continence of tongue,
Should walk in breeches, and ſhould wear a beard;
And mix among the philoſophic herd.
O what a midnight curſe has he, whoſe ſide
Is peſter'd with a [3] mood and figure bride!
Let mine, ye Gods! (if ſuch muſt be my fate)
No logic learn, nor hiſtory tranſlate;
But rather be a quiet, humble fool:
I hate a wife to whom I go to ſchool,
Who climbs the grammar-tree, diſtinctly knows
Where noun, and verb, and participle grows;
Corrects her country-neighbour; and, a-bed,
For breaking [4] Priſcian's, breaks her huſband's head.
The gawdy goſſip, when ſhe's ſet agog,
In jewels dreſt, and at each ear a bob,

1 The god of ſmiths.
2 The ancients thought that with ſuch ſounds they could bring the moon out of her eclipſe.
3 A woman who has learned logick.
4 A woman grammarian, who corrects her huſband for ſpeaking falſe Latin, which is called breaking Priſcian's head.

Goes

Goes flaunting out, and in her trim of pride,
Thinks all ſhe ſays or does, is juſtify'd.
When poor, ſhe's ſcarce a tolerable evil;
But rich, and fine, a wife's a very devil.
She duely, once a month, renews her face;
Mean time, it lies in dawb, and hid in greaſe;
Thoſe are the huſband's nights; ſhe craves her due,
He takes fat kiſſes, and is ſtuck with glue.
But to the lov'd adult'rer when ſhe ſteers,
Freſh from the bath, in brightneſs ſhe appears:
For him the rich Arabia ſweats her gum;
And precious oils from diſtant Indies come:
How haggardly ſoe'er ſhe looks at home.
Th' eclipſe then vaniſhes; and all her face
Is open'd, and reſtor'd to ev'ry grace,
The cruſt remov'd, her cheeks as ſmooth as ſilk,
Are poliſh'd with a waſh of aſſes milk;
And ſhould ſhe to the fartheſt North be ſent,
A train 5 of theſe attend her baniſhment.
But hadſt thou ſeen her plaiſter'd up before,
'Twas ſo unlike a face, it ſeem'd a ſore.
'Tis worth our while, to know what all the day
They do, and how they paſs their time away,
For, if o'er-night the huſband has been ſlack,
Or counterfeited ſleep, and turn'd his back,
Next day, be ſure, the ſervants go to wrack.
The chamber-maid and dreſſer, are call'd whores;
The page is ſtript, and beaten out of doors.
The whole houſe ſuffers for the maſter's crime:
And he himſelf is warn'd, to wake another time.
She hires tormentors by the year; ſhe treats
Her viſitors, and talks; but ſtill ſhe beats.
Beats while ſhe paints her face, ſurveys her gown,
Caſts up the day's account, and ſtill beats on:
Tir'd out, at length, with an outrageous tone,
She bids 'em in the devil's name be gone.

5 *A train of theſe.* That is, of ſhe-aſſes.

Compar'd with ſuch a proud, inſulting dame,
Sicilian [6] tyrants may renounce their name.
For, if ſhe haſtes abroad to take the air,
Or goes to Iſis' church (the bawdy-houſe of pray'r)
She hurries all her handmaids to the taſk;
Her head, alone, will twenty dreſſers aſk.
Pſecas, the chief, with breaſt and ſhoulders bare,
Trembling, conſiders ev'ry ſacred hair;
If any ſtraggler from his rank be found,
A pinch muſt, for the mortal ſin, compound.
Pſecas is not in fault: but in the glaſs,
The dame's offended at her own ill face.
The maid is baniſh'd; and another girl
More dext'rous, manages the comb and curl;
The reſt are ſummon'd on a point ſo nice;
And firſt, the grave old woman gives advice.
The next is call'd, and ſo the turn goes round,
As each for age, or wiſdom, is renown'd:
Such counſel, ſuch deliberate care they take,
As if her life and honour lay at ſtake:
With [7] curls on curls, they build her head before,
And mount it with a formidable tow'r.
A gianteſs ſhe ſeems; but look behind,
And then ſhe dwindles to the pigmy kind.
Duck-legg'd, ſhort-waiſted, ſuch a dwarf ſhe is,
That ſhe muſt riſe on tip-toes for a kiſs.
Mean while, her huſband's whole eſtate is ſpent!
He may go bare, while ſhe receive his rent.
She minds him not; ſhe lives not as a wife,
But like a bawling neighbour, full of ſtrife:
Near him, in this alone, that ſhe extends
Her hate to all his ſervants and his friends.
Bellona's prieſts, an eunuch at their head,
About the ſtreets a mad proceſſion lead;

6 *Sicilian tyrants*, are grown to a proverb in Latin for their cruelty.

7 This dreſſing up the head ſo high, which we call a tow'r, was an ancient way amongſt the Romans.

The [8] venerable gueldings, large, and high,
O'erlooks the herd of his inferior fry.
His aukward clergymen about him prance;
And beat the timbrels to their myſtic dance,
Guiltleſs of teſticles, they tear their throats,
And ſqueak, in treble, their unmanly notes.
Mean while, his cheeks the mitred prophet ſwells,
And dire preſages of the year foretels.
Unleſs with eggs (his prieſtly hire) they haſte
To expiate, and avert th' autumnal blaſt.
And [9] add beſide a murrey-coloured veſt,
Which, in their places, may receive the peſt:
And, thrown into the flood, their crimes may bear,
To purge th' unlucky omens of the year.
Th' aſtoniſht matrons pay, before the reſt;
That ſex is ſtill obnoxious to the prieſt.
Thro' ye they beat, and plunge into the ſtream,
If ſo the God has warn'd 'em in a dream.
Weak in their limbs, but in devotion ſtrong,
On their bare hands and feet they crawl along
A whole field's length, the laughter of the throng.
Should Io (Io's prieſt I mean) command
A pilgrimage to Meroe's burning ſand,
Thro' deſerts they would ſeek the ſecret ſpring;
A holy water for luſtration bring.
How can they pay their prieſts too much reſpect,
Who trade with heav'n, and earthly gains neglect!
With him, domeſtic Gods diſcourſe by night:
By day, attended by his choir in white,
The bald-pate tribe runs madding thro' the ſtreet,
And ſmile to ſee with how much eaſe they cheat
The ghoſtly ſire forgives the wife's delights,
Who ſins, thro' frailty, on forbidden nights;

8 *Bellona*'s prieſts were a ſort of fortune-tellers, and the high-prieſt an eunuch.

9 *And add beſide*, &c. A garment was given to the prieſt, which he threw into the river; and that, they thought, bore all the ſins of the people, which were drowned with it.

And

And tempts her husband in the holy time,
When carnal pleasure is a mortal crime.
The sweating image shakes his head, but he
With mumbled pray'rs attones the Deity.
The pious priesthood the fat goose receive,
And they once brib'd, the godhead must forgive.
No sooner these remove, but full of fear,
A gypsy Jewess whispers in your ear,
And begs an alms: an high-priest's daughter she,
Vers'd in their Talmud, and divinity,
And propheſies beneath a shady tree.
Her goods a basket, and old hay her bed,
She strolls, and telling fortunes gains her bread:
Farthings, and some small monies, are her fees;
Yet she interprets all your dreams for these.
Foretels th' estate, when the rich uncle dies,
And sees a sweet-heart in the sacrifice.
Such toys, a pigeon's entrails can disclose:
Which yet th' Armenian augur far outgoes:
In dogs, a victim more obscene, he rakes;
And murder'd infants for inspection takes:
For gain, his impious practice he pursues;
For gain will his accomplices accuse.
More credit, yet, is to [1] Chaldeans giv'n;
What they foretel, is deem'd the voice of heav'n.
Their answers, as from Hammon's altar, come;
Since now the Delphian oracles are dumb,
And mankind, ignorant of future fate,
Believes what fond astrologers relate.
Of these the most in vogue is he, who sent
Beyond seas, is return'd from banishment,
His art who to [2] aspiring Otho sold;
And sure succession to the crown foretold.

1 *Chaldeans* are thought to have been the first Astrologers.
2 *Otho* succeeded Galba in the empire; which was foretold him by an astrologer.

For his eſteem is in his exile plac'd;
The more believ'd, the more he was diſgrac'd.
No aſtrologic wizard honour gains,
Who has not oft been baniſh'd, or in chains.
He gets renown, who, to the halter near,
But narrowly eſcapes, and buys it dear.
From him your wife enquires the planets will,
When the black jaundice ſhall her mother kill:
Her ſiſter's and her uncle's end, would know:
But, firſt, conſults his art, when you ſhall go.
And, what's the greateſt gift that heav'n can give,
If, after her, th' adulterer ſhall live.
She neither knows nor cares to know the reſt;
If 3 Mars and Saturn ſhall the world infeſt;
Or Jove and Venus with their friendly rays,
Will interpoſe, and bring us better days.
Beware the woman too, and ſhun her ſight,
Who in theſe ſtudies does herſelf delight,
By whom a greaſy almanack is borne,
With often handling, like chaft amber worn:
Not now conſulting, but conſulted, ſhe
Of the twelve houſes, and their lords, is free.
She, if the ſcheme a fatal journey ſhow,
Stays ſafe at home, but lets her huſband go.
If but a mile ſhe travel out of town,
The planetary hour muſt firſt be known,
And lucky moment; if her eye but akes
Or itches, its decumbiture ſhe takes.
No nouriſhment receives in her diſeaſe,
But what the ſtars and 4 Ptolomy ſhall pleaſe.
The middle ſort, who have not much to ſpare,
To chiromancers cheaper art repair,
Who clap the pretty palm, to make the lines more fair.

3 *Mars* and *Saturn* are the two unfortunate planets; Jupiter and Venus, the two fortunate.

4 *Ptolomy* a famous aſtrologer, an Egyptian.

But

But the rich matron, who has more to give,
Her anſwers from the 5 Brachman will receive:
Skill'd in the globe and ſphere, he gravely ſtands,
And, with his compaſs, meaſures ſeas and lands.
The pooreſt of the ſex, have ſtill an itch
To know their fortunes, equal to the rich.
The dairy-maid enquires, if ſhe ſhall take
The truſty taylor, and the cook forſake.
Yet theſe, tho' poor, the pain of childbed bear;
And, without nurſes, their own infants rear:
You ſeldom hear of the rich mantle, ſpread
For the babe, born in the great lady's bed.
Such is the pow'r of herbs; ſuch arts they uſe
To make them barren, or their fruit to loſe.
But thou, whatever ſlops ſhe will have brought,
Be thankful, and ſupply the deadly draught:
Help her to make man-ſlaughter; let her bleed,
And never want for ſavin at her need.
For, if ſhe holds till her nine months be run,
Thou mayſt be father to 6 an Æthiop's ſon.
A boy, who ready gotten to thy hands,
By law is to inherit all thy lands:
One of that hue, that ſhould he croſs the way,
His 7 omen would diſcolour all the day.
I paſs the foundling by, a race unknown,
At doors expos'd, whom matrons make their own:
And into noble families advance
A nameleſs iſſue, the blind work of chance.

5 The Brachmans are Indian philoſophers, who remain to this day; and hold, after Pythagoras, the tranſlation of ſouls from one body to another.

6 His meaning is, help her to any kind of ſlops, which may cauſe her to miſcarry; for fear ſhe may be brought to bed of a blackmoor, which thou, being her huſband, art bound to father; and that baſtard may by law inherit thy eſtate.

7 The Romans thought it ominous to ſee a blackmoor in the morning, if he were the firſt man they met.

Indulgent fortune does her care employ,
And, ſmiling, broods upon the naked boy:
Her garment ſpreads, and laps him in the fold,
And covers with her wings, from nightly cold:
Gives him her bleſſing; puts him in a way;
Sets up the farce, and laughs at her own play.
Him ſhe promotes; ſhe favours him alone,
And makes proviſion for him, as her own.
The craving wife, the force of magic tries,
And philters for th' unable huſband buys:
The potion works not on the part deſign'd;
But turns his brains, and ſtupifies his mind.
The ſotted moon-calf gapes, and ſtaring on,
Sees his own buſ'neſs by another done:
A long oblivion, a benumming froſt,
Conſtrains his head; and yeſterday is loſt:
Some nimbler juice would make him foam and rave,
Like that [8] Cæſonia to her Caius gave:
Who, plucking from the forehead of the fole
His mother's love infus'd it in the bowl:
The boiling blood ran hiſſing in his veins,
Till the mad vapour mounted to his brains.
The [9] Thund'rer was not half ſo much on fire,
When Juno's girdle kindled his deſire.
What woman will not uſe the pois'ning trade,
When Cæſar's wife the precedent has made;
Let [1] Agrippina's muſhroom be forgot,
Giv'n to a ſlav'ring, old, unuſeful ſot;

8 *Cæſonia*, wife to Caius Caligula, the great tyrant: it is ſaid ſhe gave him a love-potion, which flying up into his head, diſtracted him; and was the occaſion of his committing ſo many acts of cruelty.

9 The ſtory is in Homer; where Juno borrowed the girdle of Venus, called Ceſtos, to make Jupiter in love with her, while the Grecians and Trojans were fighting, that he might not help the latter.

1 *Agrippina* was the mother of the tyrant Nero, who poiſoned her huſband Claudius, that Nero might ſucceed, who was her ſon and not Britannicus, who was the ſon of Claudius, by a former wife.

That

That only clos'd the driv'ling dotard's eyes,
And ſent his godhead downward to the ſkies.
But this fierce potion calls for fire and ſword;
Nor ſpares the common, when it ſtrikes the lord.
So many miſchiefs were in one combin'd;
So much one ſingle pois'ner coſt mankind.
If ſtepdames ſeek their ſons-in-law to kill,
'Tis venial treſpaſs; let them have their will:
But let the child, entruſted to the care
Of his own mother, of her bread beware:
Beware the food ſhe reaches with her hand;
The moſſel is intended for thy land.
Thy tutor be thy taſter, ere thou eat;
There's poiſon in thy drink, and in thy meat.
You think this feign'd; the Satyr in a rage
Struts in the buſkins of the tragic ſtage,
Forgets his bus'neſs is to laugh and bite;
And will of deaths and dire revenges write.
Would it were all a fable, that you read;
But [2] Drymon's wife pleads guilty to the deed.
I (ſhe confeſſes) in the fact was caught,
Two ſons diſpatching at one deadly draught.
What two! Two ſons, thou viper, in one day!
Yes, ſev'n, ſhe cries, if ſev'n were in my way.
Medea's [3] legend is no more a lye;
Our age adds credit to antiquity.
Great ills, we grant, in former times did reign,
And murders then were done: but not for gain.
Leſs admiration to great crimes is due,
Which they thro' wrath, or thro' revenge, purſue.
For, weak of reaſon, impotent of will,
The ſex is hurry'd headlong into ill;

2 Widow of Drymon poiſoned her ſons, that ſhe might ſucceed to their eſtate: This was done either in the poet's time, or juſt before it.

3 *Medea*, out of revenge to Jaſon who had forſaken her, killed the children which ſhe had by him.

And, like a cliff from its foundation torn,
By raging earthquakes, into ſeas is born.
But thoſe are fiends, who crimes from thought begin:
And cool in miſchief, meditate the ſin.
They read th' example of a pious wife,
Redeeming, with her own, her huſband's life;
Yet, if the laws did that exchange afford,
Would ſave their lap-dog ſooner than their lord.
Where-e'er you walk, the 4 Belides you meet;
And 5 Clytemneſtras grow in ev'ry ſtreet:
But here's the diff'rence; Agamemnon's wife
Was a groſs butcher with a bloody knife;
But murder, now, is to perfection grown,
And ſubtle poiſons are employ'd alone:
Unleſs ſome antidote prevents their arts,
And lines with balſam all the nobler parts:
In ſuch a caſe, reſerv'd for ſuch a need,
Rather than fail, the dagger does the deed.

4 The Belides, were fifty ſiſters, married to fifty young men, their couſin-Germans; and killed them all on their wedding-night, excepting Hypermneſtra, who ſaved her huſband Linus.

5 *Clytemneſtra* the wife of Agamemnon, who, in favour to her adulterer Ægyſthus, was conſenting to his murder.

THE

THE TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet's design, in this divine satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind; and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial atchievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes therefore, that since we generally chuse so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the Gods, to make the choice for us. All we can safely ask of heaven, lies within a very small compass. It is but health of body and mind. And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?
Whole houses, of their whole desires possest,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In war, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels ſome have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable ſtream were drown'd.
The [1] brawny fool, who did his vigour boaſt;
In that preſuming confidence was loſt:
But more have been by avarice oppreſt,
And heaps of money crowded in the cheſt:
Unwieldy ſums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marſhall'd figures can account.
To which the ſtores of Crœſus, in the ſcale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they ſail
In the vaſt ſhadow of the Britiſh whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were ſent to ſeize
The rich mens goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commiſſion'd by the government,
Are ſeldom to an empty garret ſent.
The fearful paſſenger, who travels late,
Charg'd with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonſhine ſhadow of a ruſh;
And ſees a red-coat riſe from every buſh:
The beggar ſings, ev'n when he ſees the place
Beſet with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the firſt and chief requeſt
Of each, is to be richer than the reſt:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught controul,
He dreads no poiſon in his homely bowl,
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchaſe the cup, and ſparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of ſages praiſe,
Who the ſame end purſu'd, by ſeveral ways?
One pity'd, one contemn'd the woful times:
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes;

1 *Milo* of Crotona; who for a tryal of his ſtrength, going to rend an oak, periſhed in the attempt: for his arms were caught in the trunk of it; and he was devoured by wild beaſts.

Laughter is eaſy; but the wonder lies,
What ſtore of brine ſupply'd the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his ſpleen, and ſhake
His ſides and ſhoulders till he felt 'em ake;
Tho' in his country-town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor ax, nor tribune did appear:
Nor all the foppiſh gravity of ſhow,
Which cunning magiſtrates on crowds beſtow:
What had he done, had he beheld, on high,
Our prætor ſeated, in mock majeſty;
His chariot rolling o'er the duſty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a ſet formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back:
A ſute of hangings had not more oppreſt
His ſhoulders, than that long, laborious veſt:
A heavy gugaw, (call'd a crown,) that ſpread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head;
And would have cruſh'd it with the maſſy freight,
But that a ſweating ſlave ſuſtain'd the weight:
A ſlave in the ſame chariot ſeen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now th' imperial eagle, rais'd on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majeſty)
Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:
In their own natures falſe and flatt'ring tribes,
But made his friends, by places and by bribes.
In his own age, Democritus could find
Sufficient cauſe to laugh at human kind:
Learn from ſo great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenc'd, a heav'n fat with fogs,
May form a ſpirit fit to ſway the ſtate;
And make the neighb'ring monarchs fear their fate.
He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:

An

An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when ſhe frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows requeſt,
Are hurtful things, or uſeleſs at the beſt.
Some aſk for envy'd pow'r; which public hate
Purſues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the ſtatue crown'd,
Is by baſe hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltleſs horſes and the chariot wheel,
The ſame effects of vulgar fury feel:
The ſmith prepares his hammer for the ſtroke,
While the lung'd bellows hiſſing fire provoke;
Sejanus [2], almoſt firſt of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant braſs is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and piſs-pots, a whole kitchen-trade.
Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk-white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope, is dragg'd along;
The ſport and laughter of the giddy throng!
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a ſnout, and what a hanging face?
By heav'n, I never could endure his ſight;
But ſay, how came his monſtrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence,
(The ſaviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Cæſar ſent
A noiſy letter to his parliament:
Nay, ſirs, if Cæſar writ, I aſk no more,
He's guilty; and the queſtion's out of door.

2 *Sejanus* was Tiberius's firſt favourite; and while he continued ſo, had the higheſt marks of honour beſtowed on him; ſtatues and triumphal chariots were every where erected to him: But as ſoon as he fell into diſgrace with the emperor, theſe were all immediately diſmounted; and the ſenate and common people inſulted over him as meanly, as they had fawned on him before.

How

How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, and the mob are for the king:
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is ſtill againſt the rogue condemn'd to die.
But the ſame very mob, that raſcal crowd,
Had cry'd Sejanus, with a ſhout as loud;
Had his deſigns (by fortune's favour bleſt)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppreſt.
But long, long ſince, the times have chang'd their face,
The people grown degenerate and baſe:
Not ſuffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magiſtrates, and ſell their voice.
Our wiſe fore-fathers, great by ſea and land,
Had once the pow'r and abſolute command;
All offices of truſt, themſelves diſpos'd;
Rais'd whom they pleas'd, and whom they pleas'd depos'd.
But we who give our native rights away,
And our enſlav'd poſterity betray,
Are now reduc'd to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to ſee a puppet-ſhow.
There was a damn'd deſign, cries one, no doubt;
For warrants are already iſſued out:
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He's dipt for certain, and plays leaſt in ſight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the ſenate ſlack in his defence!
Come let us haſte, our loyal zeal to ſhow,
And ſpurn the wretched corps of Cæſar's foe:
But let our ſlaves be preſent there, leſt they
Accuſe their maſters, and for gain betray.
Such were the whiſpers of thoſe jealous times,
About Sejanus' puniſhment and crimes.
Now tell me truly, wouldſt thou change thy fate
To be, like him, firſt miniſter of ſtate?
To have thy levees crouded with reſort,
Of a depending, gaping, ſervile court:

Diſpoſe

Diſpoſe all honours of the ſword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown:
To hold thy prince in pupil age, and ſway
That monarch, whom the maſter'd world obey?
While he intent on ſecret luſt alone,
Lives to himſelf, abandoning the throne;
Coop'd [3] in a narrow iſle, obſerving dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting ſchemes!
I well believe, thou wouldſt be great as he;
For ev'ry man's a fool to that degree;
All wiſh the dire prerogative to kill;
Ev'n they would have the pow'r, who want the will:
But wouldſt thou have thy wiſhes underſtood,
To take the bad together with the good,
Wouldſt thou not rather chuſe a ſmall renown,
To be the may'r of ſome poor paltry town,
Bigly to look, and barb'rouſly to ſpeak;
To pound falſe weights, and ſcanty meaſures break?
Then, grant we that Sejanus went aſtray
In ev'ry wiſh, and knew not how to pray;
For he who graſp'd the world's exhauſted ſtore
Yet never had enough, but wiſh'd for more,
Rais'd a top-heavy tow'r, of monſtrous height,
Which mould'ring, cruſh'd him underneath the weight.
What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruin'd [4] him, who, greater than the Great,
The ſtubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What elſe but his immoderate luſt of pow'r,
Pray'rs made and granted in a luckleſs hour?

3 The iſland of Capreæ, which lies about a league out at ſea from the Campanian ſhore, was the ſcene of Tiberius's pleaſures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for ſome years with diviners, ſoothſayers, and worſe company ——— And from thence diſpatched all his orders to the ſenate.

4 *Julius Cæſar*, who got the better of Pompey that was ſtiled The Great.

For

For few uſurpers to the ſhades deſcend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.
The boy, who ſcarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declin'd a noun,
(So ſmall an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his ſatchel muſt be borne to ſchool,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing leſs,
To 5 prove a Tully, or Demoſthenes:
But both thoſe orators, ſo much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd:
The hand and head were never loſt, of thoſe
Who dealt in dogrel, or who punn'd in proſe.
" Fortune 6 foretun'd the dying notes of Rome:
" Till I, thy conſul ſole, conſol'd thy doom."
His fate had crept below the lifted ſwords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Mævius, thraſh for rhimes
Like his, the ſcorn and ſcandal of the times,
Than 7 that Philipique fatally divine,
Which is inſcrib'd the ſecond, ſhould be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who ſhook the theatres and ſway'd the ſtate
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoſcope,
His ſire, the blear-ey'd Vulcan of a ſhop,

5 *Demoſthenes* and Tully, both died for their oratory. Demoſthenes gave himſelf poiſon, to avoid being carried to Antipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himſelf maſter of Athens. Tully was murdered by M. Anthony's order, in return for thoſe invectives he had made againſt him.

6 The Latin of this couplet is a famous verſe of Tully's, in which he ſets out the happineſs of his own conſulſhip; famous for the vanity, and the ill poetry of it. For Tully, as he had a great deal of the one, ſo he had no great ſhare of the other.

7 The orations of Tully, againſt M. Antony, were ſtiled by him Philippics, in imitation of Demoſtenes, who had given that name before to thoſe he made againſt Philip of Macedon.

From

From Mars his forge, ſent to Minerva's ſchools,
To learn th' unlucky art of wheedling fools.
With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we ſtrain:
The [8] ſpoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A ſtreamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-faln beaver looſely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whoſe high convex ſits a captive foe,
And ſighing caſts a mournful look below;
Of ev'ry nation, each illuſtrious name,
Such toys as theſe have cheated into fame:
Exchanging ſolid quiet, to obtain
The windy ſatisfaction of the brain.
So much the thirſt of honour fires the blood;
So many would be great, ſo few be good.
For who would Virtue for herſelf regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward?
Yet this mad chace of fame, by few purſu'd,
Has drawn deſtruction on the multitude:
This avarice of praiſe in times to come,
Thoſe long inſcriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should ſome wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and diſperſe
The characters of all the lying verſe.
For ſepulchres themſelves muſt crumbling fall
In time's abyſs, the common grave of all.
Great Hannibal within the balance lay;
And tell how many pounds his aſhes weigh;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whoſe length runs level with th' Atlantic main,

8 This is a mock-account of a Roman triumph.

And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His ſun-beat waters by ſo long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain firſt he won, the Pyrenæans paſt,
And ſteepy Alps, the mounds that nature caſt:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A paſſage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run;
Yet ſtill uneaſy, cries, There's nothing done,
Till level with the ground their gates are laid;
And Punic flags on Roman tow'rs diſplay'd.
Aſk what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture ſcarcely would deſerve a frame:
A ſign-poſt dawber would diſdain to paint
The one-ey'd hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming Glory! ſay
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is baniſh'd from his native home:
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repuls'd by ſurly grooms, who wait before
The ſleeping tyrant's interdicted door.
What wond'rous ſort of death has heav'n deſign'd,
Diſtinguiſh'd from the herd of human kind,
For ſo untam'd, ſo turbulent a mind!
Nor ſwords at hand, nor hiſſing darts afar,
Are doom'd t' avenge the tedious bloody war;
But poiſon, drawn thro' a ring's hollow plate,
Muſt finiſh him; a ſucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at ſchool.
One world ſuffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he ſeem'd in earth and ſeas confin'd:

And, ſtruggling, ſtretch'd his reſtleſs limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a paſſage out.
Yet [9] enter'd in the brick-built town, he try'd
The tomb, and found the ſtrait dimenſions wide:
"Death only this myſterious truth unfolds,
"The mighty ſoul, how ſmall a body holds."
Old [1] Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
Cut from the continent, and ſail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots paſſing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from ſhore to ſhore:
Rivers, whoſe depth no ſharp beholder ſees,
Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowſy poet ſings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipt the winds, and made the ſea his ſlave?
(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound;
And Eurus never ſuch hard uſage found
In his Æolian priſon under ground;
What God ſo mean, ev'n [2] he who points the way,
So mercileſs a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us aſk again?
In a poor ſkiff he paſs'd the bloody main,
Choak'd with the ſlaughter'd bodies of his train.

9 *Babylon*, where Alexander died.

1 *Xerxes* is repreſented in hiſtory, after a very romantick manner, affecting fame beyond meaſure, and doing the moſt extravagant things to compaſs it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægean ſea: He is ſaid to have cut a channel through it, and to have ſailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Helleſpont, where it was three miles broad: And ordered a whipping for the winds and ſeas, becauſe they had once croſſed his deſigns, as we have a very ſolemn account of it in Herodotus. But, after all theſe vain boaſts, he was ſhamefully beaten by Themiſtocles at Salamis; and returned home, leaving moſt of his fleet behind him.

2 *Mercury*, who was a God of the loweſt ſize, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell, and mortals uſed him accordingly: For his ſtatues were anciently placed, where roads met; with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the ſeveral ways to travellers.

For

For fame he pray'd, but let th' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his pray'r.
Jove grant me length of life, and years good ſtore
Heap on my bended back, I aſk no more.
Both ſick and healthful, old and young conſpire
In this one ſilly miſchievous deſire.
Miſtaken bleſſing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, naſty, darkſome hoſpital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a viſage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a ſkin of buff.
A ſtitch-ſaln cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles, as a ſkilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when, with a grace,
She ſits at ſquat, and ſcrubs her leathern face.
In youth, diſtinctions infinite abound;
No ſhape, or feature, juſt alike are found;
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the ſtrong;
But the ſame foulneſs does to age belong,
The ſelf-ſame palſy, both in limbs and tongue.
The ſkull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain.
Beſides th' eternal drivel, that ſupplies
The dropping beard, from noſtrils, mouth and eyes.
His wife and children loath him, and, what's worſe,
Himſelf does his offenſive carrion curſe!
Flatt'rers forſake him too; for who would kill
Himſelf, to be remember'd in a will?
His taſte not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the reliſh of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provok'd to riſe,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance.
With his blue head-piece, and his broken lance?
Add, that endeavouring ſtill without effect,
A luſt more ſordid juſtly we ſuſpect.

Thoſe ſenſes loſt, behold a new defeat,
The ſoul diſlodging from another ſeat.
What muſic, or enchanting voice, can chear
A ſtupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he ſits to ſee:
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear:
Under an actor's noſe, he's never near.
His boy muſt bawl, to make him underſtand
The hour o' th' day, or ſuch a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins,
Is but juſt warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him ſound:
With ſores and ſickneſſes beleaguer'd round:
Aſk me their names, I ſooner could relate
How many drudges on ſalt Hippia wait;
What crouds of patients the town-doctor kills,
Or how, laſt fall, he rais'd the weekly bills.
What provinces by Baſilus were ſpoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguil'd:
How many bouts a-day that bitch has try'd;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride!
What lands and lordſhips for their owner know
My quondam barber, but his worſhip now.
This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his ſhoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft;
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting ſtands,
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others hands;
One, who at ſight of ſupper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders try'd;
Now only yawns, and waits to be ſupply'd:
Like a young ſwallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her faſting mother brings.
His loſs of members is a heavy curſe,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worſe!

His ſervants names he has forgotten quite;
Knows not his friend who ſupp'd with him laſt night.
Not ev'n the children he begot and bred;
Or his will knows 'em not: for, in their ſtead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for ſecret ſervices, is made:
So lewd and ſuch a batter'd brothel whore,
That ſhe defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet ſuppoſe his ſenſes are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his ſon;
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns,
Theſe are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a houſhold ſtill in tears,
Sad pomps: a threſhold throng'd with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian 3 king
Was longeſt liv'd of any two legg'd-thing;
Bleſt, to defraud the grave ſo long, to mount
His 4 number'd years, and on his right-hand count;
Three hundred ſeaſons, guzzling Muſt of wine:
But, hold a while, and hear himſelf repine
At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, 5 mercileſs in length, the midmoſt ſiſter drew.
When his brave ſon upon the fun'ral pyre
He ſaw extended, and his beard on fire;
He turn'd, and weeping, aſk'd his friends, what crime
Had curs'd his age to this unhappy time?

3 *Neſtor* king of Pylus; who was 300 years old, according to Homer's account, at leaſt as he is underſtood by his expoſitors.

4 The ancients counted by their fingers. Their Left hand ſerved them until they came up to an hundred. After that they uſed the Right, to expreſs all greater numbers.

5 The Fates were three ſiſters, who had all ſome peculiar buſineſs aſſigned them by the poets, in relation to the lives of men. The firſt held the diſtaff; the ſecond ſpun the thread; and the third cut it.

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles ſlain,
And thus Ulyſſes' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his anceſtors a mighty ſhade,
While Troy yet ſtood: when Hector, with the race
Of royal baſtards, might his fun'ral grace:
Amidſt the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd!
Had Heav'n ſo bleſt him, he had dy'd before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produc'd; he liv'd to ſee
His town in flames, his falling monarchy:
In fine, the feeble ſire, reduced by fate,
To change his ſcepter for a ſword, too late,
His 6 laſt effort before Jove's altar tries:
A ſoldier half, and half a ſacrifice:
Falls like an ox, that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.
At 7 leaſt, he dy'd a man; his queen ſurviv'd,
To howl, and in a barking body liv'd.
I haſten to our own; nor will relate
Great 8 Mithridates, and rich 9 Crœſus' fate;

6 Whilſt Troy was ſacking by the Greeks, old king Priam is ſaid to have buckled on his armour, to oppoſe them. Which he had no ſooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and ſlain before the temple of Jupiter, in his own palace, as we have the ſtory finely told in Virgil's ſecond Æneid.

7 *Hecuba*, his queen, eſcaped the ſwords of the Grecians, and out lived him. It ſeems, ſhe behaved herſelf ſo fiercely and uneaſily to her huſband's murderers while ſhe lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a Bitch, when ſhe died.

8 *Mithridates*, after he had diſputed the empire of the world for 40 years together with the Romans, was at laſt deprived of life and empire by Pompey the great.

9 *Cræſus*, in the midſt of his proſperity, making his boaſt to Solon, how happy he was, received this anſwer from the wiſe man, That no one could pronounce himſelf happy, until he ſaw what his end ſhould be. The truth of this Crœſus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

Whom Solon wiſely counſell'd to attend
The name of happy, till he knew his end.
That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All theſe were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld ſo happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman ſtreets; deſcending from his ſtate,
In that bleſt hour he ſhould have begg'd his fate;
Then, then, he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant ſoul with ſhouts expir'd.
Campania, [1] fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour ſent:
But public pray'rs impos'd on heaven, to give
Their much lov'd leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conſpir'd to ſave
The head, reſerv'd for an Egyptian ſlave.
Cethegus, [2] tho' a traytor to the ſtate,
And tortur'd, 'ſcap'd this ignominious fate:
And Sergius, [3] who a bad cauſe bravely try'd,
All of a piece, and undiminiſh'd, dy'd.
To Venus, the fond mother makes a pray'r,
That all her ſons and daughters may be fair:
True, for the boys a mumbling vow ſhe ſends;
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends:
They muſt be finiſh'd pieces: 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud:

1 *Pompey*, in the midſt of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of ſickneſs, at Naples. A great many cities then made public ſupplications for him. He recovered, was beaten at Pharſalia, fled to Ptolomy king of Ægypt; and inſtead of receiving protection at his court, had his head ſtruck off by his order, to pleaſe Cæſar.

2 *Cethegus* was one that conſpired with Cataline, and was put to death by the ſenate.

3 *Cataline* died fighting.

And pleas'd, to ſee the wond'ring people pray
To the new-riſing ſiſter of the day.
And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow:
And fair 4 Virginia would her fate beſtow
On Rutila; and change her faultleſs make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.
But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights!
Form join'd with virtue is a ſight too rare:
Chaſte is no epithet to ſuit with fair.
Suppoſe the ſame traditionary ſtrain
Of rigid manners, in the houſe remain;
Inveterate truth an old plain Sabine's heart;
Suppoſe that Nature, too, has done her part;
Infus'd into his ſoul a ſober grace,
And bluſht a modeſt blood into his face,
(For Nature is a better guardian far,
Than ſaucy pedants, or dull tutors are:)
Yet ſtill the youth muſt ne'er arrive at man;
(So much almighty bribes, and preſents, can;)
Ev'n with a parent, where perſuaſions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.
We never read of ſuch a tyrant king
Who gelt a boy deform'd, to hear him ſing.
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a miſtreſs of an ugly page:
Sporus, his ſpouſe, nor crooked was, nor lame,
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Croſs-barr'd: but both his ſexes well became.
Go, boaſt your Springal, by his beauty curſt
To ills; nor think I have declar'd the worſt;
His form procures him journey-work; a ſtrife
Betwixt town-madams, and the merchant's wife:

4 *Virginia* was killed by her own father, to prevent her being expoſed to the luſt of Appius Claudius, who had ill deſigns upon her. The ſtory at large is in Livy's third book; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occaſion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri; of whom Appius was one.

Gueſs, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beaſts offended cuckolds are.
Adult'rers are with dangers round beſet;
Born under Mars, they cannot 'ſcape the net;
And from revengeful huſbands oft have try'd
Worſe handling, than ſevereſt laws provide:
One ſtabs; one ſlaſhes; one, with cruel art,
Makes Colon ſuffer for the peccant part.
But your Endymion, your ſmooth, ſmock'd-fac'd boy,
Unrivall'd, ſhall a beauteous dame enjoy:
Not ſo: one more ſalacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleaſure for her gold:
Now he muſt moil, and drudge for one he loaths:
She keeps him high, in equipage and clothes:
She pawns her jewels, and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire:
In all things elſe immoral, ſtingy, mean;
But, in her luſts, a conſcionable quean.
He may be handſome, yet be chaſte, you ſay;
Good obſervator, not ſo faſt away:
Did it not coſt the 5 modeſt youth his life,
Who ſhunn'd th' embraces of his father's wife?
And was not t'other 6 ſtripling forced to fly,
Who coldly did his patron's queen deny;
And pleaded laws of hoſpitality?
The ladies charg'd 'em home, and turn'd the tale;
With ſhame they redden'd, and with ſpight grew pale.
'Tis dang'rous to deny the longing dame;
She loſes pity, who has loſt her ſhame.

5 *Hippolitus*, the ſon of *Theſeus*, was loved by his mother-in-law Phædra. But he not complying with her, ſhe procured his death.

6 *Bellerophon*, the ſon of king Glaucus, reſiding ſome time at the court of Patus king of the Argives, the queen, Sthenobæa, fell in love with him. But he refuſing her, ſhe turned the accuſation upon him; and he narrowly eſcaped Pætus's vengeance.

Now 7 Silius wants thy counſel, gives advice;
Wed Cæſar's wife, or die; the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes ſhe darts on ev'ry grace;
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn'd with bridal pomp ſhe ſits in ſtate;
The public notaries and Aruſpex wait:
The genial bed is in the garden dreſt:
The portion paid, and ev'ry rite expreſs'd,
Which in a Roman marriage is profeſt.
'Tis no ſtol'n wedding, this, rejecting awe,
She ſcorns to marry, but in form of law:
In this moot caſe, your judgment: to refuſe
Is preſent death, beſides the night you loſe;
If you conſent, 'tis hardly worth your pain;
A day or two of anxious life you gain:
Till loud reports thro' all the town have paſt,
And reach the prince: for cuckolds hear the laſt.
Indulge thy pleaſure, youth, and take thy ſwing;
For not to take is but the ſelf-ſame thing:
Inevitable death before thee lies;
But looks more kindly thro' a lady's eyes.
What then remains? Are we depriv'd of will,
Muſt we not wiſh, for fear of wiſhing ill?
Receive my counſel, and ſecurely move;
Intruſt thy fortune to the Pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want:
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excel;
Ah that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well!
We, blindly by our headſtrong paſſions led,
Are hot for action, and deſire to wed;

7 *Meſſalina*, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdneſs. She ſet her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth; forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilſt Claudius Cæſar was ſacrificing at Hoſtia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

Then

Then wiſh for heirs: but to the Gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known;
Th' audacious ſtrumpet, and ungracious ſon.
Yet not to rob the prieſts of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain;
Forgive the Gods the reſt, and ſtand confin'd
To health of body, and content of mind:
A ſoul, that can ſecurely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die;
Serene and manly, harden'd to ſuſtain
The load of life, and exercis'd in pain:
Guiltleſs of hate, and proof againſt deſire;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire;
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquet, and ignoble eaſe.
The path to peace is virtue: what I ſhow,
Thyſelf may freely on thyſelf beſtow:
Fortune was never worſhip'd by the wiſe;
But, ſet aloft by fools, uſurps the ſkies.

THE

THE SIXTEENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

The poet in this ſatire, proves, that the condition of a ſoldier is much better than that of a country-man: firſt, becauſe a country-man, however affronted, provoked, and ſtruck himſelf, dares not ſtrike a ſoldier; who is only to be judged by a court-martial: and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is alſo aſſured to have a ſpeedy hearing, and quick diſpatch: whereas the townſman or peaſant is delayed in his ſuit by frivolous pretences, and not ſure of juſtice when he is heard in the court. The ſoldier is alſo privileged to make a will, and to give away his eſtate, which he got in war, to whom he pleaſes, without conſideration of parentage or relations; which is denied to all other Romans. This ſatire was written by Juvenal, when he was a commander in Ægypt: it is certainly his, though I think it not finiſhed. And if it be well obſerved, you will find he intended an invective againſt a ſtanding army.

WHAT vaſt prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war!
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Tho' raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight,
Befriend me, my good ſtars, and all goes right:
One happy hour is to a ſoldier better,
Than mother [1] Juno's recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars ſhe would prefer
My ſuit, and own the kindneſs done to her.

[1] *Juno* was mother to Mars the god of war: Venus was his miſtreſs.

See

See what our common privileges are:
As, firſt, no ſaucy citizen ſhall dare
To ſtrike a ſoldier, nor when ſtruck, reſent
The wrong, for fear of farther puniſhment:
Not tho' his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a ſtring, in bumps his forehead riſe,
Shall he preſume to mention his diſgrace,
Or beg amends for his demoliſh'd face.
A booted judge ſhall ſit to try his cauſe,
Not by the ſtatute, but by martial laws;
Which old 2 Camillus order'd, to confine
The brawls of ſoldiers to the trench and line:
A wiſe proviſion; and from thence 'tis clear,
That officers a ſoldier's cauſe ſhould hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs receiv'd,
An honeſt man may hope to be reliev'd.
So far 'tis well: but with a gen'ral cry,
The regiment will riſe in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow-rogue demand,
And, if refus'd, will threaten to diſband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worſe than the diſeaſe:
This cauſe is worthy 3 him, who in the hall
Would for his fee, and for his client, bawl:
But would'ſt thou, friend, who haſt two legs alone,
(Which, heav'n be prais'd, thou yet mayſt call thy own)
Wouldſt thou to run the gantlet theſe expoſe
To a whole company of 4 hob-nail'd ſhoes?

2 *Camillus* (who being firſt baniſhed, by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls,) made a law which prohibited the ſoldiers from quarrelling without the camp, leſt upon that pretence they might happen to be abſent, when they ought to be on duty.

3 *This cauſe is worthy him*, &c. The poet names a Modeneſe lawyer whom he calls Vagellius: who was ſo impudent that he would plead any cauſe, right or wrong, without ſhame or fear.

4 *Hob-nail'd ſhoes*. The Roman ſoldiers wore plates of iron under their ſhoes, or ſtuck them with nails; as countrymen do now.

Sure

Sure the good-breeding of wiſe citizens
Should teach 'em more good-nature to their ſhins.
Beſides whom canſt thou think ſo much thy friend,
Who dares appear thy buſineſs to defend?
Dry up thy tears and pocket up th' abuſe,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuſe:
The judge cries out, Your evidence produce.
Will he, who ſaw the ſoldier's mutton-fiſt,
And ſaw thee maul'd, appear within the liſt,
To witneſs truth? When I ſee one ſo brave,
The dead, think I, are riſen from the grave;
And with their long ſpade beards, and matted hair,
Our honeſt anceſtors are come to take the air.
Againſt a clown, with more ſecurity,
A witneſs may be brought to ſwear a lye,
Than, tho' his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth againſt a man of war.
More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a ſtanding army's perquiſites.
If any rogue vexatious ſuits advance
Againſt me for my known inheritance,
Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the ſacred land-mark from my bounds,
Thoſe bounds, which with poſſeſſion and with pray'r,
And 5 offer'd cakes, have been my annual care:
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuſe to pay;
I muſt with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common cauſes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd-for day
Is ſtill encumber'd with ſome new delay:

5 Land-marks were uſed by the Romans almoſt in the ſame manner as now: And as we go once a year in proceſſion, about the bounds of pariſhes, and renew them, ſo they offered cakes upon the ſtone, or land-mark.

Perhaps

Perhaps 6 the cloth of ſtate is only ſpread,
Some of the quorum may be ſick a-bed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bowſy, and goes out to piſs:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious ſuit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know theſe cares,
No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
Their cauſe they to an eaſier iſſue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out, and cut.
Another branch of their revenue ſtill
Remains, beyond their boundleſs right to kill,
Their 7 father yet alive, impower'd to make a will.
For, what their proweſs gain'd, the law declares
Is to themſelves alone, and to their heirs:
No ſhare of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the ſon fights well, and plunders better,
Like ſtout Coranus, his old ſhaking fire
Does a remembrance in his will deſire:
Inquiſitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the ſlain:
But ſtill he lives, and riſing by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to ſpare:
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cheriſh valour, and reward deſert:
Let him be daub'd with lace, live, high and whore;
Sometimes be louſy, but be never poor.

6 The courts of judicature were hung, and ſpread, as with us; but ſpread only before the hundred judges were to ſit and judge publick cauſes, which were called by Lot.

7 The Roman ſoldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's life-time, of what they had purchaſed in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony: By this will they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the eſtate, ſo gotten, to whom they pleaſed: Therefore, ſays the poet, Coranus, (a ſoldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had raiſed his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father to make him his heir.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PERSIUS.

THE

FIRST SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

Argument of the PROLOGUE to the Firſt Satire.

The deſign of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in moſt of his ſatires. For which reaſon, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the buſineſs of the firſt ſatire; which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in faſhion, and the impudence of thoſe who were endeavouring to paſs their ſtuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

FIRST SATIRE.

I Never did on cleft [1] Parnaſſus dream,
Nor taſte the ſacred Heliconian ſtream;
Nor can remember when my brain inſpir'd,
Was, by the Muſes, into madneſs fir'd.
My ſhare in pale [2] Pyrene I reſign;
And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
Statues [3], with winding ivy crown'd, belong
To nobler poets, for a nobler ſong:
Heedleſs of verſe, and hopeleſs of the crown,
Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
Before the [4] ſhrine I lay my rugged numbers down.
Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
Or with a voice endu'd the chatt'ring pye?
'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appeaſe:
Want taught their maſters, and their maſters theſe.
Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
The hungry witlings have it in their eye;
Pyes, crows, and daws, poetic preſents bring:
You ſay they ſqueak; but they will ſwear they ſing.

1 *Parnaſſus* and Helicon were hills conſecrated to the muſes; and the ſuppoſed place of their abode. Parnaſſus was forked on the top; and from Helicon ran a ſtream, the ſpring of which was called the muſes well.

2 *Pyrene*, a fountain in Corinth; conſecrated alſo to the muſes.

3 The ſtatues of the poets were crowned with ivy about their brows.

4 *Before the ſhrine*; that is before the ſhrine of Apollo, in his temple at Rome, called the Palatine.

Argu-

Argument of the First Satire.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this satire. But I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence, by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets, Persius covertly strikes at Nero; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who in the luxury of their fortunes, set up for wits and judges. The satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a stoick philosopher; and that all his moral sentences, both here and in all the rest of his satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

THE

FIRST SATIRE.

In Dialogue betwixt the POET and his FRIEND or MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

HOW anxious are our cares, and yet how vain
The bent of our deſires!
Friend. Thy ſpleen contain:
For none will read thy ſatires.
Perſius. This to me?
Friend. None; or what's next to none, but two or three.
'Tis hard, I grant.
Perſius. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry ſcriblers have the public ear:
That this vaſt univerſal fool, the town,
Should cry up [1] Labeo's ſtuff, and cry me down.
They damn themſelves; nor will my Muſe deſcend
To clap with ſuch, who fools and knaves commend:
Their ſmiles and cenſures are to me the ſame:
I care not what they praiſe, or what they blame.
In full aſſemblies let the crowd prevail:
I weigh no merit by the common ſcale.
The conſcience is the teſt of ev'ry mind;
"Seek not thyſelf, without thyſelf, to find."

1 Nothing is remaining of Atticus Labeo, (ſo he is called by the learned Caſaubon.) Nor is he mentioned by any other poet beſides Perſius: Caſaubon, from an old commentator on Perſius, ſays, that he made a very fooliſh tranſlation of Homer's Iliad.

But

But where's that Roman?---Somewhat I would ſay,
But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way.
Truth lends the Stoick courage: when I look
On human acts, and read in Nature's book,
From the firſt paſtimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's ſeverer page;
When ſtern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We laſh the pupil, and defraud the ward:
Then, then I ſay,—or would ſay, if I durſt—
But thus provok'd, I muſt ſpeak out, or burſt.

Friend. Once more forbear.

Perſius. I cannot rule my ſpleen;
My ſcorn rebels, and tickles me within.

Firſt, to begin at home; our authors write
In lonely rooms, ſecur'd from public ſight;
Whether in proſe, or verſe, 'tis all the ſame:
The proſe is faſtian, and the numbers lame.
All noiſe, and empty pomp, a ſtorm of words,
Lab'ring with ſound, that little ſenſe affords.
They [2] comb, and then they order ev'ry hair:
A gown, or white, or ſcour'd to whiteneſs, wear:
A birth-day jewel bobbing at their ear,
Next, gargle well their throats, and thus prepar'd,
They mount, a God's name, to be ſeen and heard.
From their high ſcaffold, with a trumpet cheek,
And ogling all their audience ere they ſpeak.
The nauſeous nobles, ev'n the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to theſe rehearſals come,
And pant with pleaſure, when ſome luſty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulſom bawdry they rejoice,
And ſlimy jeſt applaud with broken voice.

2 He deſcribes a poet preparing himſelf to rehearſe his works in publick; which was commonly performed in Auguſt. A room was hired or lent by ſome friend; a ſcaffold was raiſed, and a pulpit placed for him, who was to hold forth; who borrowed a new gown, or ſcoured his old one; and adorned his ears with jewels, &c.

Baſe proſtitute, thus doſt thou gain thy bread?
Thus doſt thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy ſtuff he grins and brays:
And gives the ſign where he expects their praiſe.
Why have I learn'd, ſay'ſt thou, if thus confin'd,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild 3 fig-tree, which in rocks is bred,
Will ſplit the quarry, and ſhoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Dar'ſt thou apply that adage of the ſchool;
As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And "ſcience is not ſcience till reveal'd?"
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admir'd, to ſee
The crowd, with pointing fingers, cry, That's he:
That's he whoſe wond'rous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feaſts renown'd;
And often quoted when the bowls go round.
Full gorg'd and fluſh'd, they wantonly rehearſe;
And add to wine the luxury of verſe.
One, clad in purple, not to loſe his time,
Eats and recites ſome lamentable rhyme:
Some ſenſeleſs Phillis, in a broken note.
Snuffling at noſe, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciouſly the mellow audience nod:
Is not th' immortal author made a God?
Are not his manes bleſt, ſuch praiſe to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roſes (while his loud applauſe they ſing)
Stand ready from his ſepulcher to ſpring?
All theſe, you cry, but light objections are;
Mere malice, and you drive the jeſt too far.
For does there breathe a man, who can reject
A gen'ral fame, and his own lines neglect?

3 Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of Italy; and make their way through rocks: Sometimes ſplitting the tomb-ſtones.

In

In [4] cedar tablets worthy to appear,
That need not fish, or frankincense to fear?
Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus, if I by chance succeed
In what I write, (and that's a chance indeed)
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserv'd reward:
But this I cannot grant, that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads, in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care, and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets, in Apollo's spight.
Them and their woful works the Muse defies:
Products [5] of citron beds, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine desert;
And to thy thread-bare friend, a cast old suite impart.
Thus brib'd, thou thus bespeak'st him, Tell me, friend,
(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend,)
What says the world of me and of my Muse?
The poor dare nothing tell but flatt'ring news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme;
And all thy labours are but loss of time.
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writ'st not, but thou pissest poetry.
All authors to their own defects are blind;
Hadst thou but, [6] Janus like, a face behind,

To

4 The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood: ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written, were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

5 Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

6 *Janus* was the first king of Italy; who refuged Saturn, when he was expelled by his son Jupiter from Crete; (or as we now call it Candia.)

To ſee the people, what ſplay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:
Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
When moſt a-thirſt, of an Apulian bitch:
But noble ſcriblers are with flatt'ry fed;
For none dare find their faults, who eat their bread.
To paſs the poets of patrician blood,
What is't the common reader takes for good?
The verſe in faſhion is, when numbers flow,
Soft without ſenſe, and without ſpirit flow:
So ſmooth and equal, that no ſight can find
The rivet, where the poliſh'd piece was join'd.
So even all, with ſuch a ſteady view,
As if he ſhut one eye to level true.
Whether the vulgar vice his ſatire ſtings,
The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
The gentle poet is alike in all;
His reader hopes no riſe and fears no fall.

Friend. Hourly we ſee, ſome raw pin-feather'd thing
Attempt to mount, and ſighs and heroes ſing;
Who for falſe quantities was whipt at ſchool
But t'other day, and breaking grammar-rule.
Whoſe trivial art was never try'd above
The bare deſcription of a native grove:
Who knows not how to praiſe the country ſtore,
The feaſts, the baſkets, nor the fatted boar;
Nor paint the flow'ry fields that paint themſelves before.
Where [7] Romulus was bred, and Quintius born,
Whoſe ſhining plough-ſhare was in furrows worn,

Met

Candia.) From his name, the firſt month of the year is called January. He was pictured with two faces, one before, and one behind; as regarding the time paſt, and the future. Some of the mythologiſts think he was Noah, for the reaſon given above.

7 *Where Romulus*, &c. He ſpeaks of the country in the foregoing verſes; the praiſes of which, are the moſt eaſy theme for poets; but which a bad poet cannot naturally deſcribe: Then he makes a digreſſion to Romulus the firſt king of Rome, who had a ruſtical education;

Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
And ruſtically joy'd, as chief of Rome:
She wip'd the ſweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw;
The lictors bore in ſtate their lord's triumphant plough.

Some love to hear the fuſtian poet roar;
And ſome on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for ſenſe; and think thoſe only good
Who labour moſt, and leaſt are underſtood.
When thou ſhalt ſee the blear-ey'd father's teach
Their ſons, this harſh and mouldy ſort of ſpeech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton ſmoothneſs, female poetry;
One would enquire from whence this motly ſtile
Did firſt our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their ſeat;
But leap and catch at all that's obſolete.

Others, by fooliſh oſtentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to ſave their head,
Bring trifling tropes, inſtead of ſolid ſenſe:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleas'd to hear their thick-ſkull'd judges cry
Well mov'd, oh finely ſaid, and decently!
Theft (ſays th' accuſer) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius: what does gentle Pedius ſay?
Studious to pleaſe the genius of the times,
With [8] periods, points, and tropes he ſlurs his crimes:
"He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
"And took but with intention to reſtore."
He lards with flouriſhes his long harangue;
'Tis fine, ſay'ſt thou; what, to be prais'd, and hang?

cation; and enlarges upon Quintius Cincinnatus, a Roman ſenator, who was called from the plough to be dictator of Rome.

[8] *With periods*, &c. Perſius here names antitheſes, or ſeeming contradictions; which in this place are meant for rhetorical flouriſhes, as I think, with Caſaubon.

Effe-

Effeminate Roman, ſhall ſuch ſtuff prevail
To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
Say, ſhould a ſhip-wreck'd ſailor ſing his woe,
Wouldſt thou be mov'd to pity, or beſtow
An alms? What's more prepoſt'rous than to ſee
A merry beggar? Mirth in miſery?

Perſius. He ſeems a trap, for charity, to lay:
And cons, by night, his leſſon for the day.

Friend. But to raw numbers, and unfiniſh'd verſe,
Sweet ſound is added now, to make it terſe:
" 'Tis tagg'd with rhime, like 9 Berecynthian Atys,
" The mid-part chimes with art, which never flat is.
" The dolphin brave, that cuts the liquid wave,
" Or he who in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd
Appennine."

Perſius. All this is doggrel ſtuff.

Friend. What if I bring
A nobler verſe? " 1 Arms and the man I ſing."

Perſius. Why name you Virgil with ſuch fops as theſe?
He's truly great, and muſt for ever pleaſe:
Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
Bold in his ſtrength, but ſober in his rage.

Friend. What poems think you ſoft? and to be read
With languiſhing regards, and bending head?

Perſius. " 2 Their crooked horns the Mimallonian crew
" With blaſts inſpir'd; and Baſſaris who ſlew
" The ſcornful calf, with ſword advanc'd on high,
" Made from his neck his haughty head to fly.
" And Mænas, when with ivy bridles bound,
" She led the ſpotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
" Evion from woods and floods repairing echo's ſound."

9 *Berecynthian Atys, or Attin,* &c. Fooliſh verſes of Nero, which the poet repeats; and which cannot be tranſlated properly into Engliſh.

1 *Arms and the man,* &c. The firſt line of Virgil's Æneid.

2 *Their crooked horns,* &c. Other verſes of Nero, that were mere bombaſt. I only note, that the repetition of theſe and the former verſes of Nero, might juſtly give the poet a caution to conceal his name.

Could ſuch rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatneſs left in Rome?
Mænas 3 and Atys in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the lab'ring head:
No blood from bitten nails thoſe poems drew:
But churn'd, like ſpittle, from the lips they flew.
Friend. 'Tis fuſtian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools muſt you be mad?
Your ſatires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear ſo blunt a verſe.
Their doors are barr'd againſt a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you pleaſe, but you ſhall ſnarl without.
Expect ſuch pay as railing rhimes deſerve,
Y' are in a very hopeful way to ſtarve.
Perſius. Rather than ſo, uncenſur'd let 'em be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmleſs rhime ſhall 'ſcape the dire diſgrace
Of common-ſhoars, and ev'ry piſſing-place.
Two 4 painted ſerpents ſhall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you muſt not urine here.
This ſhall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little bawbles, when they play.
5 Yet old Lucilius never fear'd the times,
But laſh'd the city, and diſſected crimes.
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd 'em, and betwixt his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd deſign,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join:

3 *Mænas and Atys*, Poems on the Mænades, who were prieſteſſes of Bacchus; and of Atys, who made himſelf an eunuch to attend on the ſacrifices of Cybele, called Berecynthia by the poets; ſhe was mother of the gods.

4 *Two painted ſerpents*, &c. Two ſnakes twined with each other, were painted on the walls, by the ancients, to ſhew the place was holy.

5 *Yet old Lucilius*, &c. Lucilius wrote long before Horace; who imitates his manner of ſatire, but far excels him in the deſign.

And,

And, with a ſly inſinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raiſe a bluſh, where ſecret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently prob'd the wound.
With ſeeming innocence the crowd beguil'd;
But made the deſperate paſſes when he ſmil'd.
Could he do this, and is my Muſe controll'd
By ſervile awe? Born free, and not be bold?
At leaſt, I'll dig a hole within the ground;
And to the truſty earth commit the ſound:
The reeds ſhall tell you what the poet fears,
"King [6] Midas has a ſnout, and aſs's ears."
This mean conceit, this darling myſtery,
Which thou think'ſt nothing, friend, thou ſhalt not buy,
Nor will I change for all the flaſhy wit,
That flatt'ring Labeo in his Iliads writ.
[7] Thou, if there be a thou in this baſe town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He, who, with bold Cratinus, is inſpir'd
With zeal, and equal indignation fir'd:
Who, at enormous villany, turns pale,
And ſteers againſt it with a full-blown ſail,
Like Ariſtophanes, let him but ſmile
On this my honeſt work, tho' writ in homely ſtile:
And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear leſs droſſy, read thoſe lines again.

6 *King Midas*, &c. The ſtory is vulgar, that Midas king of Phrygia was made judge betwixt Apollo and Pan, who was the beſt muſician: He gave the prize to Pan; and Apollo in revenge gave him aſs's ears. He wore his hair long to hide them; but his barber diſcovering them, and not daring to divulge the ſecret, dug a hole in the ground, and whiſpered into it: The place was marſhy; and when the reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were ſpoken by the barber. By Midas the poet meant Nero.

7 *Eupolis* and Cratinus, as alſo Ariſtophanes mentioned afterwards, were all Athenian poets; who wrote that ſort of comedy, which was called the old comedy, where the people were named, who were ſatirized by thoſe authors.

May

May they perform their author's juſt intent,
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breaſt ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who 8 fortune's fault upon the poor can throw;
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged ſhoe:
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eye-ſight, when the mind is clear,
When thou thyſelf, thus inſolent in ſtate,
Art but, perhaps, ſome country magiſtrate;
Whoſe pow'r extends no farther than to ſpeak
Big on the bench, and ſcanty weights to break.
Him, alſo, for my cenſor I diſdain,
Who thinks all ſcience, as all virtue vain;
Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And, 9 with his foot, the ſacred duſt deſtroys:
Whoſe pleaſure is to ſee a ſtrumpet tear
A Cynick's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the bus'neſs of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they ſpend their afternoon.

8 *Who fortune's faults*, &c. The people of Rome in the time of Perſius, were apt to ſcorn the Grecian philoſophers, particularly the cynics and ſtoics, who were the pooreſt of them.

9 *And with his foot*, &c. Arithmetick and geometry were taught on floors, which were ſtrewed with duſt or ſand; in which the numbers and diagrams were made and drawn, which they might ſtrike out again.

THE

THE SECOND SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

This ſatire contains a moſt grave and philoſophical argument, concerning prayers and wiſhes. Undoubtedly it gave occaſion to Juvenal's tenth ſatire; and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called the Second Alcibiades. *Our author has induced it with great myſtery of art, by taking his riſe from the birth-day of his friend; on which occaſions, prayers were made, and ſacrifices offered by the native. Perſius commending the purity of his friend's vows, deſcends to the impious and immoral requeſts of others. The ſatire is divided into three parts: the firſt is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compaſs of four verſes. The ſecond relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of thoſe things, wherein men commonly ſinned againſt right reaſon, and offended in their requeſts. The third part conſiſts in ſhewing the repugnances of thoſe prayers and wiſhes, to thoſe of other men, and inconſiſtencies with themſelves. He ſhews the original of theſe vows, and ſharply inveighs againſt them: and laſtly, not only corrects the falſe opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addreſſes made to heaven, and how they may be made acceptable to the Powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Chriſtian than a Heathen.*

THE

THE SECOND SATIRE.

Dedicated to his friend PLOTIUS MACRINUS, on his birth-day.

LET this auſpicious morning be expreſt
With a white [1] ſtone, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy ſoul,
Till thy wit ſparkle, like the chearful bowl.
Pray; for thy pray'rs the teſt of heaven will bear;
Nor need'ſt thou take the Gods aſide, to hear:
While others, ev'n the mighty men of Rome,
Big ſwell'd with miſchief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with coſtly ſmoke,
Heav'n's help, to proſper their black vows invoke.
So boldly to the Gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for ſhame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye Pow'rs, and make me juſt:
Thus much the rogue to public ears will truſt:
In private then:—When wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou Thund'rer's ſon, great [2] Hercules,
That once thy bounteous Deity would pleaſe
To guide my rake, upon the chinking ſound
Of ſome vaſt treaſure hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd o' th' head;
I ſhould poſſeſs th' eſtate, if he were dead!

1 *White ſtone.* The Romans were uſed to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befel 'em, with a white ſtone which they had from the iſland Creta; and their unfortunate with a coal.

2 *Hercules* was thought to have the key and power of beſtowing all hidden treaſure.

He's

He's ſo far gone with rickets, and with th' evil,
That one ſmall doſe will ſend him to the devil.
This is my neighbour Nerius his third ſpouſe,
Of whom in happy time he rids his houſe.
But my eternal wife!—Grant heav'n I may
Survive to ſee the fellow of this day!
Thus, that thou mayſt the better bring about
Thy wiſhes, thou art wickedly devout:
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To waſh th' obſcenities of 3 night away.
But pr'ythee tell me, ('tis a ſmall requeſt)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou poſſeſt?
Wouldſt thou prefer him to ſome man? Suppoſe
I dipp'd among the worſt, and Staius choſe?
Which of the two would thy wiſe head declare
The truſtier tutor to an orphan heir?
Or, put it thus:—Unfold to Staius, ſtreight,
What to Jove's ear thou didſt impart of late:
He'll ſtare, and, O good Jupiter! will cry;
Can'ſt thou indulge him in this villany!
And think'ſt thou, Jove himſelf, with patience then
Can hear a pray'r condemn'd by wicked men?
That, void of care, he lolls ſupine in ſtate,
And leaves his bus'neſs to be done by fate?
Becauſe his thunder ſplits ſome burley tree,
And is not darted at thy houſe and thee?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Juſt at the perpetration of thy crime:
And makes thee a ſad object of our eyes,
Fit for 4 Ergenna's pray'r and ſacrifice?

3 The ancients thought themſelves tainted and polluted by night itſelf, as well as bad dreams in the night, and therefore purified themſelves by waſhing their heads and hands every morning; which cuſtom the Turks obſerve to this day.

4 When any one was thunderſtruck; the ſoothſayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place, to expiate the diſpleaſure of the gods, by ſacrificing two ſheep.

What

What well-fed off'ring to appeaſe the God,
What pow'rful preſent to procure a nod,
Haſt thou in ſtore? What bribe haſt thou prepar'd,
To pull him thus unpuniſh'd, by the beard?
Our ſuperſtitions with our life begin:
Th' obſcene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The new-born infant from the cradle takes,
And firſt of ſpittle a [5] luſtration makes:
Then in the ſpawl her middle-finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magick to prevent,
By virtue of her naſty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd pray'r
That heav'n would make him ſome rich miſer's heir,
Lucky to ladies, and, in time, a king;
Which to enſure, ſhe adds a length of navel-ſtring.
But no fond nurſe is fit to make a pray'r:
And Jove, if Jove be wiſe, will never hear;
Not tho' ſhe prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of braſs the crone demands
For her lov'd nurſling, ſtrung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the laſt, and with no toil to tire:
Unconſcionable vows, which when we uſe,
We teach the Gods, in reaſon, to refuſe.
Suppoſe they were indulgent to thy wiſh:
Yet the fat intrails in the ſpacious diſh,
Would ſtop the grant: the very over-care
And nauſeous pomp, would hinder half the pray'r.
Thou hop'ſt with ſacrifice of oxen ſlain
To compaſs wealth, and bribe the God of gain,
To give thee flocks and herds, with large increaſe;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's greaſe:

5 The poet laughs at the ſuperſtitious ceremonies which the old women made uſe of in their luſtration or purification days, when they named their children, which was done on the eighth day to females, and on the ninth to males.

And think'ſt that when the fatten'd flames aſpire,
Thou ſee'ſt th' accompliſhment of thy deſire!
Now, now, my bearded harveſt gilds the plain,
The ſcanty folds can ſcarce my ſheep contain,
And ſhowers of gold come pouring in amain!
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purſe declares his money gone.
Should I preſent them with rare figur'd plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanſhip as weight;
O how thy riſing heart would throb and beat,
And thy left ſide, with trembling pleaſure, ſweat!
Thou meaſur'ſt by thyſelf the Pow'rs Divine;
Thy Gods are burniſh'd, gold and ſilver is their ſhrine.
Thy puny Godlings of inferior race,
Whoſe humble ſtatues are content with braſs,
Should ſome of theſe, [6] in viſions purg'd from phlegm,
Foretel events, or in a morning dream;
Ev'n thoſe thou wouldſt in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give 'em beards of gold.
The prieſts in temples, now no longer care
For [7] Saturn's braſs, or [8] Numa's earthen ware;

Or

6 *In viſions purg'd from phlegm*, &c. It was the opinion, both of Grecians and Romans, that the Gods, in viſions or dreams, often revealed to their favourites a cure for their diſeaſes, and ſometimes thoſe of others. Thus Alexander dreamed of an herb which cured Ptolomy. Theſe Gods were principally Apollo and Eſculapius; but, in after-times, the ſame virtue and good-will was attributed to Iſis and Oſiris. Which brings to my remembrance an odd paſſage in Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*, or in his Vulgar Errors; the ſenſe whereof is, "That we are beholden, for many of our diſcoveries in phyſick, to the courteous revelation of ſpirits." By the expreſſion of "viſions purg'd from phlegm," our author means ſuch dreams or viſions, as proceed not from natural cauſes, or humours of the body; but ſuch as are ſent from heaven; and are, therefore, certain remedies.

7 *For Saturn's braſs*, &c. Brazen veſſels, in which the publick treaſures of the Romans were kept: It may be the poet meant only old Veſſels, which were called Κρόνια from the Greek name of Saturn.

8 *Numa's earthen ware*. Under Numa the ſecond king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy veſſels for ſacrifice were of earthen

Or veſtal urns, in each religious rite:
This wicked gold has put 'em all to flight.
O ſouls, in whom no heav'nly fire is found,
Fat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground!
We bring our manners to the bleſt abodes,
And think what pleaſes us muſt pleaſe the Gods.
Of oil and caſſia one th' ingredients takes,
And, of the mixture, a rich ointment makes:
Another finds the way to dye in grain;
And makes 9 Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian ſtain;
Or from the ſhells their orient treaſure takes,
Or, for their golden ore, in rivers rakes;
Then melts the maſs: all theſe are vanities!
Yet ſtill ſome profit from their pains may riſe:
But tell me, prieſt, if I may be ſo bold,
What are the Gods the better for this gold?
The wretch that offers from his wealthy ſtore
Theſe preſents, bribes the Pow'rs to give him more:
As 1 maids to Venus offer baby-toys,
To bleſs the marriage-bed with girls and boys.
But let us for the Gods a gift prepare,
Which the great man's great chargers cannot bear:

earthen ware, according to the ſuperſtitious rites which were introduced by the ſame Numa: Though afterwards, when Memmius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Emilius had conquered Macedonia, luxury began amongſt the Romans; and then their utenſils of devotion were of gold and ſilver, &c.

9 *And makes Calabrian wool*, &c. The wool of Calabria was of the fineſt ſort in Italy, as Juvenal alſo tells us. The Tyrian Stain is the purple colour dyed at Tyrus; and I ſuppoſe, but dare not poſitively affirm, that the richeſt of that dye was neareſt our crimſon, and not ſcarlet, or that other colour more approaching to the blue. I have not room to juſtify my conjecture.

1 *As maids to Venus*, &c. Thoſe Baby-Toys were little babies, or poppets, as we call them; in Latin *pupæ*; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty, or child-bearing, offered to Venus; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their *Bullæ*, or boſſes.

[I remember I tranſlated this ſatire, when I was a King's ſcholar at Weſtminſter-ſchool, for a Thurſday-night's Exerciſe; and believe that it, and many other of my Exerciſes of this nature, in Engliſh verſe, are ſtill in thē hands of my learned maſter, the reverend doctor Buſby.]

IS this thy daily courſe? The glaring ſun
Breaks in at ev'ry chink: the cattle run
To ſhades, and noon-tide rays of ſummer ſhun,
Yet plung'd in ſloth we lie; and ſhore ſupine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigeſted wine.
This grave advice ſome ſober ſtudent bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, ſcarce half awake, eſſays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raiſe:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and ſcrubs his pate;
And cries, I thought it had not been ſo late:
My cloaths make haſte: why when! if none be near,
He mutters firſt, and then begins to ſwear:
And brays aloud, with a more clam'rous note,
Than an Arcadian aſs can ſtretch his throat.
With much ado, his book before him laid,
And [1] parchment with the ſmoother ſide diſplay'd;
He takes the papers; lays 'em down again;
And, with unwilling fingers, tries the pen:
Some peeviſh quarrel ſtreight he ſtrives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick;
Infuſe more water; now 'tis grown ſo thin
It ſinks, nor can the characters be ſeen.
O wretch, and ſtill more wretched ev'ry day!
Are mortals born to ſleep their lives away?

1 *Parchment*, &c. The ſtudents uſed to write their notes on parchments; the inſide, on which they wrote, was white; the other ſide was hairy, and commonly yellow. Quintilian reproves this cuſtom, and adviſes rather table-books, lined with wax, and a ſtyle, like that we uſe in our vellum table-books, as more eaſy.

Go

Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:
Eat pap and ſpoon-meat; for thy gugaws cry:
Be ſullen, and refuſe the lullaby.
No more accuſe thy pen; but charge the crime
On native ſloth, and negligence of time.
Think'ſt thou thy maſter, or thy friends, to cheat?
Fool, 'tis thyſelf, and that's a worſe deceit.
Beware the public laughter of the town;
Thou ſpring'ſt a leak already in thy crown.
A flaw is in thy ill-bak'd veſſel found;
'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring ſound.

Yet, thy moiſt clay is pliant to command;
Unwrought, and eaſy to the potter's hand:
Now take the mold; now bend thy mind to feel
The firſt ſharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou haſt land; a country-ſeat, ſecure
By a juſt title; coſtly furniture;
A [2] fuming-pan thy Lares to appeaſe:
What need of learning when a man's at eaſe?
If this be not enough to ſwell thy ſoul,
Then pleaſe thy pride, and ſearch the herald's roll,
Where thou ſhalt find thy famous pedigree
Drawn [3] from the root of ſome old Tuſcan tree;
And thou, a thouſand off, a fool of long degree.
Who, clad in [4] purple, can'ſt thy cenſor greet;
And, loudly, call him couſin, in the ſtreet.

Such

2 *A fuming-pan*, &c. Before eating, it was cuſtomary to cut off ſome part of the meat; which was firſt put into a pan, or little diſh; then into the fire, as an offering to the houſhold-gods: This they called a Libation.

3 *Drawn from the root*, &c. The Tuſcans were accounted of moſt ancient nobility. Horace obſerves this, in moſt of his compliments to Mecanas, who was derived from the old kings of Tuſcany, now the dominion of the great duke.

4 *Who clad in purple*, &c. The Roman knights, attired in the robe called *Trabea*, were ſummoned by the cenſor to appear before

Such pageantry be to the people ſhown:
There boaſt thy horſe's trappings, and thy own:
I know thee to thy bottom; from within
Thy ſhallow center, to the utmoſt ſkin:
Doſt thou not bluſh to live ſo like a beaſt,
So trim, ſo diſſolute, ſo looſely dreſt?
But 'tis in vain: the wretch is drench'd too deep;
His ſoul is ſtupid, and his heart aſleep;
Fatten'd in vice; ſo callous, and ſo groſs,
He ſins, and ſees not; ſenſeleſs of his loſs.
Down goes the wretch at once, unſkill'd to ſwim,
Hopeleſs to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.
Great father of the Gods, when, for our crimes,
Thou ſend'ſt ſome heavy judgment on the times;
Some tyrant-king, the terror of his age,
The type, and true vicegerent of thy rage;
Thus puniſh him: ſet virtue in his ſight,
With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces bright:
But ſet her diſtant, make him pale to ſee
His gains outweigh'd by loſt felicity!
Sicilian [5] tortures and the brazen bull,
Are emblems, rather than expreſs the full
Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:
The [6] wretch, who ſitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed ſword
Hang

him; and to ſalute him in paſſing by, as their names were called over. They led their horſes in their hand. See more of this in Pompey's life, written by Plutarch.

5 *Sicilian tortures*, &c. Some of the Sicilian kings were ſo great tyrants, that the name is become proverbial. The brazen bull is a known ſtory of Phalaris one of thoſe tyrants; who when Perillus, a famous artiſt, had preſented him with a bull of that metal hollowed within, which when the condemned perſon was incloſed in it, would render the ſound of a bull's roaring, cauſed the workman to make the firſt experiment. *Docuitque ſuum mugire Juvencum.*

6 *The wretch who ſitting*, &c. He alludes to the ſtory of Damocles, a flatterer of one of thoſe Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionyſius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happineſs of kings. Dionyſius,

to

Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with leſs dread, and more ſecurely dine.
Ev'n in his ſleep he ſtarts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice wife;
Down, down, he goes; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil to ſtay from ſchool:
Averſe from pains, and loth to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntleſs heart:
Tho' much, my maſter, that ſtern virtue prais'd,
Which o'er the vanquiſher the vanquiſh'd rais'd:
And my pleas'd father came with pride to ſee
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my ſtudy was to cog the dice,
And dext'rouſly to throw the lucky ſice:
To ſhun ames-ace, that ſwept my ſtakes away;
And watch the box, for fear they ſhould convey
Falſe bones, and put upon me in the play.
Careful, beſides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till ſhe fell aſleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends diſcern:
Thou, 7 in the ſtoick-porch, ſeverely bred,
Haſt heard the dogmas of great Zeno read:
There on the walls, by 8 Polygnotus' hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches ſtand.

to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feaſt, and clothed him in purple; but cauſed a ſword, with the point downward, to be hung over his head by a ſilken twine; which when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicates that were ſet before him.

7 *Thou in the ſtoick porch*, &c. The ſtoicks taught their philoſophy under a *Porticus*, to ſecure their ſcholars from the weather. Zeno was the chief of that ſect.

8 *Polygnotus*, a famous painter, who drew the pictures of the Medes and Perſians, conquered by Miltiades, Themiſtocles, and other Athenian captains, on the walls of the *Portico*, in their natural habits.

Where

Where the ſhorn youth to midnight lectures riſe,
Rous'd from their ſlumbers to be early wiſe:
Where the coarſe cake, and homely huſks of beans,
From pamp'ring riot the young ſtomach weans:
And 9 where the Samian Y directs thy ſteps to run
To Virtue's narrow ſteep, and broad-way Vice to ſhun.
And yet thou ſnor'ſt; thou draw'ſt thy drunken breath,
Sour with debauch: and ſleep'ſt the ſleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body is diſſolv'd as is thy mind.
Haſt thou not, yet, propos'd ſome certain end,
To which thy life, thy ev'ry act may tend?
Haſt thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or like a boy purſu'ſt the carrion crow
With pellets, and with ſtones, from tree to tree:
A fruitleſs toil, and liv'ſt *extempore?*
Watch the diſeaſe in time: for, when within
The dropſy rages and extends the ſkin,
In vain for Hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wiſe:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conqueſt and Guibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were deſign'd;
And the great moral end of human kind.
Study thyſelf: what rank or what degree
The wiſe Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that eſtate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray juſtly, to be heard: nor more deſire
Than what the decencies of life require.

9 *And where the Samian* Y, &c. Pythagoras of Samos, made the alluſion of the Y, or Greek upſilon, to vice and virtue. One ſide of the letter being broad, characters vice, to which the aſcent is wide and eaſy: The other ſide repreſents virtue, to which the paſſage is ſtraight and difficult: and perhaps our Saviour might alſo allude to this, in thoſe noted words of the evangeliſt, "The way to heaven, &c.

Learn what thou ow'ſt thy country, and thy friend;
What's requiſite to ſpare, and what to ſpend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the ſtore
Of the greaz'd advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat [1] fees from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cauſe.
To whom the [2] Marſians more proviſion ſend,
Than he and all his family can ſpend.
Gammons, that give a reliſh to the taſte,
And potted fowl, and fiſh come in ſo faſt,
That ere the firſt is out, the ſecond ſtinks:
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, ſome captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a ſoldier's wit;
Cries, I have ſenſe to ſerve my turn, in ſtore;
And he's a raſcal who pretends to more.
Dammee, what-e'er thoſe book-learn'd blockheads ſay,
Solon's the very'ſt fool in all the play.
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down,
(As over-ballaſted within the crown!)
Mutt'ring betwixt their lips ſome myſtic thing,
Which, well examin'd, is flat conjuring,
Mere madmen's dreams: for what the ſchools have taught,
Is only this, that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd to nought.
Is it for this they ſtudy? to grow pale,
And miſs the pleaſures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accouter'd, are they ſeen,
And made the may-game of the public ſpleen?

1 *Fat fees*, &c. Caſaubon here notes, that among all the Romans, who were brought up to learning, few beſides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

2 The Marſians or Umbrians, were the moſt plentiful of all the provinces of Italy.

Proceed,

Proceed, my friend, and rail; but hear me tell
A ſtory, which is juſt thy parallel.
A ſpark, like thee, of the man-killing trade,
Fell ſick, and thus to his phyſician ſaid:
Methinks I am not right in ev'ry part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulſe unequal, and my breath is ſtrong;
Beſides a filthy furr upon my tongue.
The doctor heard him, exercis'd his ſkill:
And, after, bid him for four days be ſtill.
Three days he took good counſel, and began
To mend, and look like a recov'ring man:
The fourth, he could not hold from drink; but ſends
His boy to one of his old truſty friends:
Adjuring him, by all the Pow'rs Divine,
To pity his diſtreſs, who could not dine
Without a flaggon of his healing wine.
He drinks a ſwilling draught; and, lin'd within,
Will ſupple in the bath his outward ſkin:
Whom ſhould he find but his phyſician there,
Who, wiſely, bade him once again beware.
Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dang'rous, and the bath is death.
'Tis nothing, ſays the fool: but ſays the friend,
This nothing, Sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not ſee your dropſy belly ſwell?
Your yellow ſkin?—No more of that; I'm well.
I have already bury'd two or three
That ſtood betwixt a fair eſtate and me,
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'ſt me, I look ill; and thou look'ſt worſe.
I've done, ſays the phyſician; take your courſe.
The laughing ſot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks again:
His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing thro' his jaws a belching ſteam:

Amidſt

Amidſt his cups with fainting ſhiv'ring ſeiz'd,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diſeas'd,
His hand refuſes to ſuſtain the bowl:
And his teeth chatter, and his eye-balls roll:
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his ſoul:
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners, for his fun'ral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in ſtate,
His 3 heels ſtretch'd out, and pointing to the gate:
And ſlaves, now manumiz'd, on their dead maſter wait.
They hoiſt him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
But what's thy fulſom parable to me?
My body is from all diſeaſes free:
My temp'rate pulſe does regularly beat;
Feel, and be ſatisfy'd, my hands and feet:
Theſe are not cold, nor thoſe oppreſt with heat.
Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou ſhalt find me hale in ev'ry part.
I grant this true: but, ſtill, the deadly wound
Is in thy ſoul; 'tis there thou art not ſound.
Say, when thou ſeeſt a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot doſt behold;
Then, when ſhe caſts on thee a ſide-long glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.
Some coarſe cold ſallad is before thee ſet;
Bread with the bran perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
Theſe art not diſhes for thy dainty tooth:
What, haſt thou got an ulcer in thy mouth?
Why ſtand'ſt thou picking? Is thy pallat ſore?
That bete and radiſhes will make thee roar?
Such is the unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy paſſions, in extreams, and unconfin'd:

3 *His heels ſtretch'd out*, &c. The Romans were buried without the city; for which reaſon the poet ſays, that the dead man's heels were ſtretched out towards the gate.

Thy hair ſo briſtles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that riſe in bearded ears.
And, when thy cheeks with fluſhing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more ſlow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips and ſparkling eyes,
Thou ſay'ſt, and doſt, in ſuch outrageous wiſe:
That mad 4 Oreſtes, if he ſaw the ſhow,
Would ſwear thou wert the madder of the two.

4 *That mad Oreſtes.* Oreſtes was ſon to Agamemnon and Clytemneſtra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan wars, was ſlain by Ægyſthus, the adulterer of Clytemneſtra. Oreſtes to revenge his father's death, ſlew both Ægyſthus and his mother: For which he was puniſhed with madneſs, by the Eumenides, or furies, who continually haunted him.

THE

FOURTH SATIRE

OF

PERSIUS.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan; both of them were ſufficiently ſenſible, with all good men, how unſkilfully he managed the commonwealth: and perhaps might gueſs at his future tyranny, by ſome paſſages during the latter part of his firſt five years; though he broke not out into his great exceſſes, while he was reſtrained by the counſels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not ſpared him in the poem of his Pharſalia; for his very compliment looked aſquint as well as Nero. Perſius has been bolder, but with caution likewiſe. For here, in the perſon of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with ſtate-affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this ſatire, ſuſtain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name. And, withal, diſcovers ſome ſecret vices of Nero, concerning his luſt, his drunkenneſs, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He alſo reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices paſs for virtues. Covetouſneſs was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here deſcribed as a veil caſt over the true meaning of the poet, which was to ſatirize his prodigality and voluptuouſneſs; to which he makes a tranſition. I find no inſtance in hiſtory of that emperor's being a Pathick, though Perſius ſeems to brand him with it. From

the two dialogues of Plato, both called Alcibiades, the poet took the arguments of the ſecond and third ſatires, but he inverted the order of them: for the third ſatire is taken from the firſt of theſe dialogues.

The commentators before Caſaubon, were ignorant of our author's ſecret meaning; and thought he had only written againſt young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aſpiring to public magiſtracy: but this excellent ſcholiaſt has unravelled the whole myſtery; and made it apparent, that the ſting of this ſatire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHoe'er thou art, whoſe forward years are bent
On ſtate-affairs to guide the government;
Hear, firſt, what [1] Socrates of old has ſaid
To the lov'd youth, whom he at Athens bred.
Tell me, thou pupil to great [2] Pericles,
Our ſecond hope, my Alcibiades,
What are the grounds, from whence thou doſt prepare
To undertake, ſo young, ſo vaſt a care?
Perhaps thy wit: (a chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence ſhould prevent the beard:)
'Tis ſeldom ſeen, that ſenators ſo young,
Know when to ſpeak and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to ſome peculiar fate:
When the mad people riſe againſt the ſtate,
To look them into duty: and command
An awful ſilence with thy lifted hand.

1 *Socrates*, whom the oracle of Delphos praiſed as the wiſeſt man of his age, lived in the time of the Peloponneſian war. He finding the uncertainty of natural philoſophy, applied himſelf wholly to the moral. He was maſter to Xenophon and Plato; and to many of the Athenian young noblemen; among the reſt, to Alcibiades, the moſt lovely youth then living; afterwards a famous captain, whoſe life is written by Plutarch.

2 *Pericles* was tutor, or rather overſeer of the will of Clinias, father to Alcibiades. While Pericles lived, who was a wiſe man, and an excellent orator, as well as a great general, the Athenians had the better of the war.

Then

Then to beſpeak 'em thus: Athenians, know
Againſt right reaſon all your counſels go;
This is not fair; nor profitable that;
Nor t'other queſtion proper for debate.
But thou, no doubt, can'ſt ſet the buſineſs right,
And give each argument its proper weight:
Know'ſt, with an equal hand, to hold the ſcale:
Seeſt where the reaſons pinch, and where they fail,
And where exceptions o'er the general rule prevail.
And, taught by inſpiration, in a trice,
Can'ſt 3 puniſh crimes, and brand offending vice.
Leave, leave to fathom ſuch high points as theſe,
Nor be ambitious, e'er the time, to pleaſe:
Unſeaſonably wiſe, till age, and cares,
Have form'd thy ſoul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy ſhape, thy outſide, are but vain;
Thou haſt not ſtrength ſuch labours to ſuſtain:
Drink 4 hellebore, my boy, drink deep and purge thy brain.
What aim'ſt thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmoſt good? Delicious fare;
And, then, to ſun thyſelf in open air.
Hold, hold; are all thy empty wiſhes ſuch?
A good old woman would have ſaid as much.
But thou art nobly born, 'tis true; go boaſt
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valu'ſt moſt:
Beſides thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well dreſt, extravagant, and wild:

3 *Canſt puniſh crimes*, &c. That is, by death. When the judge would condemn a malefactor, they caſt their votes into an urn, as, according to the modern cuſtom, a ballotting-box. If the ſuffrages were marked with Θ, they ſignified the ſentence of death to the offender: as being the firſt letter of Θάνατος, which in Engliſh is death.

4 *Drink Hellebore*, &c. The poet would ſay, that ſuch an ignorant young man, as he here deſcribes, is fitter to be governed himſelf, than to govern others: He therefore adviſes him to drink Hellebore, which purges the brain.

She, that cries herbs, has leſs impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common ſenſe.
None, none deſcends into himſelf, to find
The ſecret imperfections of his mind:
But ev'ry one is eagle-ey'd, to ſee
Another's faults, and his deformity.
Say, doſt thou know 5 Vectidius? Who, the wretch
Whoſe lands beyond the Sabines largely ſtretch;
Cover the country, that a ſailing kite
Can ſcarce o'er fly 'em in a day and night;
Him doſt thou mean, who, ſpight of all his ſtore,
Is ever craving, and will ſtill be poor?
Who cheats for half-pence, and who doffs his coat,
To ſave a farthing in a ferry-boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's coſt,
But in whoſe kitchen dwells perpetual froſt?
Who eats and drinks with his domeſtic ſlaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curſe and anger of the Gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harveſt-home, and on the ſheering-day
When he ſhould 6 thanks to Pan and Pales pay,
And better Ceres; trembling to approach
The little barrel, which he fears to broach:
He 'ſays the wimble, often draws it back,
And deals to thirſty ſervants but a ſmack.

5 *Say, doſt thou know Vectidius*, &c. The name of Vectidius is here uſed appellatively to ſignify any rich covetous man; though perhaps there might be a man of that name then living. I have tranſlated this paſſage paraphraſtically, and looſly; and leave it for thoſe to look on, who are not unlike the picture.

6 *When he ſhou'd thanks*, &c. Pan the god of ſhepherds, and Pales the goddeſs preſiding over rural affairs, whom Virgil invocates in the beginning of his ſecond Georgick. I give the epithet of Better to Ceres, becauſe ſhe firſt taught the uſe of corn for bread, as the poets tell us. Men, in the firſt rude ages, feeding only on acorns, or maſt, inſtead of bread.

To

To a ſhort meal he makes a tedious grace,
Before the barley-pudding comes in place:
Then, bids fall on; himſelf, for ſaving charges,
A peel'd ſlic'd onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
Thus fares the drudge: but thou, whoſe life's a dream
Of lazy pleaſures, tak'ſt a worſe extream.
'Tis all thy bus'neſs, bus'neſs how to ſhun;
To baſk thy naked body in the ſun;
Suppling thy ſtiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
Then, in thy ſpacious garden, walk a while,
To ſuck the moiſture up, and ſoak it in:
And this, thou think'ſt, but vainly think'ſt, unſeen.
But, know, thou art obſerv'd: and there are thoſe
Who, if they durſt, would all thy ſecret ſins expoſe.
The 7 depilation of thy modeſt part:
Thy catamite, the darling of thy heart,
His engine-hand, and ev'ry lewder art.
When prone to bear, and patient to receive,
Thou tak'ſt the pleaſure, which thou can'ſt not give.
With odorous oil thy head and hair are ſleek;
And then thou kemb'ſt the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of theſe thy barbers take a coſtly care,
While thy ſalt tail is overgrown with hair.
Not all thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
Can ſmooth the roughneſs of thy ſhameful parts.
Not 8 five, the ſtrongeſt that the Circus breeds,
From the rank ſoil can root thoſe wicked weeds:

Tho'

7 *The depilation of thy modeſt part*, &c. Our author here taſks Nero, covertly, with that effeminate cuſtom now uſed in Italy, and eſpecially by Harlots, of ſmoothing their bellies, and taking off the hairs which grow about their ſecrets. In Nero's time they were pulled off with pincers; but now they uſe a paſte, which applied to thoſe parts, when it is removed, carries away with it thoſe excreſcencies.

8 *Not five the ſtrongeſt*, &c. The learned Holiday, (who has made us amends for his bad poetry in this and the reſt of theſe ſatires, with his excellent illuſtrations,) here tells us, from good authority, that the number five does not allude to the Five Fingers of one man, who

Tho' ſuppled firſt with ſoap, to eaſe thy pain,
The ſtubborn fern ſprings up, and ſprouts again.
Thus others we with defamations wound,
While they ſtab us; and ſo the jeſt goes round.
Vain are thy hopes, to 'ſcape cenſorious eyes;
Truth will appear through all the thin diſguiſe:
Thou haſt an ulcer which no leach can heal,
Tho' thy broad ſhoulder-belt the wound conceal.
Say thou art ſound and hale in ev'ry part,
We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
We know thee ſullen, impotent, and proud:
Nor can'ſt thou cheat thy 9 nerve, who cheat'ſt the croud.
But when they praiſe me, in the neighbourhood.
When the pleas'd people take me for a God,
Shall I refuſe their incenſe? Not receive
The loud applauſes which the vulgar give?
If thou doſt wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
And, greedily, art gaping after gold;
If ſome alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a laſcivious eye,
And thou with a conſenting glance, reply;
If thou, thy own ſolicitor become,
And bid'ſt ariſe the lumpiſh pendulum;

uſed them all, in taking off the hairs before mentioned; but to "Five ſtrong Men," ſuch as were ſkilful in the five robuſt exerciſes, then in practice at Rome, and were performed in the Circus, or public place, ordained for them. Theſe five he reckons up in this manner: 1 The Cæſtus, or whirlbats, deſcribed by Virgil, in his fifth Æneid; and this was the moſt dangerous of all the reſt. The ſecond was the Foot-race. The third the Diſcus, like the throwing a weighty ball; a ſport now uſed in Cornwall, and other parts of England; we may ſee it daily practiſed in Red-lion Fields. The fourth was the Saltus, or leaping: And the fifth Wreſtling naked, and beſmeared with oil. They who were practiſed in theſe five manly exerciſes, were called Πένταθλοι.

9 *Thy nerve*, &c. That is, canſt not deceive thy obſcene part, which is weak, or impotent, though thou makeſt oſtentation of thy performances with women.

If

If thy lewd luſt provokes an empty ſtorm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy 1 guards, thou ſcour'ſt the ſtreets by night,
And doſt in murders, rapes, and ſpoils delight;
Pleaſe not thyſelf, the flatt'ring crowd to hear;
'Tis fulſome ſtuff to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauſeous praiſes of the times:
Give thy baſe poets back thy cobbled rhimes:
Survey 1 thy ſoul, not what thou do'ſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

1 *If with thy guards*, &c. Perſius durſt not have been ſo bold with Nero, as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him, which I publickly ſpeak: I mean of Nero's walking in the ſtreets by night, in diſguiſe, and committing all ſorts of outrages; for which he was ſometimes well beaten.

2 *Survey thy ſoul*, &c. That is, look into thyſelf, and examine thy own conſcience; there thou ſhalt find, that how wealthy ſoever thou appeareſt to the world, yet thou art but a beggar; becauſe thou art deſtitute of all virtues, which are the riches of the ſoul. This alſo was a paradox of the ſtoick ſchool.

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The judicious Caſaubon, in his poem to this ſatire, tells us, that Ariſtophanes the grammarian being aſked, what poem of Archilochus his Iambics he preferred before the reſt; anſwered, the longeſt. His anſwer may juſtly be applied to this fifth ſatire; which, being of a greater length than any of the reſt, is alſo, by far, the moſt inſtructive: for this reaſon I have ſelected it from all the others, and inſcribed it to my learned maſter, Dr. Buſby; to which I am not only obliged myſelf for the beſt part of my own education, and that of my two ſons; but have alſo received from him the firſt and trueſt taſte of Perſius. May he be pleaſed to find in this tranſlation, the gratitude, or at leaſt ſome ſmall acknowledgment of his unworthy ſcholar, at the diſtance of twenty-four years, from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This ſatire conſiſts of two diſtinct parts: the firſt contains the praiſes of the ſtoick philoſopher Cornutus, maſter and tutor to our Perſius. It alſo declares the love and piety of Perſius, to his well-deſerving maſter; and the mutual friendſhip which continued betwixt them, after Perſius was now grown a man. As alſo his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themſelves into his inſtitution. From hence he makes an artful tranſition into the ſecond part of his ſubject: wherein he firſt complains of the ſloth of ſcholars, and afterwards perſuades them to the purſuit of their true liberty: here our author excellently treats that paradox of the Stoicks, which affirms that the wiſe or virtuous man is only free; and that all vicious men are naturally ſlaves. And, in the illuſtration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable ſatire.

THE

THE

FIFTH SATIRE.

Inſcribed to the Reverend Dr. BUSBY.

The Speakers PERSIUS and CORNUTUS.

PERSIUS.

OF ancient uſe to poets it belongs,
To wiſh themſelves an hundred mouths and tongues:
Whether to the well-lung'd tragedian's rage
They recommend the labours of the ſtage,
Or ſing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman jav'lin from his thighs.

CORNUTUS.

And why wouldſt thou theſe mighty morſels chuſe,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choak the muſe?
Let fuſtian poets with their ſtuff be gone,
And ſuck the miſts that hang o'er Helicon;
When [1] Progne or [2] Thyeſtes' feaſt they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verſe indite,
Thou neither, like a bellows, ſwell'ſt thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning maſs

1 *Progne* was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, ſiſter to Progne, raviſhed her, and cut out her tongue: In revenge of which, Progne killed Itys, her own ſon by Tereus; and ſerved him up at a feaſt, to be eaten by his father.

2 *Thyeſtes* and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himſelf of his unnatural brother, killed the ſons of Thyeſtes, and invited him to eat them.

Of melting ore; nor canſt thou ſtrain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undiſtinguiſh'd note,
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud,
And rattling nonſenſe is diſcharg'd aloud.
Soft elocution does thy ſtile renown,
And the ſweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or ſharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies or to laſh at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the ſtage permit
Raw-head and bloody-bones, and hands and feet,
Ragouſts for Tereus or Thyeſtes dreſt;
'Tis taſk enough for thee t' expoſe a Roman feaſt.

PERSIUS.

'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to ſwell my page
With wind and noiſe; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the ſecrets of my heart;
And, in familiar ſpeech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou haſt ſkill to find
If it ſound ſolid, or be fill'd with wind:
And, thro' the veil of words, thou view'ſt the naked mind.
For this a hundred voices I deſire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily expreſt,
How deeply thou art ſeated in my breaſt.
When firſt my [3] childiſh robe reſign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfin'd, to live at large;
When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To houſhold Gods) declar'd me paſt a boy;
And my [4] white ſhield proclaim'd my liberty:

3 By the childiſh robe, is meant the Prætexta, or firſt gowns which the Roman children of quality wore: theſe were welted with purple; and on thoſe welts were faſtened the Bullæ, or little bells; which when they came to the age of Puberty, were hung up and conſecrated to the Lares, or houſhold gods.

4 The firſt ſhields which the Roman youths wore, were white, and without any impreſs, or device on them, to ſhew they had yet atchieved nothing in the wars.

When with my wild companions, I could rowl
From ſtreet to ſtreet, and ſin without controul;
Juſt at that age, when manhood ſet me free,
I then depos'd myſelf, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wiſe boſom I repos'd my head,
And by my better 5 Socrates was bred.
Then thy ſtreight rule ſet virtue in my ſight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reaſon took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and poliſh'd by thy ſkilful hand:
Long ſummer-days thy precepts I rehearſe;
And winter-nights were ſhort in our converſe:
One was our labour, one was our repoſe.
One frugal ſupper did our ſtudies cloſe.
Sure on our birth ſome friendly planet ſhone;
And, as our 6 ſouls, our horoſcope was one:
Whether the 7 mounting twins did heav'n adorn,
Or, with the riſing 8 balance we were born;
Both have the ſame impreſſions from above;
And both have 9 Saturn's rage, repell'd by Jove.
What ſtar I know not, but ſome ſtar I find,
Has giv'n thee an aſcendant o'er my mind.

CORNUTUS.

Nature is ever various in her frame:
Each has a different will; and few the ſame:
The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
To the parch'd Indies, and the riſing ſun;

5 *Socrates*, by the oracle, was declared to be the wiſeſt of mankind: He inſtructed many of the Athenian young noblemen in morality, and amongſt the reſt Alcibiades.

6 Aſtrologers divide the heaven into twelve parts, according to the number of the twelve ſigns of the zodiack: The ſign or conſtellation which riſes in the eaſt, at the birth of any man, is called the aſcendant: Perſius therefore judges, that Cornutus and he had the ſame, or a like nativity.

7 The ſign of *Gemini*.

8 The ſign of *Libra*.

9 Aſtrologers have an axiom, that whatſoever Saturn ties, is looſed by Jupiter: They account Saturn to be a planet of a malevolent nature, and Jupiter of a propitious influence.

From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
Bart'ring for ſpices their Italian ware;
The lazy glutton ſafe at home will keep,
Indulge his ſloth, and batten with his ſleep:
One bribes for high preferments in the ſtate;
A ſecond ſhakes the box, and ſits up late:
Another ſhakes the bed, diſſolving there,
Till knots upon his gouty joints appear,
And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
Rots like a doddard oak, and piecemeal falls to ground;
Then his lewd follies he would late repent;
And his paſt years, that in a miſt were ſpent.

PERSIUS.

But thou art pale, in nightly ſtudies, grown,
To make the[1] ſtoick inſtitutes thy own:
Thou long with ſtudious care haſt till'd our youth,
And ſown our well-purg'd ears with wholſome truth.
From thee both old and young, with profit learn
The bounds of good and evil to diſcern.

CORNUTUS.

Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,
And to to-morrow would the ſearch delay:
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERSIUS.

But is one day of eaſe too much to borrow?

CORNUTUS.

Yes, ſure: for yeſterday was once to-morrow.
That yeſterday is gone, and nothing gain'd:
And all thy fruitleſs days will thus be drain'd;
For thou haſt more to-morrows yet to aſk,
And wilt be ever to begin thy taſk;
Who, like the hindmoſt chariot-wheels, art curſt,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the firſt.

1 *Zeno* was the great maſter of the ſtoick philoſophy; and Cleanthes was ſecond to him in reputation: Cornutus, who was maſter or tutor to Perſius, was of the ſame ſchool.

O freedom! firſt delight of human kind!
Not that which bondmen from their maſters find,
The [2] privilege of doles: not yet t'inſcribe
Their names in [3] this or t'other Roman tribe:
That falſe enfranchiſement with eaſe is found:
Slaves are [4] made citizens by turning round.
How, replies one, can any be more free?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a ſot beſide;
So true a rogue, for lying's ſake he ly'd:
But, with a turn, a freeman he became;
Now [5] Marcus Dama is his worſhip's name.
Good Gods! who would refuſe to lend a ſum,
If wealthy Marcus ſurety will become!
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof,
Of certain truth, He ſaid it, is enough.
A will is to be prov'd; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if [6] Marcus has ſubſcrib'd his name.
This is [7] true liberty, as I believe;
What can we farther from our caps receive,
Than as we pleaſe without controul to live?
Not more to [8] noble Brutus could belong.
Hold, ſays the Stoick, your aſſumption's wrong:

2 When a ſlave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born; which was to have a ſhare in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were diſtributed by the magiſtrates amongſt the people.

3 The Roman people was diſtributed into ſeveral tribes: He who was made free was inrolled into ſome one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

4 The maſter, who intended to infranchiſe a ſlave, carried him before the city prætor, and turned him round, uſing theſe words; "I will that this man be free."

5 Slaves had only one name before their freedom: After it, they were admitted to a Prænomen, like our chriſtian names: So Dama, is now called Marcus Dama.

6 At the proof of a teſtament, the magiſtrates were to ſubſcribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

7 Slaves, when they were ſet free, had a cap given them in ſign of their liberty.

8 *Brutus* freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and changed the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth.

I grant true freedom you have well defin'd:
But, living as you liſt, and to your mind,
And looſely tack'd, all muſt be left behind,
What ſince the prætor did my fetters looſe,
And left me freely at my own diſpoſe,
May I not live without controul and awe,
Excepting ſtill the 9 letter of the law?
Hear me with patience while thy mind I free
From thoſe fond notions of falſe liberty:
'Tis not the prætor's province to beſtow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourſelves, or to our friends we owe.
He cou'd not ſet thee free from cares and ſtrife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:
As well he for an aſs a harp might ſtring,
Which is againſt the reaſon of the thing;
For reaſon ſtill is whiſp'ring in your ear,
Where you are ſure to fail, th' attempt forbear.
No need of public ſanctions this to bind,
Which nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to purſue the work, to which we're not deſign'd.
Unſkill'd in hellebore, if thou ſhouldſt try
To mix it, and miſtake the quantity,
The rules of phyſic wou'd againſt thee cry.
The high-ſhoo'd ploughman, ſhou'd he quit the land,
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand,
Artleſs of ſtars, and of the moving ſand,
The Gods wou'd leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all ſhame was loſt in human kind.
Tell me, my friend, from whence hadſt thou the ſkill,
So nicely to diſtinguiſh good from ill?
Or by the ſound to judge of gold and braſs,
What piece is tinkers metal, what will paſs?

9 The text of the Roman laws, was written in red letters, which was called the rubrick; tranſlated here, in more general words, "The letter of the law."

And

And what thou art to follow, what to fly,
This to condemn, and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to ſpare,
But never craving, or oppreſs'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to deſpiſe,
And look on wealth with undeſiring eyes?
When thou can'ſt truly call theſe virtues thine,
Be wiſe and free, by heaven's conſent, and mine.
But thou, who lately of the common ſtrain,
Wert one of us, if ſtill thou doſt retain
The ſame ill habits, the ſame follies too,
Gloſs'd over only with a ſaint-like ſhow,
Then I reſume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and ſtill a ſlave.
Thou can'ſt not wag thy finger, or begin
"The leaſt light motion, but it tends to ſin."
How's this? Not wag my finger, he replies?
No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor ſacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wiſe.
"Virtue and [1] vice are never in one ſoul:
"A man is wholly wiſe, or wholly is a fool."
A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three ſteps with a becoming air.

PERSIUS.

In ſpight of this, my freedom ſtill remains.

CORNUTUS.

Free! what, and fetter'd with ſo many chains?
Canſt thou no other maſter underſtand
Than [2] him that freed thee by the prætor's wand?
Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,
With a harſh voice, and ſupercilious brow,

1 The ſtoicks held this paradox, That any one vice, or notorious folly, which they called madneſs, hindered a man from being virtuous: That a man was of a piece, without a mixture; either wholly vicious, or good; one virtue or vice, according to them, including all the reſt.

2 The prætor held a wand in his hand, with which he ſoftly ſtruck the ſlave on the head, when he declared him free.

To ſervile duties, thou wouldſt fear no more;
The gallows and the whip are out of door.
But if thy paſſions lord it in thy breaſt,
Art thou not ſtill a ſlave, and ſtill oppreſt?
Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
When thou wouldſt take a lazy morning's nap;
Up, up, ſays Avarice; thou ſnor'ſt again,
Stretcheſt thy limbs, and yawn'ſt, but all in vain;
The tyrant Lucre no denial takes;
At his command th' unwilling ſluggard wakes:
What muſt I do? he cries: What? ſays his lord:
Why riſe, make ready, and go ſtreight aboard:
With fiſh, from Euxine ſeas, thy veſſel freight;
Flax, caſtor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incenſe, take
With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back:
And with poſt-haſte thy running markets make.
Be ſure to turn the penny; lye and ſwear;
'Tis wholſome ſin: but Jove, thou ſay'ſt, will hear:
Swear, fool, or ſtarve; for the dilemma's even:
A tradeſman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
Reſolv'd for ſea, the ſlaves thy baggage pack,
Each ſaddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage, now, unleſs
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuouſneſs:
And he may aſk this civil queſtion: Friend,
What doſt thou make a ſhipboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
Stark, ſtaring mad, that thou wouldſt tempt the ſea?
Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattreſs laid,
On a brown georgе, with lowſy ſwobbers fed,
Dead wine, that ſtinks of the borrachio, ſup
From a foul jack, or greaſy maple-cup?
Say, wouldſt thou bear all this, to raiſe thy ſtore
From ſix i' th' hundred, to ſix hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at eaſe, is not to live;

Death ſtalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does ſome looſe remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou liv'ſt; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
Speak? wilt thou Avarice, or Pleaſure, chuſe
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuſe.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt 'em both, wilt be a ſlave.
Nor think when once thou haſt reſiſted one,
That all thy marks of ſervitude are gone:
The ſtruggling greyhound gnaws his leaſh in vain;
If, when 'tis broken, ſtill he drags the chain.
Says 3 Phædra to his man, Believe me, friend,
To this uneaſy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My friends diſgrace,
And be the firſt lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours nightly reſt invade.
At her deaf doors, with ſome vile ſerenade?
Well haſt thou freed thyſelf, his man replies,
Go, thank the Gods, and offer ſacrifice.
Ah, ſays the youth, if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
Weak ſoul! and blindly to deſtruction led!
She break her heart! ſhe'll ſooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and ſwear,
Can draw you to her, with a ſingle hair.
But ſhall I not return? Now, when ſhe ſues!
Shall I my own, and her deſires refuſe?
Sir, take your courſe: but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madneſs to reſume your chain.
Ay; there's the man, who loos'd from luſt and pelf,
Leſs to the prætor owes, than to himſelf.

3 This alludes to the play of Terence, called the Eunuch; which was excellently imitated of late in Engliſh, by Sir Charles Sidley: In the firſt ſcene of that comedy, Phædra was introduced with his man Pamphilus, diſcourſing whether he ſhould leave his miſtreſs Thais, or return to her, now that ſhe had invited him.

But write him down a ſlave, who, humbly proud,
With preſents begs preferments from the crowd;
That early [4] ſuppliant who ſalutes the tribes,
And ſets the mob to ſcramble for his bribes:
That ſome old dotard, ſitting in the ſun,
On holidays may tell, that ſuch a feat was done:
In future times this will be counted rare.
Thy ſuperſtition too may claim a ſhare:
When flow'rs are ſtrew'd, and lamps in order plac'd,
And windows with illuminations grac'd,
On [5] Herod's day; when ſparkling bowls go round,
And tunny's tails in ſavoury ſauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'ſt pray'rs obſcene; nor doſt refuſe
The faſts and ſabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd [6] egg-ſhell thy ſick fancy frights,
Beſides the childiſh fear of walking ſprights.
Of o'ergrown gelding prieſts thou art afraid;
The timbrel, and the ſquintifego maid

4 He who ſued for any office amongſt the Romans, was called a candidate, becauſe he wore a white gown; and ſometimes chalked it, to make it appear whiter. He roſe early, and went to the Levees of thoſe who headed the people: ſaluted alſo the tribes ſeverally, when they were gathered together, to chuſe their magiſtrates; and diſtributed a largeſs amongſt them, to engage them for their voices: much reſembling our elections of Parliament-men.

5 The commentators are divided, what Herod this was whom our author mentions; whether Herod the Great, whoſe birth-day might be celebrated, after his death, by the Herodians, a ſect among the Jews, who thought him their Meſſiah; or Herod Agrippa, living in the author's time, and after it. The latter ſeems the more probable opinion.

6 The ancients had a ſuperſtition, contrary to ours, concerning egg-ſhells: They thought that if an egg-ſhell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were ſubject to the power of ſorcery: We as vainly break the bottom of an egg-ſhell, and croſs it, when we have eaten the egg, leſt ſome hag ſhould make uſe of it, in bewitching us, or ſailing over the ſea in it, if it were whole.

The reſt of the prieſts of Iſis, and her one-eyed, or ſquinting prieſteſs, is more largely treated in the fixth ſatire of Juvenal, where the ſuperſtitions of women are related.

Of

Of Iſis, awe thee: leſt the Gods for ſin,
Should, with a ſwelling dropſy, ſtuff thy ſkin:
Unleſs three garlick heads the curſe avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.
Preach this among the brawny guards, ſay'ſt thou,
And ſee if they thy doctrine will allow:
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh, in a baſe note;
And prize a hundred Zeno's juſt as much
As a clipt ſixpence, or a ſchilling Dutch.

THE SIXTH SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

This sixth satire treats an admirable common-place of moral philosophy; of the true use of riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them, as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worst extream. The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoicks; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this satire; wherein he not only shews the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those, which consists in the defects of giving or spending; or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also. Enquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He dwells upon the latter vice: and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly; which is the main design of the whole satire.

THE

THE

SIXTH SATIRE.

To Cæsius Bassus, a Lyric Poet.

HAS winter caus'd thee, friend, to change thy ſeat,
And ſeek in [1] Sabine air a warm retreat?
Say, do'ſt thou yet the Roman harp command?
Do the ſtrings anſwer to thy noble hand?
Great maſter of the muſe, inſpir'd to ſing
The beauties of the firſt created ſpring;
The pedigree of nature to rehearſe,
And ſound the Maker's work, in equal verſe,
Now [2] ſporting on the lyre the loves of youth,
Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
Expreſſing juſtly Sappho's wanton art
Of odes, and Pindar's more majeſtic part.
For me, my warmer conſtitution wants
More cold, than our Ligurian winter grants;
And therefore to my native ſhoars retir'd,
I view the coaſt old Ennius once admir'd;

1 *And ſeek, in Sabine air,* &c. All the ſtudious, and particularly the poets, about the end of Auguſt, began to ſet themſelves on work: refraining from writing, during the heats of the ſummer. They wrote by night, and ſat up the greateſt part of it: For which reaſon the product of their ſtudies, was called Elucubrations, or nightly labours. They who had country-ſeats, retired to them while they ſtudied: As Perſius did to his, which was near the port of the moon in Etruria; and Baſſus to his which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

2 *Now ſporting on thy lyre,* &c. This proves Cæſius Baſſus to have been a lyrick poet: It is ſaid of him, that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Veſuvius, near which the greateſt part of his fortune lay, he was burnt himſelf, together with all his writings.

Where clifts on either ſides their points diſplay;
And, after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleaſing proſpect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans, to regard
The port of Luna ſays our learned bard;
Who in 3 a drunken dream beheld his ſoul
The fifth within the tranſmigrating roll;
Which firſt a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And laſt of all the line did into Ennius paſs.
Secure and free from buſineſs of the ſtate;
And more ſecure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for ſheep the ſouthern winds prepare:
Survey the neighb'ring fields, and not repine,
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To ſee a beggar's brat in riches flow,
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the ſight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer,
Nor yet unſeal the dregs of wine that ſtink
Of caſk; nor in a naſty flaggon drink;
Let others ſtuff their guts with homely fare;
For men of diff'rent inclinations are;
Tho' born perhaps beneath one common ſtar.

3 *Who in a drunken dream*, &c. I call it a drunken dream of Ennius; not that my author in this place gives me any encouragement for the epithet; but becauſe Horace, and all who mention Ennius, ſay he was an exceſſive drinker of wine. In a dream, or viſion, call you it which you pleaſe, he thought it was revealed to him, that the ſoul of Pythagoras was tranſmigrated into him: As Pythagoras, before him believed, that himſelf had been Euphorbus in the wars of Troy, commentators differ in placing the order of this ſoul, and who had it firſt. I have here given it to the peacock, becauſe it looks more according to the order of nature, that it ſhould lodge in a creature of an inferior ſpecies; and ſo by gradation riſe to the informing of a man. And Perſius favours me, by ſaying, that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

In minds and manners twins oppos'd we ſee
In the ſame ſign, almoſt the ſame degree:
One, frugal, on his birth-day fears to dine;
Does at a penny's coſt in herbs repine,
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine.
Prepar'd as prieſt of his own rites to ſtand,
He ſprinkles pepper with a ſparing hand.
His jolly brother, oppoſite in ſenſe,
Laughs at his thrift; and laviſh of expence,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence.
For me, I'll uſe my own; and take my ſhare;
Yet will not turbots for my ſlaves prepare;
Nor be ſo nice in taſte myſelf to know
If what I ſwallow be a thruſh, or no.
Live on thy annual income; ſpend thy ſtore;
And freely grind, from thy full threſhing-floor;
Next harveſt promiſes as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendſhip's holy band,
And offices of kindneſs hold my hand:
My 4 friend is ſhipwreck'd on the Brutian ſtrand,

4 *My friend is ſhipwreck'd*, &c. Perhaps this is only a fine tranſition of the poet, to introduce the buſineſs of the ſatire; and not, that any ſuch accident had happened to one of the friends of Perſius. But, however, this is the moſt poetical deſcription of any in our author: And ſince he and Lucan were ſo great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him, in two or three of theſe verſes, which ſeem to be written in his ſtyle; certain it is, that beſides this deſcription of a ſhipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the ſecond ſatire, our poet has written nothing elegantly. I will therefore tranſcribe both the paſſages to juſtify my opinion. The following are the laſt verſes ſaving one of the ſecond ſatire.

Compoſitum jus, faſque animi; ſanctoſque receſſus
Mentis, & incoctum generoſo pectus honeſto:

The others are thoſe in this preſent ſatire, which are ſubjoined:

——Trabe rupta, Bruttia Saxa
Prendit Amicus inops: Remque omnem, ſurdaque vota,
Condidit Ionio! Jacet ipſe in Littore; & una
Ingentes de puppe Dei: Jamque obvia Mergis
Coſta ratis laceræ.——

His riches in th' Ionian main are loſt;
And he himſelf ſtands ſhiv'ring on the coaſt;
Where, deſtitute of help, forlorn and bare,
He wearies the deaf Gods with fruitleſs pray'r.
Their images, the relicks of the wrack,
Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
By the wild waves, and rudely thrown aſhore,
Lie impotent; nor can themſelves reſtore.
The veſſel ſticks, and ſhews her open'd ſide,
And on her ſhatter'd maſt the mews in triumph ride.
From 5 thy new hope, and from thy growing ſtore,
Now lend aſſiſtance, and relieve the poor.
Come; do a noble act of charity;
A pittance of thy land will ſet him free.
Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
Nor 6 beg with a blue table on his back:
Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will ſay,
'Tis mine that wealth thou ſquander'ſt thus away;
What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
Or 7 without ſpices let thy body burn?

5 *From thy new hope*, &c. The Latin is, *Nunc & de Ceſpite, vivo, frange aliquid.* Caſaubon only oppoſes the *Ceſpes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harveſt or annual income: I ſuppoſe the poet rather means, ſell a piece of land already ſown, and give the money of it to my friend who has loſt all by ſhipwreck: that is, do not ſtay until thou haſt reaped; but help him immediately as his wants require.

6 *Nor beg with a blue table*, &c. Holiday tranſlates it a green table: The ſenſe is the ſame; for the table was painted of the ſea-colour; which the ſhipwrecked perſon carried on his back, expreſſing his loſſes thereby, to excite the charity of the ſpectators.

7 *Or without ſpices*, &c. The bodies of the rich before they were burnt, were embalmed with ſpices: or rather ſpices were put into the urn, with the relicks of the aſhes. Our author here names Cinnamon and Caſſia, which Caſſia was ſophiſticated with Cherry-gum: And probably enough by the Jews, who adulterate all things which they ſell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the ſpices of the Molucca iſlands, Ceylon and other parts of the Indies; or whether their Pepper and Cinnamon, &c. were the ſame with ours, is another queſtion. As for Nutmegs and Mace, it is plain, that the Latin names of them are modern.

If

If odours to thy aſhes he refuſe,
Or buys corrupted caſſia from the Jews?
All theſe, the wiſer Beſtius will reply,
Are empty pomp, and dead-men's luxury:
We never knew this vain expence, before
Th' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
And dates and pepper have unſinew'd Rome.
Our ſweating hinds their ſallads, now, defile,
Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
But, to thy fortune be not thou a ſlave:
For what haſt thou to fear beyond the grave?
And thou who gap'ſt for my eſtate, draw near;
For I would whiſper ſomewhat in thy ear.
Hear'ſt thou the news, my friend? th' expreſs is come
With laurell'd letters from the camp to Rome:
Cæſar [8] ſalutes the queen and ſenate thus:
My arms are on the Rhine victorious.
From mourning altars ſweep the duſt away:
Ceaſe faſting, and proclaim a fat thankſgiving day.
The [9] goodly empreſs, jollily inclin'd,
Is to the welcome bearer wond'rous kind:
And, ſetting her good houſewifry aſide,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.

8 *Cæſar ſalutes*, &c. The Cæſar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britains; and accordingly ſent letters wrapt about with laurels, to the ſenate, and the empreſs Cæſonia, whom I here call queen; though I know that name was not uſed amongſt the Romans: But the word empreſs would not ſtand in that verſe; for which reaſon I adjourned it to another. The duſt which was to be ſwept away from the altars, was either the aſhes which were left there, after the laſt ſacrifice for victory; or might perhaps mean the duſt or aſhes, which were left on the altars, ſince ſome former defeat of the Romans, by the Germans: After which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

9 *Cæſonia*, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was propoſed, but ineffectually, to be married to him after he had executed Meſſalina for aduſtery.

The [1] captive Germans of gigantic ſize,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The ſpoils of kings, and conquer'd camps we boaſt,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal poſt.
Now, for ſo many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won:
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæſar's health:
Beſides, in gratitude for ſuch high matters,
Know [2] I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.
Say, wouldſt thou hinder me from this expence?
I diſinherit thee, if thou dar'ſt take offence.
Yet more, a public largeſs I deſign
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:
Controul me not, for fear I change my will.
And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling ſtill,
You give as if you were the Perſian king:
Your land does not ſo large revenues bring.
Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?
If thou car'ſt little, leſs ſhall be my care:
Where none of all my father's ſiſters left:
Nay, were I of my mother's kin bereft:
None by an uncle's or a grandame's ſide,
Yet I could ſome adopted heir provide.
I need but take my journey half a day
From haughty Rome, and at Aricia ſtay,
Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.
Him will I chooſe: What him, of humble birth,
Obſcure, a foundling, and a ſon of earth?

1 *The captive Germans*, &c. He means only ſuch as were to paſs for Germans in the triumph: Large-bodied men, as they are ſtill; whom the empreſs cloathed new, with coarſe garments, for the greater oſtentation of the victory.

2 *Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators.* A hundred pair of gladiators, were beyond the purſe of any private man to give: Therefore this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleaſed with his eſtate.

Obſcure

Obſcure? Why pr'ythee what am I? I know
My father, grandfire, and great-grandfire too:
If father I derive my pedigree,
I can but gueſs beyond the fourth degree.
The reſt of my forgotten anceſtors,
Were ſons of earth, like him, or ſons of whores.
Yet why wouldſt thou, old covetous wretch, aſpire
To be my heir, who might'ſt have been my ſire?
In nature's race, ſhouldſt thou demand of me
My 3 torch, when I in courſe run after thee?
Think I approach thee, like the God of gain,
With wings on head and heels, as poets feign:
Thy mod'rate fortune from my gift receive;
Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.
But take it as it is, and aſk no more.
What, when thou haſt embezzel'd all thy ſtore?
Where's all thy father left? 'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgag'd, to ſupply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All ſpent, and on the ſelf-ſame errand gone.
How little then to my poor ſhare will fall?
Little indeed; but yet that little's all.
Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful ſtill of the main chance, my ſon;
Put out thy principal, in truſty hands:
Live on the uſe; and never dip thy lands:
But yet what's left for me? What's left, my friend!
Aſk that again, and all the reſt I ſpend.
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon thy ſallads, boy: ſhall I be fed
With ſodden nettles, and a ſing'd ſow's head?

3 *Shou'dſt thou demand of me my torch*, &c. Why ſhou'dſt thou, who art an old fellow, hope to out-live me, and be my heir, who am much younger? He who was firſt, in the courſe, or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was ſecond.

'Tis

'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer;
'Tis holiday, and ſhall be round the year.
Shall I my houſhold Gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at eaſe; and pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on giblet-pie?
And when his throbbing luſt extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homeſpun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him ſee?
Go, miſer, go; for lucre ſell thy ſoul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole:
That men may ſay, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vaſt eſtate he left his ſon!
How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as 4 Cappadocian ſlaves!
Increaſe thy wealth, and double all thy ſtore;
'Tis done: now double that, and ſwell the ſcore;
To ev'ry thouſand add ten thouſand more.
Then ſay, 5 Chryſippus, thou who wouldſt confine
Thy heap, where I ſhall put an end to mine.

4 *Well fed and fat as Cappadocian ſlaves:* Who were famous, for their luſtineſs; and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were ſet on a ſtall when they were expoſed to ſale, to ſhew the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to ſhew their activity and ſtrength.

5 *Then ſay, Chryſippus,* &c. Chryſippus the ſtoick invented a kind of argument, conſiſting of more than three propoſitions; which is called Sorites, or a heap. But as Chryſippus could never bring his propoſitions to a certain ſtint; ſo neither can a covetous man bring his craving deſires to any certain meaſure of riches, beyond which, he could not wiſh for any more.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HOMER.

THE FIRST BOOK OF HOMER's ILIAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Chryſes, prieſt of Apollo, brings preſents to the Grecian princes, to ranſom his daughter Chryſeis, who was priſoner in the fleet. Agamemnon, the general, whoſe captive and miſtreſs the young lady was, refuſes to deliver, threatens the venerable old man, and diſmiſſes him with contumely. The prieſt

prieſt craves vengeance of his God; who ſends a plague among the Greeks: which occaſions Achilles, their great champion, to ſummon a council of the chief officers: he encourages Calchas, the high prieſt and prophet, to tell the reaſon, why the Gods were ſo much incenſed againſt them. Calchas is fearful of provoking Agamemnon, till Achilles engages to protect him: then, emboldened by the hero, he accuſes the general as the cauſe of all, by detaining the fair captive, and refuſing the preſents offered for her ranſom. By this proceeding, Agamemnon is obliged, againſt his will, to reſtore Chryſeis, with gifts, that he might appeaſe the wrath of Phœbus; but, at the ſame time, to revenge himſelf on Achilles, ſends to ſeize his ſlave Briſeis. Achilles, thus affronted, complains to his mother Thetis; and begs her to revenge his injury, not only on the general, but on all the army, by giving victory to the Trojans, till the ungrateful king became ſenſible of his injuſtice. At the ſame time, he retires from the camp into his ſhips, and withdraws his aid from his countrymen. Thetis preſers her ſon's petition to Jupiter, who grants her ſute. Juno ſuſpects her errand, and quarrels with her huſband, for his grant; till Vulcan reconciles his parents with a bowl of nectar, and ſends them peaceably to bed.

THE wrath of Peleus' ſon, O Muſe, reſound;
Whoſe dire effects the Grecian army found,
And many a hero, king, and hardy knight,
Were ſent, in early youth, to ſhades of night:
Their limbs a prey to dogs and vultures made:
So was the ſov'reign will of Jove obey'd:
From that ill-omen'd hour when ſtrife begun,
Betwixt Atrides' great, and Thetis' god-like ſon.
What Pow'r provok'd, and for what cauſe, relate,
Sow'd, in their breaſts, the ſeeds of ſtern debate:
Jove's and Latona's ſon his wrath expreſs'd,
In vengeance of his violated prieſt,
Againſt the king of men; who ſwoln with pride,
Refus'd his preſents, and his pray'rs deny'd.

For

For this the God a ſwift contagion ſpread
Amid the camp, where heaps on heaps lay dead.
For venerable Chryſes came to buy,
With gold and gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood;
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head; one holy hand
Held forth his laurel crown, and one his ſcepter of command.
His ſuit was common; but above the reſt,
To both the brother-princes thus addreſs'd:
Ye ſons of Atreus, and ye Grecian pow'rs,
So may the Gods who dwell in heav'nly bow'rs
Succeed your ſiege, accord the vows you make,
And give you Troy's imperial town to take;
So, by their happy conduct, may you come
With conqueſt back to your ſweet native home;
As you receive the ranſom which I bring,
(Reſpecting Jove, and the far-ſhooting king,)
And break my daughter's bonds, at my deſire;
And glad with her return her grieving ſire.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks decree
To take the gifts, to ſet the damſel free.
The king of men alone with fury burn'd;
And haughty, theſe opprobrious words return'd:
Hence, holy dotard, and avoid my ſight,
Ere evil intercept thy tardy flight:
Nor dare to tread this interdicted ſtrand,
Left not that idle ſcepter in thy hand,
Nor thy God's crown, my vow'd revenge withſtand.
Hence on thy life: the captive maid is mine;
Whom not for price or pray'rs I will reſign:
Mine ſhe ſhall be, till creeping age and time
Her bloom have wither'd, and conſum'd her prime.
Till then my royal bed ſhe ſhall attend;
And having firſt adorn'd it, late aſcend:

This

This, for the night; by day, the web and loom,
And homely houſhold-taſk, ſhall be her doom,
Far from thy lov'd embrace, and her ſweet native home.
He ſaid: the helpleſs prieſt reply'd no more,
But ſped his ſteps along the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore:
Silent he fled; ſecure at length he ſtood,
Devoutly curs'd his foes, and thus invok'd his God.
O ſource of ſacred light, attend my pray'r,
God with the ſilver bow, and golden hair;
Whom Chryſa, Cilla, Tenedos obeys,
And whoſe broad eye their happy ſoil ſurveys;
If, Smintheus, I have pour'd before thy ſhrine
The blood of oxen, goats, and ruddy wine,
And larded thighs on loaded altars laid,
Hear, and my juſt revenge propitious aid.
Pierce the proud Greeks, and with thy ſhafts atteſt
How much thy pow'r is injur'd in thy prieſt.
He pray'd, and Phœbus hearing, urg'd his flight,
With fury kindled, from Olympus' height;
His quiver o'er his ample ſhoulders threw;
His bow twang'd, and his arrows rattled as they flew.
Black as a ſtormy night, he rang'd around
The tents, and compaſs'd the devoted ground.
Then with full force his deadly bow he bent,
And feather'd fates among the mules and ſumpters ſent;
Th' eſſay of rage, on faithful dogs the next;
And laſt, in human hearts his arrows fix'd.
The God nine days the Greeks at rovers kill'd,
Nine days the camp with fun'ral fires was fill'd;
The tenth, Achilles, by the Queen's command,
Who bears heav'ns awful ſcepter in her hand,
A council ſummon'd: for the Goddeſs griev'd
Her favour'd hoſt ſhould periſh unreliev'd.
The kings aſſembled, ſoon their chief incloſe;
Then from his ſeat the Goddeſs-born aroſe,

And

And thus undaunted ſpoke: What now remains,
But that once more we tempt the watry plains,
And wand'ring homeward, ſeek our ſafety hence,
In flight at leaſt, if we can find defence?
Such woes at once encompaſs us about,
The plague within the camp, the ſword without.
Conſult, O king, the prophets of th' event:
And whence theſe ills, and what the Gods intent,
Let them by dreams explore; for dreams from Jove are ſent.
What want of offer'd victims, what offence
In fact committed could the Sun incenſe,
To deal his deadly ſhafts? What may remove
His ſettled hate, and reconcile his love?
That he may look propitious on our toils;
And hungry graves no more be glutted with our ſpoils.
Thus to the king of men the hero ſpoke,
Then Calchas the deſir'd occaſion took:
Calchas the ſacred ſeer, who had in view
Things preſent and the paſt; and things to come foreknew.
Supreme of augurs, who, by Phœbus taught,
The Grecian pow'rs to Troy's deſtruction brought.
Skill'd in the ſecret cauſes of their woes,
The reverend prieſt in graceful act aroſe:
And thus beſpoke Pelides: Care of Jove,
Favour'd of all th' immortal Pow'rs above;
Would'ſt thou the ſeeds deep ſown of miſchief know,
And why, provok'd Apollo bends his bow?
Plight firſt thy faith, inviolably true,
To ſave me from thoſe ills, that may enſue.
For I ſhall tell ungrateful truths, to thoſe
Whoſe boundleſs pow'rs of life and death diſpoſe.
And ſov'reigns, ever jealous of their ſtate,
Forgive not thoſe whom once they mark for hate;
Ev'n tho' th' offence they ſeemingly digeſt,
Revenge, like embers rak'd, within their breaſt,

Burſts forth in flames; whoſe unreſiſted pow'r
Will ſeize th' unwary wretch, and ſoon devour.
Such, and no leſs is he, on whom depends
The ſum of things; and whom my tongue of force offends.
Secure me then from his foreſeen intent,
That what his wrath may doom, thy valour may prevent.
To this the ſtern Achilles made reply:
Be bold; and on my plighted faith rely,
To ſpeak what Phœbus has inſpir'd thy ſoul
For common good; and ſpeak without controul.
His Godhead I invoke, by him I ſwear,
That while my noſtrils draw this vital air,
None ſhall preſume to violate thoſe bands;
Or touch thy perſon with unhallow'd hands:
Ev'n not the king of men that all commands.
At this, reſuming heart, the prophet ſaid:
Nor hecatomb unſlain, nor vows unpaid,
On Greeks, accurs'd, this dire contagion bring,
Or call for vengeance from the bowyer King;
But he the tyrant, whom none dares reſiſt,
Affronts the Godhead in his injur'd prieſt:
He keeps the damſel captive in his chain,
And preſents are refus'd, and pray'rs preferr'd in vain.
For this th' avenging Pow'r employs his darts;
And empties all his quiver in our hearts;
Thus will perſiſt, relentleſs in his ire,
Till the fair ſlave be render'd to her ſire:
And ranſom-free reſtor'd to his abode,
With ſacrifice to reconcile the God:
Then he, perhaps, atton'd by pray'r, may ceaſe
His vengeance juſtly vow'd, and give the peace.
Thus having ſaid, he ſate: thus anſwer'd then,
Upſtarting from his throne, the king of men;
His breaſt with fury fill'd, his eyes with fire;
Which rolling round, he ſhot in ſparkles on the ſire:

Augur

Augur of ill, whoſe tongue was never found
Without a p.ieſtly curſe, or boding ſound;
For not one bleſs'd event foretold to me
Paſs'd thro' that mouth, or paſs'd unwillingly.
And now thou doſt with lies the throne invade,
By practice harden'd in thy ſland'ring trade.
Obtending heav'n, for whate'er ills befal;
And ſputt'ring under ſpecious names thy gall.
Now Phœbus is provok'd, his rites and laws
Are in his prieſt profan'd, and I the cauſe:
Since I detain a ſlave, my ſov'reign prize;
And ſacred gold, your idol-god, deſpiſe.
I love her well: and well her merits claim,
To ſtand preferr'd before my Grecian dame:
Not Clytemneſtra's ſelf in beauty's bloom
More charm'd, or better ply'd the various loom:
Mine is the maid; and brought in happy hour,
With every houſhold-grace adorn'd, to bleſs my nuptial bow'r.
Yet ſhall ſhe be reſtor'd; ſince public good
For private int'reſt ought not to be withſtood,
To ſave th' effuſion of my people's blood.
But right requires, if I reſign my own,
I ſhould not ſuffer for your ſakes alone;
Alone excluded from the prize I gain'd,
And by your common ſuffrage have obtain'd.
The ſlave without a ranſom ſhall be ſent:
It reſts for you to make th' equivalent.
To this the fierce Theſſalian prince reply'd:
O firſt in pow'r, but paſſing all in pride,
Griping, and ſtill tenacious of thy hold,
Wouldſt thou the Grecian chiefs, tho' largely ſoul'd,
Should give the prizes they had gain'd before,
And with their loſs thy ſacrilege reſtore?
Whate'er by force of arms the ſoldier got,
Is each his own, by dividend of lot:

Which to reſume, were both unjuſt and baſe;
Not to be borne but by a ſervile race.
But this we can: if Saturn's ſon beſtows
The ſack of Troy, which he by promiſe owes;
Then ſhall the conqu'ring Greeks thy loſs reſtore,
And with large int'reſt make th' advantage more.
To this Atrides anſwer'd: Tho' thy boaſt
Aſſumes the foremoſt name of all our hoſt,
Pretend not, mighty man, that what is mine,
Controll'd by thee, I tamely ſhould reſign.
Shall I releaſe the prize I gain'd by right,
In taken towns, and many a bloody fight,
While thou detain'ſt Briſeis in thy bands,
By prieſtly gloſſing on the God's commands?
Reſolve on this, (a ſhort alternative)
Quit mine, or, in exchange, another give;
Elſe I, aſſure thy ſoul, by ſov'reign right
Will ſeize thy captive in thy own deſpight.
Or from ſtout Ajax, or Ulyſſes, bear
What other prize my fancy ſhall prefer:
Then ſoftly murmur, or aloud complain,
Rage as you pleaſe, you ſhall reſiſt in vain.
But more of this, in proper time and place;
To things of greater moment let us paſs.
A ſhip to ſail the ſacred ſeas prepare;
Proud in her trim; and put on board the fair,
With ſacrifice and gifts, and all the pomp of pray'r.
The crew well choſen, the command ſhall be
In Ajax; or if other I decree,
In Creta's king, or Ithacus, or if I pleaſe in thee:
Moſt fit thyſelf to ſee perform'd th' intent
For which my pris'ner from my ſight is ſent;
(Thanks to thy pious care) that Phœbus may relent.
At this, Achilles roul'd his furious eyes,
Fix'd on the king aſkant; and thus replies.

O,

O, impudent, regardful of thy own,
Whoſe thoughts are center'd on thyſelf alone,
Advanc'd to ſovereign ſway, for better ends
Than thus like abject ſlaves to treat thy friends.
What Greek is he, that, urg'd by thy command,
Againſt the Trojan troops will lift his hand?
Not I: nor ſuch inforc'd reſpect I owe;
Nor Pergamus I hate, nor Priam is my foe.
What wrong from Troy remote, could I ſuſtain,
To leave my fruitful ſoil, and happy reign,
And plough the ſurges of the ſtormy main?
Thee, frontleſs man, we follow'd from afar;
Thy inſtruments of death, and tools of war.
Thine is the triumph; ours the toil alone:
We bear thee on our backs, and mount thee on the throne.
For thee we fall in fight; for thee redreſs
Thy baffled brother; not the wrongs of Greece.
And now thou threaten'ſt with unjuſt decree,
To puniſh thy affronting heav'n, on me.
To ſeize the prize which I ſo dearly bought;
By common ſuffrage giv'n, confirm'd by lot.
Mean match to thine: for ſtill above the reſt,
Thy hook'd rapacious hands uſurp the beſt.
Tho' mine are firſt in fight, to force the prey;
And laſt ſuſtain the labours of the day.
Nor grudge I thee, the much the Grecians give;
Nor murm'ring take the little I receive.
Yet ev'n this little, thou, who wouldſt ingroſs
The whole, inſatiate, envy'ſt as thy loſs.
Know, then, for Phthia fix'd is my return:
Better at home my ill-paid pains to mourn,
Than from an equal here ſuſtain the public ſcorn.

The king, whoſe brows with ſhining gold were bound,
Who ſaw his throne with ſcepter'd ſlaves encompaſs'd round,

Thus anſwer'd ſtern: Go, at thy pleaſure, go:
We need not ſuch a friend, nor fear we ſuch a foe.
There will not want to follow me in fight:
Jove will aſſiſt, and Jove aſſert my right.
But thou of all the kings (his care below)
Art leaſt at my command, and moſt my foe.
Debates, diſſenſions, uproars are thy joy;
Provok'd without offence, and practis'd to deſtroy.
Strength is of brutes, and not thy boaſt alone;
At leaſt 'tis lent from heav'n; and not thy own.
Fly then, ill-manner'd, to thy native land,
And there thy ant-born Myrmidons command.
But mark this menace; ſince I muſt reſign
My black-ey'd maid, to pleaſe the Pow'rs divine:
(A well-rigg'd veſſel in the port attends,
Mann'd at my charge, commanded by my friends,)
The ſhip ſhall waft her to her wiſh'd abode,
Full fraught with holy bribes to the far-ſhooting God.
This thus diſpatch'd, I owe myſelf the care,
My fame and injur'd honour to repair:
From thy own tent, proud man, in thy deſpight,
This hand ſhall raviſh thy pretended right.
Briſeis ſhall be mine, and thou ſhalt ſee,
What odds of awful pow'r I have on thee:
That others at thy coſt may learn the diff'rence of degree.

At this th' impatient hero ſourly ſmil'd:
His heart impetuous in his boſom boil'd.
And juſtled by two tides of equal ſway,
Stood, for a while, ſuſpended in his way.
Betwixt his reaſon, and his rage untam'd;
One whiſper'd ſoft, and one aloud reclaim'd:
That only counſell'd to the ſafer ſide;
This to the ſword, his ready hand apply'd.
Unpuniſh'd to ſupport th' affront was hard:
Nor eaſy was th' attempt to force the guard.

But

But ſoon the thirſt of vengeance fir'd his blood:
Half ſhone his faulchion, and half ſheath'd it ſtood.
In that nice moment, Pallas from above,
Commiſſion'd by th' imperial wife of Jove,
Deſcended ſwift: (the white-arm'd Queen was loath
The fight ſhould follow; for ſhe favour'd both:)
Juſt as in act he ſtood, in clouds inſhrin'd,
Her hand ſhe faſten'd on his hair behind;
Then backward by his yellow curls ſhe drew;
To him, and him alone confeſs'd in view.
Tam'd by ſuperior force, he turn'd his eyes
Aghaſt at firſt, and ſtupid with ſurprize:
But by her ſparkling eyes, and ardent look,
The virgin-warrior known, he thus beſpoke.
Com'ſt thou, Celeſtial, to behold my wrongs?
To view the vengeance which to crimes belongs?
Thus ſhe. The blue-ey'd Goddeſs thus rejoin'd:
I come to calm thy turbulence of mind,
If reaſon will reſume her ſov'reign ſway,
And ſeat by Juno, her commands obey.
Equal ſhe loves you both, and I protect:
Then give thy guardian Gods their due reſpect;
And ceaſe contention; be thy words ſevere,
Sharp as he merits: but the ſword forbear,
An hour unhop'd already wings her way,
When he his dire affront ſhall dearly pay:
When the proud king ſhall ſue, with treble gain,
To quit thy loſs, and conquer thy diſdain.
But thou, ſecure of my unfailing word,
Compoſe thy ſwelling ſoul, and ſheath the ſword.
The youth thus anſwer'd mild; Auſpicious Maid,
Heav'n's will be mine, and your commands obey'd.
The Gods are juſt, and when, ſubduing ſenſe,
We ſerve their pow'rs, provide the recompence.
He ſaid; with ſurly faith believ'd her word,
And in the ſheath, reluctant, plung'd the ſword.

Her meſſage done, ſhe mounts the bleſs'd abodes,
And mix'd among the ſenate of the Gods.
At her departure his diſdain return'd:
The fire ſhe faan'd, with greater fury burn'd;
Rumbling within, till thus it found a vent:
Daſtard, and drunkard, mean and inſolent:
Tongue-valiant hero, vaunter of thy might,
In threats the foremoſt, but the lag in fight;
When didſt thou thruſt amid the mingled preace,
Content to bid the war aloof in peace?
Arms are the trade of each plebeian ſoul;
'Tis death to fight; but kingly to controul.
Lord-like at eaſe, with arbitrary pow'r,
To peel the chiefs, the people to devour.
Theſe, traitor, are thy talents; ſafer far
Than to contend in fields, and toils of war.
Nor couldſt thou thus have dar'd the common hate,
Were not their ſouls as abject as their ſtate.
But, by this ſcepter, ſolemnly I ſwear,
(Which never more green leaf or growing branch ſhall bear:
Torn from the tree, and giv'n by Jove to thoſe
Who laws diſpenſe, and mighty wrongs oppoſe)
That when the Grecians want my wonted aid,
No gift ſhall bribe it, and no pray'r perſuade.
When Hector comes, the homicide, to wield
His conqu'ring arms, with corps to ſtrow the field,
Then ſhalt thou mourn thy pride; and late confeſs
My wrong repented, when 'tis paſt redreſs.
He ſaid: and with diſdain, in open view,
Againſt the ground his golden ſcepter threw;
Then ſate: with boiling rage Atrides burn'd,
And foam betwixt his gnaſhing grinders churn'd.
But from his ſeat the Pylian prince aroſe,
With reas'ning mild, their madneſs to compoſe:
Words, ſweet as honey, from his mouth diſtill'd;
Two centuries already he fulfill'd;

And now began the third; unbroken yet:
Once fam'd for courage; ſtill in council great.
What worſe, he ſaid, can Argos undergo,
What can more gratify the Phrygian foe,
Than theſe diſtemper'd heats? If both the lights
Of Greece their private int'reſt diſunites!
Believe a friend, with thrice your years increas'd,
And let theſe youthful paſſions be repreſs'd:
I flouriſh'd long before your birth; and then
Liv'd equal with a race of braver men,
Than theſe dim eyes ſhall e'er behold agen.
Ceneus and Dryas, and, excelling them,
Great Theſeus, and the force of greater Polypheme.
With theſe I went, a brother of the war,
Their dangers to divide; their fame to ſhare.
Nor idle ſtood with unaſſiſting hands,
When ſavage beaſts, and men's more ſavage bands,
Their virtuous toil ſubdu'd: yet thoſe I ſway'd,
With pow'rful ſpeech: I ſpoke, and they obey'd.
If ſuch as thoſe my counſels could reclaim,
Think not, young warriors, your diminiſh'd name,
Shall loſe of luſtre, by ſubjecting rage
To the cool dictates of experienc'd age.
Thou, king of men, ſtretch not thy ſov'reign ſway
Beyond the bounds free ſubjects can obey:
But let Pelides in his prize rejoice,
Atchiev'd in arms, allow'd by public voice.
Nor, thou, brave champion, with his pow'r contend,
Before whoſe throne, ev'n kings their lower'd ſcepters bend.
The head of action he, and thou the hand,
Matchleſs thy force; but mightier his command:
Thou firſt, O king, releaſe the rights of ſway;
Pow'r, ſelf-reſtrain'd, the people beſt obey.
Sanctions of law from thee derive their ſource;
Command thyſelf, whom no commands can force.

The ſon of Thetis, rampire of our hoſt,
Is worth our care to keep; nor ſhall my pray'rs be loſt.
Thus Neſtor ſaid, and ceas'd: Atrides broke
His ſilence next; but ponder'd ere he ſpoke:
Wiſe are thy words, and glad I would obey,
But this proud man affects imperial ſway.
Controuling kings. and trampling on our ſtate,
His will is law; and what he wills is fate.
The Gods have giv'n him ſtrength: but whence the ſtile
Of lawleſs pow'r aſſum'd, or licence to revile?
Achilles cut him ſhort; and thus reply'd:
My worth allow'd in words, is in effect deny'd.
For who but a poltron, poſſeſs'd with fear,
Such haughty inſolence can tamely bear?
Command thy ſlaves: my freeborn ſoul diſdains
A tyrant's curb; and reſtiff breaks the reins.
Take this along; that no diſpute ſhall riſe
(Tho' mine the woman) for my raviſh'd prize:
But ſhe excepted, as unworthy ſtrife,
Dare not, I charge thee dare not, on thy life,
Touch ought of mine beſide, by lot my due,
But ſtand aloof, and think profane to view:
This fauchion, elſe, not hitherto withſtood,
Theſe hoſtile fields ſhall fatten with thy blood.
He ſaid; and roſe the firſt: the council broke;
And all their grave conſults diſſolv'd in ſmoke.
The royal youth retir'd, on vengeance bent,
Patroclus follow'd ſilent to his tent.
Mean time, the king with gifts a veſſel ſtores;
Supplies the banks with twenty choſen oars:
And next, to reconcile the ſhooter God,
Within her hollow ſides the ſacrifice he ſtow'd:
Chryſeis laſt was ſet on board; whoſe hand
Ulyſſes took, intruſted with command:
They plow the liquid ſeas, and leave the leſs'ning land.

Atrides

Atrides then, his outward zeal to boaſt,
Bade purify the ſin-polluted hoſt.
With perfect hecatombs the God they grac'd;
Whoſe offer'd entrails in the main were caſt.
Black bulls, and bearded goats on altars lie;
And clouds of ſav'ry ſtench involve the ſky.
Theſe pomps the royal hypocrite deſign'd
For ſhew; but harbour'd vengeance in his mind:
Till holy malice, longing for a vent,
At length diſcover'd his conceal'd intent.
Talthybius, and Eurybates the juſt,
Heralds of arms, and miniſters of truſt,
He call'd, and thus beſpoke: Haſte hence your way;
And from the Goddeſs-born demand his prey.
If yielded, bring the captive: if deny'd,
The king (ſo tell him) ſhall chaſtiſe his pride:
And with arm'd multitudes in perſon come
To vindicate his pow'r, and juſtify his doom.
This hard command unwilling they obey,
And o'er the barren ſhore purſue their way,
Where quarter'd in their camp the fierce Theſſalians lay.
Their ſov'reign ſeated on his chair, they find;
His penſive cheek upon his hand reclin'd,
And anxious thoughts revolving in his mind.
With gloomy looks he ſaw them ent'ring in
Without ſalute: nor durſt they firſt begin,
Fearful of raſh offence and death foreſeen.
He ſoon the cauſe divining, clear'd his brow;
And thus did liberty of ſpeech allow.
Interpreters of Gods and Men, be bold:
Awful your character, and uncontroul'd,
Howe'er unpleaſing be the news you bring,
I blame not you, but your imperious king.
You come, I know, my captive to demand;
Patroclus, give her to the herald's hand.

But

But you, authentic witneſſes I bring,
Before the Gods, and your ungrateful king,
Of this my manifeſt: that never more
This hand ſhall combat on the crooked ſhore:
No, let the Grecian pow'rs oppreſs'd in fight,
Unpity'd periſh in their tyrant's ſight.
Blind of the future, and by rage miſled,
He pulls his crimes upon his people's head.
Forc'd from the field in trenches to contend,
And his inſulted camp from foes defend.
He ſaid, and ſoon obeying his intent,
Patroclus brought Briſeis from her tent;
Then to th' intruſted meſſengers reſign'd:
She wept, and often caſt her eyes behind:
Forc'd from the man ſhe lov'd: they led her thence,
Along the ſhore, a pris'ner to their prince.
Sole on the barren ſands the ſuff'ring chief
Roar'd out for anguiſh, and indulg'd his grief.
Caſt on his kindred ſeas a ſtormy look,
And his upbraided mother thus beſpoke.
Unhappy parent, of a ſhort-liv'd ſon,
Since Jove in pity by thy pray'rs was won
To grace my ſmall remains of breath with fame,
Why loads he this imbitter'd life with ſhame?
Suff'ring his king of men to force my ſlave,
Whom, well deſerv'd in war, the Grecians gave.
Set by old Ocean's ſide the Goddeſs heard;
Then from the ſacred deep her head ſhe rear'd:
Roſe like a morning-miſt; and thus begun
To ſooth the ſorrows of her plaintive ſon.
Why cries my Care, and why conceals his ſmart?
Let thy afflicted parent ſhare her part.
Then, ſighing from the bottom of his breaſt,
To the Sea-Goddeſs thus the Goddeſs-born addreſs'd.
Thou know'ſt my pain, which telling but recals:
By force of arms we raz'd the Theban walls;

The

The ranſack'd city, taken by our toils,
We left, and hither brought the golden ſpoils;
Equal we ſhar'd them; but before the reſt,
The proud Prerogative had ſeiz'd the beſt.
Chryſeis was the greedy tyrant's prize,
Chryſeis roſy-cheek'd, with charming eyes.
Her ſire, Apollo's prieſt, arriv'd to buy,
With proffer'd gifts of price, his daughter's liberty.
Suppliant before the Grecian chiefs he ſtood,
Awful, and arm'd with enſigns of his God:
Bare was his hoary head, one holy hand
Held forth his laurel-crown, and one, his ſcepter of command.
His ſuit was common, but above the reſt
To both the brother-princes was addreſs'd.
With ſhouts of loud acclaim the Greeks agree
To take the gifts, to ſet the pris'ner free.
Not ſo the tyrant, who with ſcorn the prieſt
Receiv'd, and with opprobrious words diſmiſs'd.
The good old man, forlorn of human aid,
For vengeance to his heav'nly patron pray'd:
The Godhead gave a favourable ear,
And granted all to him he held ſo dear;
In an ill hour his piercing ſhafts he ſped;
And heaps on heaps of ſlaughter'd Greeks lay dead,
While round the camp he rang'd: at length aroſe
A ſeer who well divin'd; and durſt diſcloſe
The ſource of all our ills: I took the word;
And urg'd the ſacred ſlave to be reſtor'd,
The God appeas'd: the ſwelling monarch ſtorm'd:
And then the vengeance vow'd, he ſince perform'd:
The Greeks, 'tis true, their ruin to prevent,
Have to the royal prieſt his daughter ſent;
But from their haughty king his heralds came,
And ſeiz'd, by his command, my captive dame,
By common ſuffrage giv'n; but, thou, be won,
If in thy pow'r, t' avenge thy injur'd ſon:

Aſcend the ſkies; and ſupplicating move
Thy juſt complaint, to cloud-compelling Jove.
If thou by either word or deed haſt wrought
A kind remembrance in his grateful thought,
Urge him by that: for often haſt thou ſaid
Thy pow'r was once not uſeleſs in his aid,
When he, who high above the higheſt reigns,
Surpriz'd by traitor Gods, was bound in chains.
When Juno, Pallas, with ambition fir'd,
And his blue brother of the ſeas conſpir'd,
Thou freed'ſt the ſovereign from unworthy bands,
Thou brought'ſt Briareus with his hundred hands,
(So call'd in heav'n, but mortal men below
By his terreſtrial name Ægeon know:
Twice ſtronger than his ſire, who ſate above
Aſſeſſor to the throne of thund'ring Jove.)
The Gods, diſmay'd at his approach, withdrew,
Nor durſt their unaccompliſh'd crime purſue.
That action to his grateful mind recal;
Embrace his knees, and at his footſtool fall:
That now, if ever, he will aid our foes;
Let Troy's triumphant troops the camp incloſe:
Ours beaten to the ſhore, the ſiege forſake;
And what their king deſerves, with him partake,
That the proud tyrant, at his proper coſt,
May learn the value of the man he loſt.
To whom the Mother-goddeſs thus reply'd,
Sigh'd ere ſhe ſpoke, and while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cry'd,
Ah wretched me! by fates averſe, decreed,
To bring thee forth with pain, with care to breed!
Did envious heav'n not otherwiſe ordain,
Safe in thy hollow ſhips thou ſhouldſt remain;
Nor ever tempt the fatal field again.
But now thy planet ſheds his pois'nous rays
And ſhort, and full of ſorrow are thy days.
For what remains, to heav'n I will aſcend,
And at the Thund'rer's throne thy ſuit commend.

Till then, ſecure in ſhips, abſtain from fight:
Indulge thy grief in tears, and vent thy ſpight.
For yeſterday the court of heav'n with Jove.
Remov'd: 'tis dead vacation now above.
Twelve days the Gods their ſolemn revels keep,
And quaff with blameleſs Ethiops in the deep.
Return'd from thence, to heav'n my flight I take,
Knock at the brazen gates, and Providence awake.
Embrace his knees, and ſuppliant to the ſire,
Doubt not I will obtain the grant of thy deſire.
She ſaid: and parting left him on the place,
Swoln with diſdain, reſenting his diſgrace:
Revengeful thoughts revolving in his mind,
He wept for anger, and for love he pin'd.
Mean time with proſp'rous gales Ulyſſes brought
The ſlave, and ſhip with ſacrifices fraught,
To Chryſa's port: where ent'ring with the tide
He dropp'd his anchors, and his oars he ply'd.
Furl'd every ſail, and drawing down the maſt,
His veſſel moor'd; and made with haulſers faſt.
Deſcending on the plain, aſhore they bring
The hecatomb to pleaſe the ſhooter-king.
The dame before an altar's holy fire
Ulyſſes led; and thus beſpoke her ſire.
Reverenc'd be thou, and be thy God ador'd:
The king of men thy daughter has reſtor'd;
And ſent by me with preſents and with pray'r;
He recommends him to thy pious care.
That Phœbus at thy ſuit his wrath may ceaſe,
And give the penitent offenders peace.
He ſaid, and gave her to her father's hands,
Who glad receiv'd her, free from ſervile bands.
This done, in order they, with ſober grace,
Their gifts around the well-built altar place.
Then waſh'd, and took the cakes; while Chryſes ſtood
With hands upheld, and thus invok'd his God.

God

God of the ſilver bow, whoſe eyes ſurvey
The ſacred Cilla, thou whoſe awful ſway
Chryſa the bleſs'd, and Tenedos obey:
Now hear, as thou before my pray'r haſt heard,
Againſt the Grecians, and their prince, preferr'd:
Once thou haſt honour'd, honour once again
Thy prieſt; nor let his ſecond vows be vain.
But from th' afflicted hoſt and humbled prince
Avert thy wrath, and ceaſe thy peſtilence.
Apollo heard, and conquering his diſdain,
Unbent his bow, and Greece reſpir'd again.

Now when the ſolemn rites of pray'r were paſt,
Their ſalted cakes on crackling flames they caſt.
Then, turning back, the ſacrifice they ſped:
The fatted oxen ſlew, and flea'd the dead.
Chopp'd off their nervous thighs, and next prepar'd
T' involve the lean in cauls, and mend with lard.
Sweet-breads and collops were with ſkewers prick'd
About the ſides; imbibing what they deck'd.
The prieſt with holy hands was ſeen to tine
The cloven wood, and pour the ruddy wine.
The youth approach'd the fire, and as it burn'd
On five ſharp broachers rank'd, the roaſt they turn'd;
Theſe morſels ſtay'd their ſtomachs; then the reſt
They cut in legs and fillets for the feaſt;
Which drawn and ſerv'd, their hunger they appeaſe
With ſav'ry meat, and ſet their minds at eaſe.

Now when the rage of eating was repell'd,
The boys with generous wine the goblets fill'd.
The firſt libations to the Gods they pour:
And then with ſongs indulge the genial hour.
Holy debauch! Till day to night they bring,
With hymns and peæns to the bowyer king.
At ſun-ſet to their ſhip they make return,
And ſnore ſecure on decks, till roſy morn.

The

The ſkies with dawning day were purpled o'er;
Awak'd, with lab'ring oars they leave the ſhore:
The Pow'r appeas'd, with winds ſuffic'd the ſail,
The bellying canvas ſtrutted with the gale;
The waves indignant roar with ſurly pride,
And preſs againſt the ſides, and beaten off divide,
They cut the foamy way, with force impell'd
Superior, till the Trojan port they held;
Then hauling on the ſtrand their gally moor,
And pitch their tents along the crooked ſhore.
Mean time the Goddeſs-born in ſecret pin'd;
Nor viſited the camp, nor in the council join'd,
But keeping cloſe, his gnawing heart he fed
With hopes of vengeance on the tyrant's head:
And wiſh'd for bloody wars and mortal wounds,
And of the Greeks oppreſs'd in fight to hear the dying ſounds.
Now, when twelve days compleat had run their race,
The Gods bethought them of the cares belonging to their place,
Jove at their head aſcending from the ſea,
A ſhoal of puny Pow'rs attend his way.
Then Thetis, not unmindful of her ſon,
Emerging from the deep, to beg her boon,
Purſu'd their track; and waken'd from his reſt,
Before the ſovereign ſtood a morning gueſt,
Him in the circle, but apart, ſhe found;
The reſt at awful diſtance ſtood around,
She bow'd, and ere ſhe durſt her ſute begin,
One hand embrac'd his knees, one prop'd his chin,
Then thus. If I, celeſtial fire, in ought
Have ſerv'd thy will, or gratify'd thy thought,
One glimpſe of glory to my iſſue give;
Grac'd for the little time he has to live.
Diſhonour'd by the king of men he ſtands;
His rightful prize is raviſh'd from his hands.

But thou, O father, in my ſon's defence,
Aſſume thy pow'r, aſſert thy providence.
Let Troy prevail, till Greece th' affront has paid
With doubled honours; and redeem'd his aid.
She ceas'd, but the conſid'ring God was mute;
Till ſhe, reſolv'd to win, renew'd her ſute:
Nor loos'd her hold, but forc'd him to reply,
Or grant me my petition, or deny;
Jove cannot fear: then tell me to my face
That I, of all the Gods, am leaſt in grace.
This I can bear. The Cloud-compeller mourn'd,
And ſighing firſt, this anſwer he return'd.
Know'ſt thou what clamours will diſturb my reign,
What my ſtunn'd ears from Juno muſt ſuſtain?
In council ſhe gives licence to her tongue,
Loquacious, brawling, ever in the wrong.
And now ſhe will my partial pow'r upbraid,
If, alienate from Greece, I give the Trojans aid;
But thou depart, and ſhun her jealous ſight,
The care be mine, to do Pelides right.
Go then, and on the faith of Jove rely:
When nodding to thy ſute, he bows the ſky.
This ratifies th' irrevocable doom:
The ſign ordain'd, that what I will ſhall come:
The ſtamp of heav'n, and ſeal of fate. He ſaid,
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head.
With terror trembled heav'n's ſubſiding hill:
And from his ſhaken curls ambroſial dews diſtil,
The Goddeſs goes exulting from his ſight,
And ſeeks the ſeas profound; and leaves the realms of light.
He moves into his hall: the Pow'rs reſort,
Each from his houſe to fill the ſovereign's court.
Nor waiting ſummons, nor expecting ſtood;
But met with reverence, and receiv'd the God.
He mounts the throne; and Juno took her place:
But ſullen diſcontent ſate low'ring on her face.

With

With jealous eyes, at diſtance ſhe had ſeen,
Whiſp'ring with Jove, the ſilver-footed Queen;
Then, impotent of tongue (her ſilence broke)
Thus turbulent in rattling tone ſhe ſpoke.
Author of ills, and cloſe contriver Jove,
Which of thy dames, what proſtitute of love,
Has held thy ear ſo long, and begg'd ſo hard,
For ſome old ſervice done, ſome new reward?
Apart you talk'd, for that's your ſpecial care,
The conſort never muſt the council ſhare.
One gracious word is for a wife too much:
Such is a marriage-vow, and Jove's own faith is ſuch.
Then thus the Sire of Gods, and men below,
What I have hidden, hope not thou to know.
Ev'n Goddeſſes are women: and no wife
Has pow'r to regulate her huſband's life:
Counſel ſhe may; and I will give thy ear
The knowledge firſt, of what is fit to hear.
What I tranſact with others, or alone,
Beware to learn; nor preſs too near the throne.
To whom the Goddeſs with the charming eyes,
What haſt thou ſaid, O tyrant of the ſkies!
When did I ſearch the ſecrets of thy reign,
Tho' privileg'd to know, but privileg'd in vain?
But well thou do'ſt, to hide from common ſight
Thy cloſe intrigues, too bad to bear the light.
Nor doubt I, but the ſilver-footed dame,
Tripping from ſea, on ſuch an errand came,
To grace her iſſue, at the Grecians coſt,
And for one peeviſh man deſtroy an hoſt.
To whom the Thund'rer made this ſtern reply;
My houſhold curſe, my lawful plague, the ſpy
Of Jove's deſigns, his other ſquinting eye;
Why this vain prying, and for what avail?
Jove will be maſter ſtill, and Juno fail.

Should thy ſuſpicious thoughts divine aright,
Thou but becom'ſt more odious to my ſight,
For this attempt: uneaſy life to me,
Still watch'd, and importun'd, but worſe for thee.
Curb that impetuous tongue, before too late
The Gods behold, and tremble at thy fate.
Pitying, but daring not, in thy defence,
To lift a hand againſt Omnipotence.
This heard, th' imperious Queen ſate mute with fear:
Nor further durſt incenſe the gloomy Thunderer.
Silence was in the court at this rebuke:
Nor could the Gods abaſh'd, ſuſtain their ſov'reign's look.
The limping Smith obſerv'd the ſadden'd feaſt,
And hopping here and there, (himſelf a jeſt)
Put in his word, that neither might offend;
To Jove obſequious, yet his mother's friend.
What end in heav'n will be of civil war,
If Gods of pleaſure will for mortals jar?
Such diſcord but diſturbs our jovial feaſt;
One grain of bad, embitters all the beſt.
Mother, tho' wiſe yourſelf, my counſel weigh;
'Tis much unſafe my ſire to diſobey.
Not only you provoke him to your coſt,
But mirth is marr'd, and the good chear is loſt.
Tempt not his heavy hand; for he has pow'r
To throw you headlong, from his heav'nly tow'r.
But one ſubmiſſive word, which you let fall,
Will make him in good humour with us all.
He ſaid no more; but crown'd a bowl, unbid:
The laughing nectar overlook'd the lid:
Then put it to her hand; and thus purſu'd,
This curſed quarrel be no more renew'd.
Be, as becomes a wife, obedient ſtill;
Tho' griev'd, yet ſubject to her husband's will.
I would not ſee you beaten; yet afraid
Of Jove's ſuperior force, I dare not aid.

Too well I know him, ſince that hapleſs hour
When I, and all the Gods employ'd our pow'r
To break your bonds: me by the heel he drew,
And o'er heav'n's battlements with fury threw.
All day I fell; my flight at morn begun,
And ended not but with the ſetting ſun.
Pitch'd on my head, at length the Lemnian ground
Receiv'd my batter'd ſkull, the Sinthians heal'd my wound.
At Vulcan's homely mirth his mother ſmil'd,
And ſmiling took the cup the clown had fill'd.
The reconciler-bowl went round the board,
Which empty'd, the rude ſtinker ſtill reſtor'd.
Loud fits of laughter ſeiz'd the gueſts, to ſee
The limping God ſo deft at his new miniſtry.
The feaſt continu'd till declining light:
They drank, they laugh'd, they lov'd, and then 'twas night.
Nor wanted tuneful harp, nor vocal quire;
The Muſes ſung; Apollo touch'd the lyre.
Drunken at laſt, and drowſy they depart,
Each to his houſe; adorn'd with labour'd art
Of the lame architect: the thund'ring God
Ev'n he withdrew to reſt, and had his load.
His ſwimming head to needful ſleep apply'd;
And Juno lay unheeded by his ſide.

The Laſt Parting of

HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

From the Sixth Book of the ILIAD.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hector, returning from the field of battle, to viſit Helen his ſiſter-in-law, and his brother Paris, who had fought unſucceſsfully hand to hand with Menelaus, from thence goes to his own palace to ſee his wife Andromache, and his infant ſon Aſtyanax. The deſcription of that interview is the ſubject of this tranſlation.

THUS having ſaid, brave Hector went to ſee
His virtuous wife, the fair Andromache.
He found her not at home; for ſhe was gone,
Attended by her maid and infant ſon,
To climb the ſteepy tow'r of Ilion:
From whence, with heavy heart, ſhe might ſurvey
The bloody buſineſs of the dreadful day.
Her mournful eyes ſhe caſt around the plain,
And ſought the lord of her deſires in vain.
But he, who thought his peopled palace bare,
When ſhe, his only comfort, was not there,
Stood in the gate, and aſk'd of ev'ry one,
Which way ſhe took, and whither ſhe was gone;
If to the court, or, with his mother's train,
In long proceſſion to Minerva's fane?
The ſervants anſwer'd, Neither to the court,
Where Priam's ſons and daughters did reſort,
Nor to the temple was ſhe gone, to move
With prayers the blue-ey'd progeny of Jove;

But more solicitous for him alone,
Than all their safety, to the tow'r was gone,
There to survey the labours of the field,
Where the Greeks conquer, and the Trojans yield;
Swiftly she pass'd, with fear and fury wild,
The nurse went lagging after with the child.

This heard, the noble Hector made no stay;
Th' admiring throng divide, to give him way;
He pass'd thro' every street, by which he came,
And at the gate he met the mournful dame.

His wife beheld him, and with eager pace
Flew to his arms, to meet a dear embrace:
His wife, who brought in dow'r Cilicia's crown,
And, in herself, a greater dow'r alone:
Action's heir, who on the woody plain
Of Hippoplacus did in Thebe reign.
Breathless she flew, with joy and passion wild;
The nurse came lagging after with her child.

The royal babe upon her breast was laid;
Who, like the morning star, his beams display'd.
Scamandrius was his name, which Hector gave,
From that fair flood which Ilion's wall did lave:
But him Astyanax the Trojans call,
From his great father, who defends the wall.

Hector beheld him with a silent smile;
His tender wife stood weeping by the while:
Press'd in her own, his warlike hand she took,
Then sigh'd, and thus prophetically spoke.

Thy dauntless heart (which I foresee too late)
Too daring man, will urge thee to thy fate:
Nor dost thou pity, with a parent's mind,
This helpless orphan, whom thou leav'st behind;
Not me, th' unhappy partner of thy bed;
Who must in triumph by the Greeks be led:
They seek thy life, and, in unequal fight
With many, will oppress thy single might:

Better

Better it were for miſerable me
To die, before the fate which I foreſee.
For ah! what comfort can the world bequeath
To Hector's widow, after Hector's death?
Eternal ſorrow and perpetual tears
Began my youth, and will conclude my years:
I have no parents, friends, nor brothers left;
By ſtern Achilles all of life bereft.
Then when the walls of Thebes he overthrew,
His fatal hand my royal father ſlew;
He ſlew Aetion, but deſpoil'd him not;
Nor in his hate the funeral rites forgot;
Arm'd as he was he ſent him whole below,
And reverenc'd thus the manes of his foe:
A tomb he rais'd; the mountain nymphs around
Inclos'd with planted elms the holy ground.
My ſeven brave brothers in one fatal day
To death's dark manſions took the mournful way;
Slain by the fame Achilles, while they keep
The bellowing oxen and the bleating ſheep.
My mother, who the royal ſcepter ſway'd,
Was captive to the cruel victor made,
And hither led; but, hence redeem'd with gold,
Her native country did again behold,
And but beheld: for ſoon Diana's dart
In an unhappy chace tranſfix'd her heart.
But thou, my Hector, art thyſelf alone
My parents, brothers, and my lord in one:
O kill not all my kindred o'er again,
Nor tempt the dangers of the duſky plain;
But in this tow'r, for our defence, remain,
Thy wife and ſon are in thy ruin loſt:
This is a huſband's and a father's poſt.
The Scæan gate commands the plains below;
Here marſhal all thy ſoldiers as they go;
And hence with other hands repel the foe.

By

By yon wild fig-tree lies their chief ascent,
And thither all their pow'rs are daily bent:
The two Ajaces have I often seen,
And the wrong'd husband of the Spartan queen:
With him his greater brother; and with these
Fierce Diomede and bold Meriones:
Uncertain if by augury, or chance,
But by this easy rise they all advance;
Guard well that pass, secure of all beside.
To whom the noble Hector thus reply'd.
That and the rest are in my daily care;
But should I shun the dangers of the war,
With scorn the Trojans would reward my pains,
And their proud ladies with their sweeping trains.
The Grecian swords and lances I can bear:
But loss of honour is my only fear.
Shall Hector, born to war, his birth-right yield,
Belye his courage, and forsake the field?
Early in rugged arms I took delight,
And still have been the foremost in the fight:
With dangers dearly have I bought renown,
And am the champion of my father's crown.
And yet my mind forebodes, with sure presage,
That Troy shall perish by the Grecian rage.
The fatal day draws on, when I must fall;
And universal ruin cover all.
Not Troy itself, tho' built by hands divine,
Nor Priam, nor his people, nor his line,
My mother, nor my brothers of renown,
Whose valour yet defends th' unhappy town;
Not these, nor all their fates which I foresee,
Are half of that concern I have for thee.
I see, I see thee, in that fatal hour,
Subjected to the victor's cruel pow'r;
Led hence a slave to some insulting sword,
Forlorn, and trembling at a foreign lord;

A ſpectacle in Argos, at the loom,
Gracing with Trojan fights a Grecian room;
Or from deep wells the living ſtream to take,
And on thy weary ſhoulders bring it back.
While, groaning under this laborious life,
They inſolently call thee Hector's wife;
Upbraid thy bondage with thy huſband's name;
And from my glory propagate thy ſhame.
This when they ſay, thy ſorrows will increaſe
With anxious thoughts of former happineſs;
That he is dead who could thy wrongs redreſs.
But I, oppreſs'd with iron ſleep before,
Shall hear thy unavailing cries no more.
He ſaid—
Then, holding forth his arms, he took his boy,
The pledge of love and other hope of Troy.
The fearful infant turn'd his head away,
And on his nurſe's neck reclining lay,
His unknown father ſhunning with affright,
And looking back on ſo uncouth a ſight;
Daunted to ſee a face with ſteel o'er-ſpread,
And his high plume that nodded o'er his head.
His ſire and mother ſmil'd with ſilent joy;
And Hector haſten'd to relieve his boy;
Diſmiſs'd his burniſh'd helm, that ſhone afar,
The pride of warriors, and the pomp of war:
Th' illuſtrious babe, thus reconcil'd, he took:
Hugg'd in his arms, and kiſs'd, and thus he ſpoke,
Parent of Gods and Men, propitious Jove,
And you bright ſynod of the Pow'rs above;
On this my ſon your gracious gifts beſtow;
Grant him to live, and great in arms to grow,
To reign in Troy, to govern with renown,
To ſhield the people, and aſſert the crown:
That, when hereafter he from war ſhall come,
And bring his Trojans peace and triumph home,

Some

Some aged man, who lives this act to ſee,
And who in former times remember'd me,
May ſay, the ſon in fortitude and fame
Outgoes the mark, and drowns his father's name:
That at theſe words his mother may rejoice,
And add her ſuffrage to the public voice.
Thus having ſaid,
He firſt with ſuppliant hands the Gods ador'd:
Then to the mother's arms the child reſtor'd;
With tears and ſmiles ſhe took her ſon, and preſs'd
Th' illuſtrious infant to her fragrant breaſt.
He, wiping her fair eyes, indulg'd her grief,
And eas'd her ſorrows with this laſt relief.
My wife and miſtreſs, drive thy fears away,
Nor give ſo bad an omen to the day;
Think not it lies in any Grecian's power,
To take my life before the fatal hour,
When that arrives, nor good nor bad can fly
Th' irrevocable doom of deſtiny.
Return, and, to divert thy thoughts at home,
There taſk thy maids, and exerciſe the loom,
Employ'd in works that womankind become;
The toils of war, and feats of chivalry
Belong to men, and moſt of all to me.
At this, for new replies he did not ſtay,
But lac'd his creſted helm, and ſtrode away.
His lovely conſort to her houſe return'd,
And looking often back in ſilence mourn'd:
Home when ſhe came, her ſecret woe ſhe vents,
And fills the palace with her loud laments;
Thoſe loud laments her echoing maids reſtore,
And Hector, yet alive, as dead deplore.

The End of the FOURTH VOLUME.